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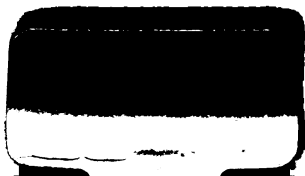
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Part 1

THE CLASH OF EMPIRES

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THE CLASH OF EMPIRES

BY

ROWLAND THIRLMERE

AUTHOR OF

"LETTERS FROM CATALONIA," "IDYLLS OF SPAIN," ETC.



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1907

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TO
THE MAN IN THE STREET

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INTRODUCTION

As it is morally certain that I shall be accused of Teuto-phobia, and of the desire to foment trouble between "two great friendly nations," I premise my pleadings for an organic national unity with a word of explanation. A great newspaper can affect more minds than any other agency. This being so, I have taken the sentiments of the most influential organs of the German Press to be representative of the feelings of the German nation, and I venture to say that those who know anything at all about the Kaiser and his people will own that I am not far wrong in assuming that, ever since the successful close of the Franco-German War—when young Prussian officers were wont boastfully to declare that England would be the next to be crushed—Germany has never scrupled to give tongue to her hostility to Great Britain. Therefore, by the expressions of opinion of her newspapers, her reviews, and her publicists, let Germany be judged, for these are her national mouthpieces.

The limits of a small volume have prevented me from commenting upon the innumerable military and naval books that have appeared in Germany during the last ten years, many of them being novels. Some of the most remarkable, however, are written by great strategists, nearly all of whom show the probable results of a war*

* In "Seestern's" book, "Armageddon, 190—," the author predicts the payment of an indemnity of £250,000,000 each by France and Great Britain when the Kaiser signs a treaty of peace.

between Britain and Germany. The national object being what it is, these works serve to illustrate how apprehensive Germans are lest we should attack them before their fleet is ready, and the extraordinary and continued popularity of this sort of literature marks the eagerness of Teutonic readers for works of a militant character.

The nervous unrest of Germany is an indisputable fact, and in dissociating itself from the popular war-clamour the Kaiser's Government does not, and cannot, stop the frank expression of public feeling.

According to the *Tageblatt*, this year's naval programme raises the amount to be spent before 1917 by £47,600,000 ; thus, the Government proposes to increase the fleet's efficiency by 35 per cent. This does not look as if the German Admiralty was out of sympathy with the constantly expressed aims and objects of the nation !

We need not read Baroness von Suttner's splendid book, "*Die Waffen Nieder*," to teach us the blessings of peace. We all know what war means, how ghastly it is, how terrible are all its effects ; but it is only by preparation, by firmness, by unity of purpose, and by quickness to defend our national good name and honour, that peace can be secured. A sluggish, self-sufficient, badly armed people makes vulnerable the national power and invites attack, whilst an organized and well-armed nation is the best guarantee of peace and security. Graf von Reventlow was quite right when he said that the most appropriate inscription that could be placed over the Conference Hall at the Hague would be, "If you wish for war, prepare for peace."

When, by means of Imperial Preference, we have consolidated our Empire and taught Germany a much-needed lesson, we shall hear less of her belligerency. Disarmament lies in this very question, for without funds she cannot build warships. Germany knows this, and there is nothings she fears so much as a partnership of the different States of the British Empire. Economists of ability, such

as Schmöller and Fuchs, have proved to her what she would suffer from such a combination. Sir William Lyne has just shown us how our exports to Australia are decreasing, and how rapidly German trade with the Commonwealth is growing. If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will change his views and adopt the suggestions of the Colonial Premiers, he will achieve the purpose which he had at heart when he made his memorable overtures to the Kaiser. This, and this only, is the true way to stop the construction of warships. No nation would dare openly to challenge Great Britain in naval strength when once the world saw that the Empire was really united, and if Germany withdraws her most-favoured-nation treatment of our goods, she will soon grant it again. Had we ringed our markets with a tariff wall some thirty years ago, possibly some coalition might have disputed our right to such an enormous protected business, but now we need fear no coalition if we coalesce with our Colonies. When that happy moment arrives, much of the money that is now sunk in ship-building will be at liberty for more peaceful purposes, for the lessening of taxation, for the good of the people. Meanwhile, the spectacle of a Liberal Government, destitute of logic and imagination, calmly rejecting the serious offers of our virile and clear-headed kinsmen overseas by asking their spokesmen to reaffirm resolutions made in 1902, after inviting them to cross thousands of miles of ocean merely in order to do so, tempts aggressive nations to prepare for a struggle with a Power which is weakening itself by alienating its strongest and staunchest friends.

A nation like Germany, whose products are subsidized by its Government in order to oust British goods in a British Colony, views these Radical rejections as evidences of a desire on the part of Great Britain to cut her Colonies adrift. It appears almost as if we did not need them; but Germany needs them, and, if we allow them to withdraw from us, she will try to get them. Our Radical statesmen tell the representatives of the Colonies that they can give them

nothing ; but there are those in this country who will grant them what they ask and more, and the time will soon come when it will be impossible for Mr. Snowden truthfully to say that the cost of living in Free Trade Lancashire is 20 per cent. higher than it was a few years ago, despite the unprecedented prosperity in the cotton trade.

The prices of the necessities of life will be more than 20 per cent. less than they are now under a carefully planned scheme of Imperial Preference, and I confidently predict that possibly within five, and certainly within ten, years the country will have begun to realize the blessings of a fiscal reform which will inevitably lead to the greatest of all our political ideals, Free Trade within the Empire, and this book will have justified itself.

ROWLAND THIRLMERE.

BRASENOR CLUB,

MANCHESTER,

May, 1907.

THE CLASH OF EMPIRES

I

THE PERVERSITY OF DESTRUCTIVE POLITICIANS

ONLY by constant reiteration of warnings is the danger that lies in the legitimate and laudable aspirations of Germany likely to be realized by the British public. I make no apology, therefore, for my appearance in the ranks of the small band of Britons who have constituted themselves the watch-dogs of our national well-being. To all who take up this book I would quote the venerable inscription that hangs in a mellow room at Winchester: "Aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia—cædi!" Those unpatriotic persons who would read through the volume must prepare for the inevitable castigation.

Before we can drive home into the thick skulls of complacent and lethargic Radicals the real meaning of the minatory attitude of German progress, we must repeat our admonitions again and again, in season and out of season, with continual reinforcements of new arguments, so that at last we may, perhaps, succeed in instilling into the hearts of the indifferent a proper patriotic fear, and cause the contented to admit that there indeed exists some tangible ground for our apprehensions. But this will be the labour of more than a day, because the issues are so numerous and so involved as to make it impossible "to deliver the law whilst standing on one leg"—in other words, within the

limits of a newspaper article or a single volume. Meanwhile, we must do our best, and if the appeals of grave and quiet-voiced men, of military experience, get no response, we must imitate the formidable Masai warriors, who pitch their cries of alarm in the shrillest possible key. In hot countries, when the chorus of frogs first arises in the land, people say that spring is not far off. Let us hope that the chorus of Imperialists may bear a like welcome interpretation !

The danger that is threatening us may develop suddenly, like a Chinese typhoon. Therefore, let those who are in the national observatory take warning by what happened at Hong-Kong, and give timely notice of what is coming. It may be that Britain has to fulfil her fate, her *dukkeripen*, and that all is preordained for us, collectively and individually. If this be so, then my book is necessary to the process of "dreeing my own weird."

The death of Richard Seddon has removed from our midst one of the greatest and most unselfish patriots the Empire has ever seen. From the other end of the world, whence his outlook upon European events was uninterrupted by any sort of prejudice, he discerned the true drift of German expansion, and, staunch Briton that he was, he recognized this Teutonic rivalry as almost the only really grave danger that threatens King Edward's dominions. He knew that every order given to the Teuton—by ourselves or by our kinsmen over-seas—is a contribution to the wealth of Germany, and a subscription to the fund which is destined to be the means of our possible Imperial overthrow. His last will and testament has shown us that this man thought it more honourable to strive after racial riches than to take advantage of his position to amass a large private fortune ! Though rough and unlettered, Richard Seddon was still wise enough to prime himself with precise knowledge as to the German aims and hopes in South Africa. He felt that South Africa is the

key to the Empire. Ever since Bismarck uttered his memorable prophecy, there has been no chance of any misunderstanding about the national wish that lay behind the Chancellor's thought. Richard Seddon divined that Germany expected the British Empire to find its grave in the Transvaal or the Orange Free State ; he also took note of, and attentively weighed, that speech of Baron Marschall's wherein the Transvaal was described as a German interest. He knew a great deal about those Hollander and German machinations which ante-dated the inevitable war—cabals the existence of which received some sort of confirmation in Kaiser Wilhelm's fateful telegram ; rumours which were stamped upon our minds as facts when, towards the end of 1900, Count Von Bülow cynically admitted in the Reichstag that, at the time of the Emperor's message to Krüger, he had sounded other Governments with a view to concerted action against Great Britain. Mr. Seddon was also aware of the many plots and schemes which have been so obvious since Great Britain emerged from her disgraceful military muddle. His keen judgment needed no perverse comments from the *Bloemfontein Friend* to convince him of the alien nature of the sympathies of the Teutonic people of South Africa. When, through their newspaper, Messrs. Steyn, Fischer, Hertzog, and De Wet told us that, so soon as they had gained self-government, they proposed to repudiate any convention which included a preference to British goods, they did not surprise the New Zealand Premier ; and when Mr. Smuts boasted that the Boers would "get from the Liberals all that for which they fought in the war," he uttered no vain boast ! Though Seddon was rough in his methods and domineering in his manner, we condone his peculiarities when we remember that his eyes were ever fixed upon that inextinguishable light that leads the patriot into the future. Tyndall once compared human beings to "streaks of morning cloud,

melting into the azure of the past." Poor Seddon was just such a streak of cloud that came and went, touched with the auroral rose-light of a more glorious period that is still to come.

It may be a principle in abstract science that the end cannot be laid down toward which, at any place or time, men ought to direct their efforts; but politics, and especially *Weltpolitik*, is not an abstract science; therefore I say that only those who legislate for the coming generations deserve the name of statesmen. Richard Seddon's was one of the master-minds that see, afar off, the imperious needs of posterity. He grasped the all-important fact that the preponderant State of the future must have before it, ever and always, the glamour of a national ideal, and that every unit of the State must strive to attain this ideal. The nation with the greatest development of this instinct of the future is the nation that must survive and succeed, and only the nation with a high ideal can hope to be successful.

It appears to me that the end towards which we Britons should ever consciously and unconsciously strive is national unity, for this embraces the still more important end of national welfare.

History has shown us how, even in a former mighty German Empire, differences over minor, local, and personal questions have brought about disunion and disaster. National unity having been now achieved by the United States and by Germany, the rate of their commercial and industrial progress is greater in consequence than ours, even as the increase of their populations is proportionately larger than the increase in our population. Therefore, it is obvious that if our importance in the scheme of civilization is to remain a living and tangible thing, we must unite ourselves imperially, and the nation must have a common end and aim.

Meanwhile, in regard to one portion of the Empire,

we have been confronted with the spectacle of the Premier disregarding every hint and every weighty speech that springs from Lord Milner's long experience. Unimaginative, like so many of his colleagues, he attempts to direct the affairs and fashion the future of a country that he has never seen, on the basis of a blind confidence in human nature which those with any gift of vision know to be woefully misplaced. We saw him beside himself with rage because Mr. Balfour dared to tell him that he was inviting disaster. Sir Henry is a man whose "unworthy, mischievous, and unpatriotic speeches" during the Anglo-Boer War made Great Britain's task of subjugating her enemy all the harder. His obtuse sentimentalism, which so often takes the place of statesmanship, is unnerving. One feels as if one were in a ship, on a dangerous sea, steered by a helmsman without chart or compass. The rashness of this terrible political surrender in South Africa is almost unexampled, and only men of perverted patriotism, such as Mr. W. T. Stead, can legitimately rejoice with Mr. Esselen and the other members of *Het Volk* who have already threatened to remove the Second Chamber by means of a surgical operation. It is a mere cast of the dice, which may or may not result in a loyal Parliament; but, whatever the British minority may do, the preponderating force, the dynamic strength, of United Teutonic South Africa must irresistibly open the way to one inevitable end. Neither policy nor statesmanship dictated the new Transvaal Constitution, merely the fatuous vanity of men who, having indulged in too much cheap phraseology in the past, find themselves under the necessity of showing some political consistency; and these men were aided and abetted by certain people whose anti-Imperialism makes them honoured citizens of every country but their own.

Those who are responsible for this damnable blunder have merely the sense of the house-fly. The corpses

of ten thousand of this insect's kindred would not deter it from venturing on the sweet and sticky paper-trap. Although they know that their folly in 1880 set the seeds of the war of 1899, in 1906 they deliberately sow further seeds of a probable conflict that may utterly blast and break up our Empire from its strategical centre. The German journal *Vorwaerts* had no need to tell us that Germany clings to South-West Africa in order to make her colony a starting-point for the conquest of the British possessions south of the Zambesi. All thoughtful men have seen the danger ever since the Kaiser's soldiers landed there, and the concluding part of that brilliant book *Völker Europas—Der Krieg der Zukunft* teaches us precisely how we are eventually to hand over our African Colonies to the Kaiser. But the men who now govern us are not given to reflection. Prince von Bülow pretends to say that German enthusiasm for the Boers in the South African War was due, not to hatred of England, but to Teutonic romanticism and idealism. All British residents in Germany know the value of this statement. The Radical party, however, attach importance to the Chancellor's denial, and, in doing so, they have destroyed the work done by our army. The destructive Radical party is like an elder-tree, and its speeches and acts are like the rain that drips from the elder's harmful leaves. No Imperial flower—not even a national blade of grass—will grow thereunder !

Thus we see rapidly evolving a spectacle of over-sea disorder that, however, may be destined to serve at least one useful purpose. The evil that our Ministers work will surely live as a warning in history. If love and fidelity to Britain become disqualifications for public service, if a Boer Ministry proscribes Government employes who were ranged on the side of the Mother Country during the late war, surely we shall then have before us a magnificent object-lesson ! When,

at a remote period of our national story, some young Epicurus asks his preceptor who created chaos, the question will not be so difficult to answer as the Greek boy's inquiry in regard to Hesiod's line.

The vainglorious trumpetings of this Radical Cabinet are allied to those of Richard Cobden, one of whose most emphatic declarations was that Free Trade, so far from checking and paralysing our agriculture, would revive it. "We are the great agricultural improvers of this country," he boasted in 1843. "Among the other glories that will attach to the name of Manchester will be this, that the Manchester men not only brought manufactures to perfection, but that they made the agriculturists also, in spite of themselves, bring their trade to perfection."

Cobden's ideas were beautiful in their visionary simplicity! They have stimulated the gaiety of nations. They have served the cleverest political economists of the nineteenth century as objects of derision. Those Ministers who have derived the essence of their political wisdom from Cobden and his school have now, in turn, expressed equally untrustworthy opinions, and the future will disprove their monstrous inaccuracies as surely as the past has disproved the essential untrustworthiness of Cobden's doctrine.

If this last and most grievous Radical *faux pas* should bring about another war, it is not impossible that Imperialists may have the sorry satisfaction of seeing erstwhile Cobdenite Ministers reduced to beggary, perambulating the streets playing "Then you'll remember me" on the French horn. It will be a sad, but not an unwelcome, spectacle! Seriously, however, it seems a pity that these authors of the country's undoing are likely to have disappeared from the face of the earth before the full extent of the evil they have wrought can be appreciated. Knowing how this by no means latest incredible Radical folly might have influenced

Richard Seddon, and the young nation that believed, and still believes, in him, one is almost glad that he did not live to suffer the shame of this almost insufferable national humiliation !

The absolute necessity of South Africa to us as a nation inspired the Colonies to send their contingents to the Boer War. What can they think of us now ? It is a melancholy fact that one person in every two hundred and eighty-three of the people of the British Isles is insane, and that the number of lunatics is increasing at a rate disproportionate to the increase in population. At the last census there were at least 117,274 lunatics in the United Kingdom, and of this number 46,800 were allowed to marry. If any corroboration of these statistical facts* were needed, it would be only necessary to indicate this striking instance of national insanity, which has been exhibited to the world in the two new States. The whole international history of South Africa is, indeed, epitomized in the spectacle of the British chasing the Boers up and down the country in order to surrender to them. This being so, our Ministers have said to themselves, "Why should we not make one final surrender ?" The soldier learnt the art of capitulation from Radical statesmen, and these incurable dispensers of a prodigal Imperial charity are determined that he shall not forget it. Mr. Gladstone called this art "the practice of magnanimity"—the school-books of the future may perhaps name it differently. Majuba has passed into the limbo of humorous events, and Afrikanders talk about it cheerfully as they sit on the stoep and drink coffee. It is quite as far off as Bannockburn or Bunker Hill to a people who feel convinced that the British were beaten for their good !

* On census day there were actually 484,567 'mental degenerates' in the United Kingdom, and one *physical* degenerate in every five of the population. There were also 18,900 married idiots and imbeciles, in addition to the 46,800 married lunatics.

II

THE SYMBOLS OF EMPIRE

As there is so little real thoroughness in our grasp of even parochial matters, it is scarcely surprising that our Imperial interests are not understood by the majority. Confronted by the slipshod and superficial mental equipment of so many of those who have to handle over-sea problems, one almost despairs of ever awakening the nation to a sense of the realities in which it lives and moves. When I find even those who stand for the quintessence of wisdom—our Radical Ministers—speaking of the managing directors of South African mines as “the mine-owners,” I confess to grave misgivings as to the efficacy of my pleading. Public men of the stamp of Lord Alverstone and Lord Halifax, who take the trouble to study colonial questions at close quarters, are extremely rare; and among the ordinary public it is difficult, if not impossible, to make even the professedly cultured and intelligent understand that British capital, amounting to a sum exceeding our National Debt, is sunk in land that lies south of the Zambesi. Attack any “Randlord,” and the British working-man jumps to the conclusion that the victim himself owns a whole mine. He is therefore a popular target, and the masses applaud, little knowing that his existence, as a mere managing director, is ten times more important to our world-position than the existence of twenty cotton-mill managers. As Pliny said, *Ex Africa*

semper aliquid novi ; and, indeed, there is always something new coming from the Cape—some strange and baseless charge made against the captains of the most wonderful industry the world has ever seen.

Granting, however, that many mining directors have become magnates, with vast power and responsibility, surely the disposition of the great wealth of Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit shows that such men have a tendency to become altruists of the most surprising type ! When the rabid British pro-Boers can point to persons of their unpatriotic opinions who have done good to the human race on the scale of the Rhodes-Beit munificence, I shall think better of them than I do to-day. Meanwhile, those patriots who found international scholarships at Oxford, and project technical schools and universities in the Transvaal, stand first with me.

Patriotism of the stamp of Cecil Rhodes's is as rare and beautiful a thing as the Blue Hope diamond. In judging a man of his nature one must look at the essence of his life, as manifested by the works that live after him, and not at his personal foibles or his failings. We do not demand certificates of character from the architects who plan our noblest buildings : we judge them by their talents, their completed work.

Not less arduous is the task of making people learn that those who seek to administer South African affairs, according to sane British ideas, are merely acting for a public which has risked its money in an Imperial enterprise even more honourable than cotton-spinning. It now seems to be entirely forgotten that Cecil Rhodes did more for human amity and progress than endow the High Table at Oriel. When one finds the intelligent direction of the Empire paralysed through fear of the power of half-educated politicians who have never learned even geography, one feels indeed dismayed. The crying need of Britons to-day is the acquisition of that general culture which comes only when men enlarge

their horizons by constant and solid reading. No one should enter the House of Commons as a legislator until he has passed an examination in general knowledge and in history. Two-thirds of our Labour politicians would experience more than a little difficulty in placing Agricola in his particular epoch, and their knowledge of the causes that led to the downfall of Greek power may be assumed to be practically nil. One cannot expect patriotism from the uneducated, except under brilliant leaders who can do all the necessary thinking for their illiterate followers.

Plastic Cabinet Ministers stunt the mental growth of most members, inasmuch as they invest the uneducated with so great an importance that the man who cannot for the life of him state the locality of Krugersdorp does not hesitate to talk about the place, and to suggest legislation for it. Refusing to take advantage of the Commons' schooling, deeming himself already only too highly educated, this hypothetical legislator proceeds to develop his bump of conceit, and to add to the confusion which is always the most striking feature of Radical law-making. The unity of the race is, indeed, menaced when vast Imperial schemes are rendered inert by the disapproval of men whose ideas have seldom ranged outside an engine-shop, a coal-mine, or the back-yard where their linen is drying. Such individuals are invariably opposed to statesmen of approved courage, who have the manhood and nerve to support justice by armed intervention whenever it is wise to do so.

The men who made England what she is were courageous and cool. These democrats who would unmake England are cowardly and excitable, with no imaginative hold on history and no clarity of mental vision. They exult when a Colonial Governor, who happens to be a man, is slapped in the face by his superiors, and they are delighted when other nations get the better of us. To them the future is meaningless.

We do not ask that our Members of Parliament should be superfine compounds of Benvenuto Cellini and the Ettrick Shepherd, but we have a right to look for intelligent patriotism and glimpses of educative influences in their outpourings. We do not require publicists who are merely troubled with intellect. A political career demands from those who pursue it the ability to make money, to make profit, to render successful in every way the vast business of an Empire—in a word, it should exact the highest development of the constructive business quality. The bulk of our Labour Members at present do not display this faculty, their highest quality being its very antithesis. They are adepts at suggestions which, if adopted, would result in a general lowering of our national wealth. Their economies are the fancies of vain visionaries, of dismal doctrinaires; and if we venture to practise them farther, we shall soon find ourselves in the reminiscent period of our history. Serious electors cannot take a handful of talkative theorists from the shiftless and discontented class they represent and give them the direction of an Empire. Administrative ability does not always go hand-in-hand with ready speech, or we should not see responsible legislators reducing our national insurance policies by terrifying amounts with a few capricious strokes.

We have seen what Socialism can do in municipal affairs. Since 1875 the annual local rates for England and Wales have increased from 16s. 2d. per head of the population to 28s. 6d. per head. During the same period the average amount of local debt has risen from £3 18s. 3d. per head to £10 10s. 7d. What does this mean if it does not spell eventual industrial ruin? What does this signify if it does not stand for eventual national bankruptcy? We may be buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, but we are paying more to live than are the Germans and Americans,

whose fiscal conditions are opposed to ours. Each farthing which is added to the rates means a farthing less for the ratepayer to spend, fewer shopping expeditions, less domestic painting and decorating, and more unbridled municipal waste ; so that, in the long-run, the working-man suffers. Perhaps such facts as these may wean democracy back from the perilous ways of anti-nationalism to the true, broad highroad of patriotism.

A scientific ideal of national welfare would soon develop itself if books once more took their proper place in every home. But men do not nowadays read as they used to do. Knowledge is generally snatched from newspapers, and the progressive development of other nations is not deemed worthy of attentive study by the majority ; neither is the progressive development of Great Britain considered important enough to engage our serious thought. National organization is an urgent call which troubles few, yet those who are not entirely blind to the trend of events must recognize that our primary need is a system of national education which would make patriotism a part of the curriculum, as it is in Germany, the United States, and Japan, and also give the young that absolutely essential physical knowledge which is far more necessary to national greatness than the deepest book-learning.

A further necessity is a new Aliens Act, whose provisions would be more stringent than those of the present one. If aliens never became possessed of votes in Britain, less would be heard from Radicals of their mythical rights. Patriotism cannot be expected of a country which is rapidly becoming denationalized by a great outflow of the most energetic and daring British, and a rapid inflow of human epiphytes, who are fastening upon the tree of our nationality and bidding fair to choke and kill it. One might leave the ivy and vine parallel for another not less instructive figure. Our aliens are like the wax insects of China. Born as eggs

on a certain tree in a particular province, they are carried by men to another district, and there placed on a different kind of tree, where the eggs hatch and develop into comfortable insects. I place all Radical alien-lovers in the same category as the Chinese porters who carry the eggs of the wax insects all the long way from Chaotungfu to Kiating.

The aliens who have changed the physiognomy of Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, and Birmingham have not, and cannot be expected to have, a spark of patriotic feeling, and the one great thing they have ever done was to return Mr. Winston Churchill for a Manchester constituency. That was the only gleam of patriotism they have ever shown. We have much to learn in regard to the treatment of these foreigners, and if we continue to refuse to benefit by the ripe policy of other countries, who exclude undesirables, we ought to go to the insect-world for lessons in the rudimentary art of racial protection. A busy colony of ants has a very summary way of dealing with unwelcome intruders, and we might with advantage take hints from such a community.

During the eleven months ending with May, 1906, over 70,000 British emigrants settled in Canada—a fact which would be a cause for legitimate rejoicing were it not that a large number of low-class aliens entered the United Kingdom during the corresponding period, and remained here to propagate their species at a rate entirely disproportionate to the rate of increase in the British people. As an instance of their prolific tendencies, I may mention an inquest held by Mr. John Troutbeck in the Westminster Coroner's Court, during which a Russian Jewess admitted that she was the mother of twenty-five children! It is said that only 628 aliens were naturalized in 1906, and Mr. Byles is bemoaning the severity of a naturalization-fee fixed at what he calls the excessive figure of £5. He has no need to worry, however, for the Slav does not trouble

much about naturalization-papers. He has found a land which is soon to be dominated by his race !

At this moment of our history, when the balance of naval, and consequently moral, power is rapidly moving towards the Protectionist countries, there is a crying need for more thinkers and workers of the patriotic stamp of Lord Meath—men who have set themselves the task of teaching British adults the meaning of the word "Empire." When our statesmen of Cabinet rank invariably think of the United Kingdom as the Empire, one realizes how difficult is the work that must be done. At the present time this Empire may be likened to an express train whose engine is driven by a man with but little engineering initiative. There is a bad fault in the connecting-rod of the locomotive, but he fancies it will last without disaster until the end of his journey. It may hold out, and he may reach his destination safely ; on the other hand, it may break and cause an appalling tragedy.

Lord Meath's efforts to promote the general observance of "Empire Day" are most commendable ; for, although Britain is not entirely peopled by pro-Boers and those who denounce unrestrainedly their compatriots in India, South Africa, and everywhere else in the world, it is, perhaps, through their children that the men and women of Great Britain may eventually come to realize their vast responsibilities, and learn to know the true extent and richness of the territories which the valour of their forefathers bequeathed to them to hold in fee for their descendants. When some sort of general knowledge on this subject becomes diffused, we shall hear fewer howls directed against the pro-British spirit, and people of all classes will recognize that Cabinet Ministers are trustees, not merely of Great Britain, but of the whole Empire.

Moreover, the tide of emigration may conceivably be stopped automatically by a sensible barrier to the flood

of alien immigration into this country. When once the potentialities of the mother, united with her children, are realized, it may become an article of faith that British territory should be kept for Britons, and that merely certain portions of Imperial territory should be thrown open to suitable aliens. If only we could get people on to the land again, and make it worth their while to farm, we should not lose so many of our best citizens by emigration. During the last fifty years a mistaken Cobdenite policy has driven the most energetic and virile spirits of our race abroad. No wonder the springs of patriotism are running dry ! The fruits of this policy taste bitter in our mouths !

Now that some four millions of children in the British dominions have come under the influence of Lord Meath's movement, surely it will not be long before each parish can supply the local school with a flagstaff and a big Union Jack, to be saluted by boys and girls on the days of St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. David, and on Empire Day ! It must be remembered, however, that this act of homage—which is essentially the mere salutation of a symbol—will not make a boy a hero of the type of those intrepid Japanese who threw themselves against terrific sheets of fire at Port Arthur ; neither will timely lessons in rifle-shooting perform this miracle. It is not so much what we do as what we are that counts in racial struggles. Only the example of sincere, consistently virtuous and self-sacrificing statesmen will cause our youth to forsake the hideous ideal of the music-hall, with its poisonous air, for the noble one of an education that instructs, interests, and delights at one and the same time, thus “insensibly engendering patriotism by a perfectly natural process.”

The late Sir James Fergusson's last request was that his son should erect at his expense a flagstaff in the grounds of Dailly School. Would that we had more men of the type of the statesman who was killed in Jamaica !

Some 25,000 schools throughout the Empire observed the last 24th of May. In Ontario alone about 6,000 masters and mistresses thus emphasized the most important fact in the lives of their pupils. Let us hope that next May the number will be doubled everywhere, and that soon it may become impossible for an Irishman to pull down a flag made holy by a thousand sacred memories, and after throwing it into a river far clearer than his disloyal mind, retain his bones intact. If we can educate schoolboys into a forceful manhood, and teach them—as Lord Montagu and Lord Meath suggest—to accustom themselves to the sight of the Union Jack flying above them during school hours, it will be well for us ; for now, in our grievous days, we behold with amazement that no man came forward in Dublin to chastise a disloyalist for an unforgivable insult to his King and to his country. When the Union Jack that fluttered over the dying Nelson was thrown into the Liffey, “ no demonstration took place ! ” Equally discreet was the behaviour of Irishmen at the luncheon which followed, when Alderman Kelly and others refused to drink the health of the King. The person of the leader of the *Sinn Feinn* appears to be sacrosanct in Irish eyes. Verily we have developed into cold-blooded, crawling things ; we have no more virility in us than turnips or potatoes !

It is time to hang up the flag in our schools, and to teach the reverence that formerly was offered to it by national instinct ! Mr. James Sexton recently succeeded in defeating a proposal in an Education Committee to erect flagstaffs in the playing-grounds of all the Liverpool schools. Can it be that he sympathizes with those Irishmen who object to the British ensign, or is he really afraid of the growth of that patriotic spirit which only the narrow-minded call militarism ? Let us take Germany for our exemplar in this, too, for it is doubtful whether the Dublin Alderman would

now have been alive had he been German, and had so desecrated the emblem of the Fatherland. But there is no Teuton who would perform an act of such baseness, nor yet any savage. It would have been better had the Alderman put the knife to his throat that he applied to the cord to which the Union Jack was fastened! His memory will offend the feelings of loyal men for ever, and by his action the Neo-Fenian movement, with which he is associated, becomes soiled and degraded!

The observance of Empire Day is but the first step towards the inculcation of the concrete notion of Empire and nationality in the minds of the young. The ideal of Empire must be firmly planted, and its Imperial spirit must be cultivated, because this ideal is noble, and this spirit is the greatest thing that a man may have in his heart. We may make our motto "Pro patria populoque," but it is not enough to write ourselves down as patriots: we must put life and soul into the word by means of our own spirit. The letter kills, the spirit vivifies. Never did Cabinet oratory so loudly extol the people's welfare as it does to-day, yet never have the actions and wishes of the orators inclined so much to that which is likely to inflict the greatest injury on the people. We must strive to foster patriotism until we can depend upon it in every soul in the country, as one depends upon the Penny Post. Patriotism is even as an inexhaustible well: the more water we pump out of it, the better the remaining water.

The Education Committee of the Victoria League—an association formed with the object of welding together the Empire—has offered a series of prizes to pupils in secondary schools for the best essay on *Imperial Citizenship: its Privileges and Responsibilities*. This is one of the first practical attempts at focusing the minds of children upon the most important question of the day, and Lady Jersey, President of the League, is to be congratulated on this good work.

III

THE CHILD AND THE NATION

WE all admit that we have grown nationally indolent and careless, and the remarkable Imperial apathy which we manifest is chiefly due to the absence of any direct patriotic influence upon the minds of children in our school curricula. Moreover, our example of excluding patriotism as an educational subject has had a pernicious effect even upon Canada, where Sir Frederick Borden's suggestion for a period of universal training is not developing as it ought to do in a country with so many interests to defend. The most appalling ignorance exists everywhere in the United Kingdom as to the extent and importance of our Empire over-sea. In the Post-Office's Christmas postage lists we find the only patriotic publicity of the names of our sixty colonies, and there is not a man amongst us who can remember and repeat them all, from Aden to Zanzibar!

Nothing but stupidity can be expected of a proletariat that lives under the dreadful conditions of the poor in our great industrial cities, where children are taught everything and anything but how to take care of their bodies. As a nation we are physically inferior to savages. The most perfect barbarian, the Zulu, puts even our most magnificent manhood to shame from the point of view of fine development. Among the Zulus dental disease is unknown, whilst 97 per cent. of the population of this country suffers from the loss

of one-third of their teeth. We cram the minds of elementary scholars with useless dates and absurd accomplishments, but leave them ignorant of Nature's laws. Moreover, the shrivelled woman of the lower middle classes, without a healthy red corpuscle in her body, perpetuates a strain of snivelling cowards that have not the pluck to demand educational reform. There are millions of the working classes to whom Great Britain, as a kingdom, does not exist, and they look at all great questions which they see discussed in newspapers with the eyes of the street-boy who thought a lark was a sparrow in a fit! Mentally and physically anæmic, they have in their minds no reverence for a country where their lives are spent in toil, rendered doubly arduous because they cannot recognize the failure of Cobden's most sanguine ideas. The greatest need of civilization is for the elevation of the souls of the people—at any rate, to the point whence they may see all that may be theirs for the asking. As citizens of the grandest Empire ever formed upon this planet, the people of Britain have opportunities denied to the inhabitants of every other country in the world; furthermore, they have within their grasp the most magical hopes—and hopes count for much in our passage through life.

Existence in great cities stultifies and decivilizes the poor, destroying their patriotism, even as city smoke destroys the urban trees. In the old days our European wars kept our patriotism alive, and were in themselves a sufficient national stimulus; but now that the South African fiasco has made us ashamed of fighting and distrustful of our prowess, we cease to think imperially, and we suffer agonies of self-abasement when confronted by international perils. The League of the Empire has a great deal of work before it. We seem to have lost our mental and physical stamina. Even in the matter of physical training, a man who subjects himself to a course

of exercise feels that he is manifesting a spirit of self-sacrifice, and that the rest of his species should look upon him as a phenomenon. Displays of energy are rare enough to justify his attitude. The blood of the nation is lacking in leucocytes; for the moment, at least, disease-producing organisms have obtained the mastery.

It is said that we pay income-tax on realized profits of £900,000,000 per annum, and yet the annual report of the Local Government Board shows that we have the largest proportion of poor of all nations. Out of a population of forty millions, one in every twenty—say two millions in all—are in receipt of poor relief, living as imbeciles or incurables in asylums and infirmaries, frittering away life in workhouses, or free to perpetuate their incapable and worthless species as they choose! This is a fine commentary on our civilization!

Of course, I do not advocate the creation of a spirit of Jingoism in children, but merely the adoption of some direct and effective teaching as to the vastness and importance of our colonies and of India.* Text-books in every school throughout the Empire should insist upon the greatness of our Imperial responsibilities. The scheme with which that admirable patriot Mr. Louis Spitzel was associated, if carried out, will do more for the British race than a century of Radical government. It was proposed to give a copy of a book containing the history of the British Empire to every school-child in Great Britain and the colonies. It is a pity that Mr. Spitzel's untimely death has interfered with the early development of this project.

Education will be to our future Empire what the spirit of creative enterprise was in the past. Now, when the necessity of paying little attention to the dis-

* Since this was written, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Strathcona, Lord Milner, and others, have founded an 'Empire Education Fund,' which is intended to promote a wider knowledge of Imperial subjects than at present exists.

credited utterances of Cobden has become more and more evident, we must teach children what our Empire is. Unfortunately, Cobden's influence is still paramount in our schools. "I see in the Free Trade principle," he declared, "that which shall act on the world as the principle of gravitation in the universe, drawing near together, thrusting aside the antagonism of race and creed and language, and uniting us in the bonds of eternal peace."

As Cobden's vision has proved faulty, let us try and bring about a real unity of our racial units to resist the pressure of those antagonistic influences now ranged so menacingly against us. We must destroy the Cobdenite fetish utterly and irrevocably, or it will destroy us. The unquestioning acceptance of obsolete doctrines is a fatal error.

Our slow-moving nation, however, has made equally grave mistakes in the past. It is not a hundred years since juries, composed of tradespeople, were sending boys to be hanged for wittingly, or unwittingly, attempting to pass forged notes! This on the authority of Serjeant Ballantine. Recorders, overcome with emotion, have interceded for such lads in vain. Thus it is with us. We have become obsessed with fixed ideas, which we regard even as we regard the inevitability of the sun. Let working-men read the speech of poor Pilling, who was tried at Lancaster Assizes at the time of the Chartist agitation in 1843, remembering that the class of men represented by Cobden was responsible for the horrors this operative described.

It was Cobden who descried an immense national enrichment by the extension of our factory system at a time when, in all mechanical inventions—and, indeed, in every department of trading—we were already supreme. This wealth came to us through the introduction of Free Trade, and our benefits increased and multiplied, as was foreseen. Then we began to lose the lead; we fell behind

in our inventions ; we began to teach foreign nations our business, and we built factories for them—whereupon the Cobdenite doctrine ceased to be valid. Cobdenism was the effort of the manufacturing classes to justify themselves and their interests in the eyes of a public outraged by the Chartist disclosures. Being narrow and base, and as it has always been the antithesis of patriotism, it is self-condemned.

Although the greatest and purest of ideals is the love of race and country, our school geographies give no special prominence to the larger questions of patriotism involved in the protection of our numerous dependencies. They do not teach the child that our immense navy has been created to guard our foreign possessions and our trade routes ; they give the young student no adequate notion of the world forces opposed to us, influences against which our nation has still greatly to struggle. Conversely, the Canadian child knows next to nothing about the Old Country.* His mind is fed upon American journalism, and his æsthetic perceptions are ministered to by theatrical companies from the neighbouring Republic, whose repertoire is always pro-American. Far different is it in Germany, where the following Cabinet Order was recently issued by the Emperor : “ I will give from the money collected by the scholars of the high schools on the occasion of our silver wedding, for naval purposes, the sum of £5,000 to a foundation to be administered by the Imperial Admiralty, the interest from which shall be applied to the maintenance and advancement of professional enthusiasm and a healthy love of sport among youths training for the navy.”

Far different is it in the United States, where many generations of children have been trained to regard

* Mr. Buxton, the Postmaster-General, has done splendid service to the cause of patriotism by reducing the postal charges for magazines and periodicals to Canada.

Great Britain as an oppressor still to be feared, where the fight for independence has been painted in such glowing colours as to make each boy's bosom swell with pride when he reads of the way in which his country freed herself from British dominion. With "Old Glory" in miniature in every buttonhole, in every home, and in every portmanteau, no wonder the unity of the States is a mighty world force. Every lad in the Western Hemisphere knows, and is proud of the fact, that he may be called upon to fight for his country. He is a soldier at heart from the first, though he may never have enrolled himself in the gendarmerie.

The Rabbinical wisdom held that the breath of school-children was God's own breath, and the Jewish seers knew then, as they know to-day, how to make a proper impression on youthful minds; hence the homogeneity of the Jewish race. In Japan, too, the meaning of Empire is drilled into school-children from the first, so that every lad in the streets considers it the highest honour to be asked to give his life for his country. When a schoolboy, the use of a rifle is shown him by an imitative Board of Education that once fondly imagined Great Britain likewise taught all her sons to shoot. The rifle was made a school subject in Japan simply because we were said to lay the foundations of patriotism in our children, and consequently great battles were won in Manchuria. This singularly fortunate blunder of the Tokio authorities affected the whole course of the war.

Japanese faith in our country is now sadly shaken by the spectacle of our greatest soldier vainly exhorting a slothful people to get up and defend itself. Japan sees her once puissant ally, like an old man, breathing stertorously and running heavily down the highroad of progress on the flat of his feet. John Bull, the resilient, the eternally young, has become decrepit; his spring and bounce have gone!

The United States, however, presents to Eastern eyes

a spectacle of greater efficiency. There the Public School Athletic League has introduced in at least ten of the New York high schools an apparatus known as the sub-target gun machine. This is an ingenious piece of mechanism by means of which any lad may learn how to use a Krag army rifle, and become a dead shot. The new invention will soon be found in every American school, whilst we are twirling our thumbs.

Lord Roberts knows that, although there exists in Great Britain an asinine contempt for the sailor's shirt and the soldier's tunic, the spirit of the people is sound ; but he also knows that during the South African War the difficulty was not to find those who were willing to fight, but to find men who knew anything about fighting. At last, however, the sneers of Japan and the entreaties of our foremost strategist are having some effect, and we hear that the Board of Education may now make it possible for every lad to become an efficient rifle shot. If the Board does this, it will find the British schoolboy what he was in the Elizabethan period, and there will be no need further to deplore our lack of patriotism. Teach him the value and use of the rifle, but do not tire and disgust him by mere military drill. Make each exercise interesting and instructive, and every lad will become a soldier for his own pleasure. When Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's suggestion is adopted, and the school which receives support from public funds flies the Union Jack from porch or roof during working hours, we shall find no lack of soldiers.

But there is a danger that such men as Mr. F. Madison, M.P., may really undo all the good work that Mr. Haldane has already done. With a heart full of excellent intentions, and his tongue ready with apt and telling phrases, our War Minister has striven manfully against the forces of destruction ; but the issue is still doubtful. To several of his colleagues the very mention of the British flag conveys a sense of aban-

doned militarism, and to hint of an over-sea Empire to these cringing Radicals is equivalent to asking for their contempt. Mr. Madison accuses Mr. Haldane of taking us back to the days of barbarism in saying that nothing has a more steadying and sobering influence on a nation than to be brought into close acquaintance with the arms, equipments, and all necessary preparations for war. If "a nation in arms" means a nation that knows what war signifies, Mr. Haldane must necessarily be right, and this criticism from a cocksure Progressive may be treated with contempt.

Then, lastly, not to multiply my instances to the point of boredom, I venture to allude to Germany, where conscription has been the making of the industrial class in giving the whole male population sound and well-developed bodies, and in teaching them the value of discipline; where the schoolboy takes his tuition more seriously than our schoolboy does, possibly because he has a slight dread of conscription. At the end of eight years' schooling, a boy can go in for an examination. If he passes, he is allowed to escape with but one year's military service, instead of three; but if he is unsuccessful, he is allowed no second attempt, and he must serve his full term.

In Germany the abstract idea of patriotism is turned into a concrete fact by the weekly contributions of tiny school-children to the Navy League, and the national aim of ultimately combining naval predominance with military ascendancy is the common subject of conversation in every house. The work of this Navy League, with its membership of nearly a million, has been immensely stimulated by our recent reduction of 40 per cent. in the British naval programme. When, at the accession of the Radicals to power, the *South African News* screamed in triumph, forecasting a series of pro-Boer and pro-German Parliamentary sessions, the editor never looked for quite such successes as have been

vouchsafed to those of his persuasion. This is a moment which has been anxiously expected for years. "Bide your time," said General Keim and his Navy League, and the time has come for striking swiftly and gaining ground. Naval supremacy, with the newest ships, at last appears within reach of the Power whose trading in our markets has made her rich enough to dispute with us the possession of the Trident.

This German Navy League is increasing rapidly. It is fast becoming a craze, and everything is done to foster its development. Excursions to naval ports, illustrated lectures, torpedo-boat patrol of rivers, constant press references to the ships—in which unfavourable comparisons are drawn between the British and German navies—all these influences are making converts to the Kaiser's sea policy, not by scores, but by thousands. The teachers in German elementary schools are being won over, and frequent extra trains are run to Kiel for their benefit. Then, there are the special stamps of the Navy League, on one of which—that of Frankfort—is the motto: "Germany calls the cities to her assistance, that the German Eagle may spread its wings over the seas."

The child's weekly gift of ten pfennige is handed over to the Navy Fund, because its parents know that Germany's future, if it is to be brilliant, depends upon our downfall. "Erst eine Flotte bauen," is the reply made whenever one begins to discuss Great Britain in the Fatherland; and who in this country troubles his or her head about German progress, or enrolls in the British Navy League?

This, then, is the end and aim of Germany—her national ideal: *the combination of naval predominance and military ascendancy*. Do not let us laugh superciliously at her aspirations. From the German point of view, they are perfectly just and right. History has shown what military strength can do for a nation.

According to Oncken, the two greatest events that have occurred in Germany during the last five hundred years are Luther's nailing up of his famous theses on the Wittenberg door, and King Frederick William III.'s Breslau proclamation, which appeared in the *Official Gazette*, February 13, 1813. This proclamation introduced military service, and called into existence the first really national army ever seen in Europe. Thus, as Sir Rowland Blennerhasset has said, the union of all the physical and moral force of the nation in a fine army is the secret of all the subsequent triumphs of Prussia. We must not imagine that we can imprison such a fortunate, clever, and united people within the narrow limits of the territory it now occupies. We might as well try and put a stopper in the throat of Hecla. As Herr Runge, editor-in-chief of the semi-official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, remarked during his recent visit to this country, Britons ought to remember that nations have personalities, desires, and aims that are worthy of respect, as proceeding from an evolutionary patriotism. To ignore the immense factor of German energy is pure madness, and to continue to pretend, as we do now, that the two Empires can be run on fraternal lines must surely at last evoke that so-called middle-class distrust of sentimentalism in statesmanship which sooner or later provides retiring pensions for its exponents.

The piquant ambitions of Prussian statesmen are as plain to be seen in their diplomacy as caraway seeds in a simple Abernethy biscuit. Through their Anglo-phobia, whether veiled or unveiled, we discern the underlying purposes.

So far as we are concerned, however, we are not disposed to yield them a single inch of ground. Our motto must ever be, "So gebet dem Kaiser was des Kaisers ist." The Germans must be content with their new torpedo station of Heligoland. That large

and impossible charity, which would place all great possessions in the hands of the needy, is still dormant in the brains of Socialists. Meanwhile, I do not find that Lord Derby, or any other territorial personage, is particularly anxious to share his possessions with me !

Although rebuffed in South America, temporarily checkmated in Asia Minor, and baffled in Africa, the great Empire which Bismarck so forcefully welded together is bound to expand, or it must perish. This being so, it is arming steadily and sternly ; whilst, at the bidding of unimaginative dreamers, we are disarming !

We must remember that in the Kaiser's dominions infantile mortality is not now so alarming as it is in certain parts of Great Britain. Thus the most important buttress to Imperial aspirations is more secure in the Fatherland than it is here. The 500,000 marriages which take place in Germany each year result in a great number of children to almost every union. Rich and poor alike, German women look upon motherhood with favourable eyes ; consequently, we see a birth-rate that is expanding. In about one generation the German people has advanced from a numerical level of equality with the United Kingdom to a superiority of more than 33 per cent., and this people is growing at a rate of over 900,000 souls per annum, whilst the British population is increasing by only 400,000. The German statistician Herr Oehmke estimates that in the middle of the twentieth century, with a probable population of 14,000,000 souls, Berlin will have outdistanced London and New York. Germany's strength rests precisely in the fact that this extraordinary increase in her population provides her with an almost inexhaustible military reserve.

Something must be said, too, for the training that mothers give their sons. The German *Hausfrauen* are veritable Cornelias, and the Gracchi whom they foster are the cleverest and most forceful people in Europe.

“ Von allen Frauen in der Welt
Die deutsche mir am besten gefällt,
Von innen und von auszen ;
Sie schafft zu Hause, was sie soll,
Die Schüssel und die Wiege voll,
Und sucht das Glück nicht drauszen.” *

Here, and in our great island continent, the birth-rate is admittedly declining, and declining so rapidly that, unless British women soon begin to realize what is their proper business in life, our nation must inevitably go down before either the German race or that transatlantic people which is a formidable blend of all the virile European stocks. The Registrar-General's quarterly return, issued in mid-August, states that the births registered in the second quarter of 1906—in an estimated population of over 43,500,000—number 237,187, giving a rate of 27·5 annually per thousand. This is the lowest birth-rate recorded in any second quarter since civil registration was established.

The only thing we can put on the credit side of this national account is the fact that we are becoming soberer—perforce, if you will, but soberer. People are getting tired of being poisoned by bad liquors! The Douglas Stipendiary Magistrate found that during Bank Holiday week, 1906, 80,000 English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish visitors landed in Douglas, and only one, a Barrow bricklayer, had to be locked up for drunkenness. And, indeed, it was time the reformation came, but let us be sure that it has come!

The malignant taint of heredity still exerts a terrible influence on our national well-being. Not only is there a predisposition to drunkenness in a child born of intemperate parents, but there is also a predisposition to madness. Then, we have no law to prevent the union of two persons who have just been discharged from

* *Free Translation.* Of all the women in the world, the German pleases me best: inside and outside the home she does her duty—fills dish and cradle, and seeks not her happiness beyond her family circle.

lunatic asylums ; they may marry and propagate a mischievous species. Indeed, certain well-known asylum medical superintendents have recently spoken in no uncertain tones respecting this preventable cause of degeneracy. When we recollect that in the county of Lancashire alone there are about fifteen thousand lunatics under control, we appreciate the magnitude of this evil. Is it surprising that the nation should be so weak, irresolute, nervous, and cowardly ? With strong, sane people anything may be done, but degenerates are hopeless. "Ye are the salt of the earth : but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewithal shall it be salted ? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."

People were wiser in the days of the Roman occupation of Britain, as their urn inscriptions prove. Husbands dedicated memorials to their "fruitful and well-beloved wives." In those days they did not feed babies by means of indiarubber teats, and American incubators were not required. English people kill more than a hundred thousand infants every year, and we still think we are the finest nation under the sun ! Dr. J. Milsom Rhodes—a practitioner who knows the working classes thoroughly—spoke truth when he said that this out-herods Herod. The long-tube feeding-bottle slays more infants than any other agency ! When only three out of fifty Lancashire lasses could tell him correctly how to feed a baby, how can we continue to look to Lancashire for light and leading ?

When Sir Thomas Barlow introduced to Mr. Birrell, at the Board of Education offices, a deputation from the Hygiene and Temperance Committee of the Medical Profession, Sir Lauder Brunton repeated Miss Dendy's story of the mother she met who said of a very sickly baby : "This is the last of them. I have buried eleven, and I cannot understand why they died, because I have

always given them everything they cried for!" Let us hope that Mr. Birrell passed on this story to his successor with the doctors' recommendations. Perhaps Mr. McKenna may be able to let the light into this mental darkness!

Ruskin tells us that "all the duties of her children to England may be summed in two words—industry and honour." To this phrase we ought to add, for charity's sake, the word duty!

The problem of life in palace and in slum alike may be resolved in one word—duty! We have known 20,000 people gathered at a football match, but on the same day it was found impossible to get 12,000 to go and vote on a question of most vital importance to a prosperous municipality! Pleasure before duty, of course! The efficient discharge of duty cannot but strengthen us in every possible way. Therefore, we must make it our duty to educate our people physically, as well as mentally, for it is from the well-governed body that great thoughts and high aspirations usually arise. The clear brain evolves its own patriotism without external stimulus. For a clear brain a good digestion is necessary, and good digestions are exceptional among urban workers. Then, let us clear the national brain by first attending to all matters relating to the body.

A certain technical school in the North has instituted courses of lectures on health, and especially on digestion. This is an example which ought to find many followers.* We must make it a reproach to any city that poor people should kill their children by neglect and ignorance. It has always been said of the British Empire that its foundation consists primarily of men; therefore we must have men. In districts where our professional classes are most numerous the women have fewest

* The plain physical truths of life are taught in every school in America.

children, and in these localities we find the greatest number of cancer cases.

Cobdenism has made the profitable pursuit of agriculture in Great Britain all but impossible ; therefore there is now no vigorous peasantry to maintain and reinforce the national strength. Life in the industrial quarters of great cities does not rapidly improve, nor does the mentality of the people. Lady Kinnoull tells a capital story, which illustrates the ignorance of certain women : “ ‘ You ought not to give your baby bloaters,’ said the secretary of our Day Nurseries for the Children of Working Mothers. ‘ You don’t understand nothing about it,’ was the reply, ‘ for you ain’t even married, and I’ve buried five.’ Gin, kippers, and winkles, form the bulk of the diet of some of these children.” Vacuous minds, planted in terrible surroundings, which stifle and deaden all the higher feelings, are not likely to train many patriots. The worse the sanitary conditions under which our lower classes live—the worse their physical and mental health—the higher is the birth-rate. The richness and greatness of a people largely consist of happiness and health ; yet in districts where there is the maximum of wretchedness, the birthrate is highest ; and where the mothers and fathers manifest the greatest proportion of undesirability, the maximum of children is produced. Even as with other forms of life, the lower the organism, the more prolific it is ! From such sources of degeneracy we get stories of mothers striking their girls with red-hot poker, throwing boiling-water over their boys, and generally behaving like incarnate fiends. No wonder that patriotism is dead !

Under the present social conditions of a large city, a higher net birth-rate is shown to be very markedly correlated with most undesirable social factors.* These indicate sources of national degeneration which partly

* Nevertheless, in Great Britain some 100,000 infant lives are sacrificed every year to neglect and ignorance.

supply the answer to the riddle of our national apathy. When 25 per cent. of the married population produce 50 per cent. of the next generation, race failure cannot be distant. When we recruit our population from stocks that are mentally and physically feeble, the inevitable end of British prestige must be near. Sir Charles Dilke is no longer able to say that the world is rapidly becoming English, for the pure, strong English are dying out. This blot upon our civilization must be removed, otherwise a more virile and healthy race will rightfully usurp our position in the world. The scandals so frequently revealed in that beneficent paper, *The Child's Guardian*, ought to be made impossible, and such elementary hygienic precautions as the compulsory notification and segregation of cases of phthisis should be made obligatory.

Just as the indefatigable white ants perforate lead, concrete, and even hard sandstone rock, so surely and silently are the Teutonic virtues working their way through all our most stubborn national defences. Our National League for Physical Education and Improvement has recognized this, and the Bishop of Ripon, Sir Lauder Brunton, Mr. H. St. Loe Strachey, Lord and Lady Londonderry, and other deep thinkers, are doing their best to improve matters.

If our educative system does not exert sufficient influence over women to teach them the folly of dragging babies in arms to music-halls, it is time we remodelled it completely. The mother who takes her babe to a "second house" on a Saturday night is not worthy to live; she ought to be executed. No wonder the Mayor of Huddersfield felt himself constrained to offer prizes to women who rear their children over the age of twelve months. He thus made the cares of the nursery so interesting that he reduced the death-rate from 157 per 1,000 to only 45.

Mr. Stead has at least done one good thing in recent

years : he has drawn the attention of the thinking public to the absurd amusements of the variety stage. But the poverty of wit, and the utter absence of anything really invigorating and sustaining on the music-hall boards, are doubly accentuated by the murderous ventilation of the majority of the theatres, an evil which no infant in arms has the strength to withstand.

During their arbitration with the Metropolitan Company, the Marylebone Council engaged an engineer to watch their interests at £5 an hour. This gentleman's total fee amounted to £2,676. Now, if each municipality in the United Kingdom would employ an expert at a similar fee to teach the value of fresh air, good and properly cooked food, and tooth-brush drill, and to give hints as to the rearing of infants, I am sure it would be a clear gainer in the long-run.

IV

GROWTH OF THE GERMAN NATION AND OF GERMAN ENVY

WE should always try to remember that the virile Germans are increasing in numbers at a rate disproportionate to the British, and whilst in Great Britain the relationship between inferior social status and high urban birth-rate has practically doubled during the last fifty years, in Germany the increase in population has remained about equal amongst all classes.

Is it Providence that is doing this ? The old Spanish proverb tells us that God writes straight on crooked lines. Did He ordain that the British race should decrease in numbers, or is the race itself to blame ? Is not this decline rather the indirect result of having a whole half-century of our own way ? Does not a low birth-rate mean that a nation gets lax and effete when it is not braced by the struggle for existence ?*

This disproportionate German progress is not entirely confined to population ; we also observe it in production. Every year brings an increasing number of souls into the world whose patriotism eventually seizes upon that ideal of the German people which their politicians, their *littérateurs*, and their publicists of every kind and degree have sedulously fostered for many years.

This national ideal is so unmistakable that its signifi-

* Read Dr. Rentoul's lecture to the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene in London, and the report of the Conference on the Teaching of Hygiene and Temperance in the Universities and Schools of the British Empire.

cance will soon be clear to every man and woman in our Empire, and, being clear, it ought at least to create a defensive patriotism in every British heart. Those who do not know what is the ideal of the Kaiser's subjects ought to make *Dominus illuminatio mea* their daily prayer. This admirable Empire of Germany, which became homogeneous but thirty-five years ago, refuses to be confined within its present limits; therefore, very sensibly, it seeks to become a predominating world-influence.

Even as far back as 1863 Lord Lytton, at Copenhagen, wrote as follows: "The German Government and the German peoples have the same object in view—viz., the acquisition of a marine frontier and sea outlets. . . . The Governments (virtually Prussia) want the sea for obvious purposes of commercial and political aggrandizement. The populations want it because every people struggling to develop and consolidate its liberty has an unerring instinct towards the sea." Forty-four years afterwards we find Prussia still in the same mind.

"France has satisfied her colonizing needs by occupying Algeria, England by colonization in Canada, Australia, and elsewhere; while Russia expands into Asia. Germany at present has nothing in the way of foreign territory."

This plaint of the *Rhenische-Westfälische Zeitung*, of Essen, is not difficult to understand. Immediately after Bismarck welded together the States which now form the German Empire the Kaiser's navy absorbed annually one and a half million pounds. Since then, the idea of colonial expansion has gained ground until we find an expenditure of 238,000,000 marks on the navy in 1905. The immense difficulties that have had to be encountered in the path of Imperial progress have cost, and are still costing, the country dear.

When first arose this strong and united people the fat places of the earth were mostly appropriated, and Britons had got a very large share of the habitable

globe. No one could find fault with us for that. We are not to blame if Germany entered upon her conquest of continents a hundred and fifty years later than ourselves. Nelson and Wellington cleared the way for those exhibitions of our power which resulted in the raising of the flag in countries where British influence has been most salutary. Our explorers and navigators were of the first order, and the emigrants who left our shores took with them, I fear, almost too large a share of the nation's indomitable energy. Before the confederation of the States now forming the German Empire no nation really envied us, and with a world-position that was justified by startlingly magnificent results we were almost beyond hate. But those who climb the ladder of success very much higher than their fellows lose more friends than do the drunken and the spendthrift. There is a jealousy that is antipathetic to all success—the jealousy of mean and currish minds; but the jealousy of Germany is not of this order. It is greater, nobler, and it ought to be not only the highest stimulus to our physical and moral advancement, but also of the greatest good to humanity at large. Rivalry of races is the noblest of all rivalries, and the obedient instrument of evolutionary progress.

In 1886, Prussia, a kingdom which had grown stronger and stronger since the Battle of Jena, vanquished Austria after a six weeks' struggle; the Prussian organization being almost perfect. She then gathered herself together for another spring. One day there came suddenly the Franco-German War, forced on by Bismarck's ambition worrying the vain and incompetent. This was followed by the long-hoped-for union of German States.

Kingdoms and principalities do not unite, however, except for a certain definite end or aim. And in this case the aim was that formidable national strength which the union of German kingdoms and principalities brought into existence—a power now so vast that, since

Russia temporarily lost her international position, the once iron-bound Empire of the Teuton has become so mighty that there is no probable combination of Powers that could effectively hold it in check. With the growth of this Power there has also arisen a magnificent national jealousy, open and clearly avowed. The Germans have seen how famous we have become for the successful employment and control of the inhabitants of other lands, and how profitable has been our exploitation of the almost unlimited resources of great virgin countries. They observe us extracting our two million pounds sterling each month from the Rand gold-mines, and colossal sums from our *Goldgruben* in other territories. Thy note all this, and they envy us.

If the British Navy should fall behind in its efforts to remain overwhelmingly supreme, the Kaiser, fired by patriotic covetousness, might indeed become a second Bonaparte if he so willed. But, fortunately for the world, the Kaiser is a man of perspicacity and lofty ideals, and he is entirely devoted to the welfare of his people. Although human in his sympathies and antipathies, he is nevertheless patriot enough to husband the strength of his nation against the inevitable hour when Fate shall decide whether the British or the German race shall become preponderant in this hemisphere. Meantime, his policy ever follows the line of least resistance, which is a very safe path to pursue.

"We would not exactly propose that Germany should intrude herself into the sphere of influence occupied by Great Britain," says a German editor, "but there is a feeling in our country that, wherever we seek to occupy a foreign territory, we shall meet with the opposition of England."

Precisely. We are still preponderant, and we desire to remain so. The nation is not entirely effete, not entirely lost in the vague mists of the Cobden Club doctrines, though our Radical statesmen would seem to

lack administrative ability. Therefore any interference with our possessions, or the territory of friendly States, would meet with very active opposition.

The Machiavellian policy that ousted Great Britain from Asia Minor in 1888 is a safer game to play. To apply force with subtlety, to bring diplomatic pressure to bear in Constantinople, to arrest and confiscate under a flimsy disguise a railway owing its inception to British capital and to British enterprise, is less strenuous than to come forth and challenge our rights to the world-position we occupy.

In his day, the Kaiser has had several temptations to put our national strength and world-preponderancy to the test. When the South African War revealed the colossal unpreparedness of our army, our wholly fair—if somewhat defiant—international attitude was found to be based upon most inadequate military power. With such a terrible example before him of the ass attired in the lion's skin, might not Wilhelm II. reasonably have felt tempted to defy us, and to take advantage of our disasters to seize some portions of our Empire on behalf of a people in whose hearts the necessity for colonies was then almost as pressing as it is to-day? Officers employing tactical methods as obsolete as themselves, having forgotten the sharp, stern lessons of the African veldt as completely as our merchants and financiers have now forgotten the lessons of the Anatolian Railway, were not to be feared. An army "whose attitude was unwarlike in its essence as the extraordinary attitude of the nation" was far from being formidable.

Though we were then governed by men who, whatever their faults may be, cannot be called political recidivists, at that time, however, it was not the resolution of the British race that the Germans feared, but the power of a navy whose supremacy could not be challenged. This, and this only, saved us from an attack from at least one of the Powers, whose sympathy

with our enemies was patent long before the outbreak of the war ; and there can be no possible doubt what would have been our fate at the hands of the German-speaking peoples if Germany had then had a navy the equal of ours, or if her forts had been as strong as they are to-day. Even last year the gunners in the Grimmerhörn and Kugelbaake fortifications at the mouth of the Elbe might have had a bad time at the hands of the captains of such vessels as the *Duke of Edinburgh*, whose 9·2 gun recently made a record of ten hits in ninety seconds, or the *Drake*, which now has the best firing record in the navy ; but a system of German mine-laying has been developed which will prevent our approaching these forts sufficiently near for our fire to be effective. The guns in the underground casemates in Heligoland would remain unscathed against any British attack, and the fortifications at the mouth of the Weser are soon to be made impregnable. We raised the percentage of hits made to the number of rounds fired from 42·86 in 1904 to 56·58 in 1905, and 71·12 in 1906, but even this superb gunnery progress will avail us nothing against unapproachable defences. Furthermore, it has been decided to widen the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal in order to permit the largest warships to pass through. Two side canals are also to be constructed, one opening into Eckernförde Bay, and the other into the mouth of the river Schlei, so that a fleet blockading Kiel will now have its work doubled.

When we recollect that Bismarck considered Paul Krüger the greatest statesman of the century—greater than Cavour, greater than Mazzini, and greater than himself—we can imagine what Germany felt during the Anglo-Boer War. Bismarck credited Krüger with diplomatic victories that could not properly be ascribed to the Transvaaler's genius or astuteness. In his youth, like all his compatriots, Paul Krüger had the exquisite, undimmed physical vision of a baboon, but his mental

sight was too weak to enable him to see the strength and determination of the British people.

"I had the Prussian Army behind me," said the great Chancellor, "but Krüger has had to do all he has done without an army behind him."

Events proved, however, that the President of the Transvaal Republic had a very good army behind him, imbued as it was by the spirit of patriotism; but his principal fighting strength lay in Great Britain, in the shape of those racial decadents of ours who show their imbecility by countenancing every unfriendly act committed by other nations towards our Empire. These men will live in history as the strangest anomalies yet produced by a race in the first stages of decay. They left General Gordon, one of the greatest of Englishmen, to die in Khartoum. That stain on our national character was due to them. They are apparently so ashamed of their country, and so fearful of wounding the susceptibilities of other nations, that they ought to get naturalized in Liberia or in Hayti, where external affairs would not vex them or lead them to bungle. The "Plimsoll" line, marking the depth to which ships may be safely loaded, was altered by the present Government in October, 1906, and now we find many cargo-steamers 5 to 6 inches deeper in the water than heretofore, thus putting our seamen in greater jeopardy. But this error of the Board of Trade is an angelic act compared with the Premier's alteration of the Imperial Plimsoll line in the ship of State. His surrender of South Africa has let down a craft carrying the highest destinies more than a few inches past the danger-mark. Already the Imperial vessel is in peril from the waves dashing over the bows.

"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she be always right; but our country, right or wrong!" This is an admirable motto for Radical M.P.'s to frame and place in their bedrooms!

V

IMMINENT NATIONAL DANGERS

ONE of the most important questions is this : How do we stand internationally ? We have buttressed ourselves with an alliance and an *entente* ; but is our position secure ? I say that it is insecure in the highest degree, because of the lack of patriotism of the outspoken, old-fashioned, Palmerstonian kind ; because of the cowardice that permits nations to repudiate contracts which they have made with us without more than formal protests ; and because of the folly of limiting our naval expansion when other nations are hastening to double the number of their warships.

Savoir n'est rien, imaginer est tout ! Imagination, the highest quality of the mind, was exercised to the full by the workers of Great Britain during that long and strenuous period when the Empire was being formed. Each English artisan felt a personal interest in the great questions which forced our nation into defensive wars. If the Clayton-Bulwer compact had been repudiated early in the nineteenth century, each labourer with a vote would have clamoured for the observance of the treaty. Now, however, our workpeople take about as much interest in national affairs as they do in the doctrine of transubstantiation.

The forces that are working with unerring precision against our commercial and naval supremacy are increasing everywhere ; they are of a highly-organized char-

acter, similar to those that laid low both Austria and France. On all sides we are confronted with the spectacle of the most magnificent metabolism the world has ever seen—the transmutation of the money gained by German trading in Great Britain and her colonies into the blood and tissue of imperial strength and power! The United States is pouring treasure into the coffers of her Admiralty. Her annual naval expenditure is now as great as any sum voted by the House of Commons for the support of our own fleet in any year up to the outbreak of the Boer War. The German Emperor is alarming his subjects by advertising the national weakness in ships, in a manner calculated to make the most miserly hasten to lay the worsted stocking under contribution. The Powers with which German relations are merely “correct” are shown by implication to be threatening the existence of Germany. Hence every *Flottengesetz* is sure eventually to be adopted, and even the Socialists will in the end be silent. The most popular picture in the Kaiser’s Navy is Roechling’s “The Germans to the Front,” representing that navy’s unique tradition. Wilhelmshaven and Kiel are full of this work of art in engravings and oleographs representing the 460 Teutons responding to what they were pleased to consider Admiral Seymour’s “cry for help.” “The Germans to the front, indeed!” Needless to say, they merely took their turn at the front, and as they lost but twelve men to the British twenty-seven, it becomes evident that the incident has been beautifully strengthened for political purposes by Ernst Mayer and others.

When it comes to a question of national defence, the German Socialist is a better patriot than the British Radical, although the bureaucrats hate his colour-emblem so much as to be capable of sending a student to prison for allowing his dog to perambulate the street in a tall red hat! Even Herr Bebel has had to admit

that there is no withstanding the impetuous flood of the German military spirit. Drawn sabres and fixed bayonets taught the Nüremberg strikers a severe lesson last summer. We may put down Socialist acquiescence in German expansion either to *force majeure* or to free will ; it does not matter which, the acquiescence is there. Though the Teutonic leveller may squirm a little when the bill is presented, he will pay it in the end.

Well, all this is the mere inception of a really serious competition for sea-power. Can we expect less from nations that make patriotism a subject in their schools, whose everyday songs breathe the very essence of love for their country, whose national ideals are the ideals of every schoolboy ? Both religion and patriotism stand for the knowledge of destiny and of the means of fulfilling it ! What do we know of patriotism ? Do we teach it ? Do we extol it as a virtue ? No ! On the contrary, the British patriot is usually regarded by his fellows as a crank. Country is the last thing the British workman thinks of, and the most serious newspapers invariably find excuses for insults levelled at, and injuries done to, Great Britain.

Moreover, with the noblest Empire the world has ever seen, we find ourselves with a military system that contains no powers of expansion outside the limits of the small regular forces of the Crown. As Mr. *Punch* tells us, "It is the inalienable right of the free-born British citizen to decline to lift a finger in his country's defence." Weighed down with such knowledge as this, Sidney Herbert's statue looked so pensive standing opposite the old War Office in Pall Mall that it had to be moved to the quadrangle in the centre of the new War Office in Whitehall. Will Foley's bronze look less sad in its new *milieu* ?

Under the guidance of most obstinate and stupid leaders, the Labour party in this country has preached for years sermons based upon Sir Henry Campbell-

Bannerman's most dangerous and unpatriotic platitudes, so that it has become an article of faith with the British working man that fighting will no longer be necessary, and that, if he only returns Labour candidates in sufficient numbers, their persuasive oratory will not fail to remove all international obstructions and dangers without recourse to war. It is suggested that the game of propitiation may be safely played instead of the game of defence. Witness the Premier's recent letter to the Cobden Club, and the *Speaker's* articles, which almost ask Sir Henry to disband the army and navy. With colonies in their hands to pawn, Labour men think it will not be difficult to placate the too aggressive among our rivals. To recommend subscriptions to an organization such as the Australian National Defence League is the last thing in the minds of Radical and Socialist working men. It is left to Mr. Watson, the Australian Labour leader, to bestow the full accolade of shame upon the British nation. He considers it so suicidal to neglect preparations for defence against aggressors, as openly to advocate a system of compulsory training on Swiss lines. When the British Labour party produces a great and influential politician with such imaginative insight as Mr. Watson possesses, it will at once become the most powerful and preponderant party in these islands; for its sincerity and usefulness will then be so apparent as to gain the votes of thousands who are tired of the broken pledges of Liberal Ministers.

The Japanese, who thought rifle-shooting was part of the educational course in every British boys' school, and therefore adopted the system, will not imitate us much longer. Admiration will soon turn into contempt when they realize how rotten are the human foundations on which the edifice of our national reputation is built! The army and navy became unpopular with the people from which they are principally recruited when it was discovered that the middle classes looked down upon

the two services with contempt. The middle classes were entirely given up to money-making during the period of Cobdenite prosperity, when we were easily first in invention, manufacturing, and in trading—and their obsession extinguished their patriotism. Now the lean years are coming, there is no Radical statesman sufficiently alive to the necessities of his country, with adequate gift of vision and a personal magnetism powerful enough to make the army and navy popular again. After the terrible experiences of the South African War, and the callous surrender of the conquered territory to the Dutch, we may be quite sure that our reservists will never again answer the roll-call to a man. Our troops are sick and weary of the mismanagement of muddleheads, and our seamen are not less discontented. Patriotism has been killed by an ephemeral prosperity which has blinded some of the most puissant politicians ; the virtue is so extinct that the fashionable amusement of many excellent editors is the manufacture of rhetorical excuses for the misdeeds of our national enemies !

Meanwhile German Protectionists and German Free Traders are equally resolved to bid for naval predominance. Let there be no mistake about this. *The common object of all German parties is to remove British supremacy at sea, and to make the maintenance of the two-Power standard financially impossible, thus throwing the naval balance into the hands of Germany.* The Kaiser's hope is that his biographers may be able truthfully to say of him :

“ Fern vom Castell war seine Wacht,
Das Antlitz gegen Osten.” *

If his hopes bear their fullest fruition our power will disappear. Even as Nature refuses to replace the enamel of a tooth destroyed by carelessness and neglect

* Far from the Castle was his watch,
His face towards the east.

of her laws, so destiny will refuse to repair the self-inflicted injuries we may work upon the Imperial system.

It is all very well for Baron d'Estournelles de Constant and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to preach disarmament, but can we disarm in the face of such peril? In 1846 Cobden said: "I believe that the desire and the motive for large and mighty empires, for gigantic armies and great navies, for those materials which are used for the destruction of life and the desolation of the rewards of labour, will die away; I believe that such things will cease to be necessary or to be used when man becomes one family, and freely exchanges the fruits of his labour with his brother-man."

But even now how very far we are from this visionary state of things! An absolute *non possumus* is the reply returned to the absurd, though well-meant, overtures of the Premier to Germany, and we see a sterner and stronger spirit of German patriotism rising like a buoyant vessel on the crest of the wave of the tide of anti-nationalism which is flowing over Great Britain. The danger that menaces us is very real, very imminent, and it ought to be guarded against by the maintenance of a supreme fleet; for naval power means the possession and retention of oversea territories, and naval weakness means their ultimate loss. The national peril was scented by our Colonies at the outbreak of the Boer War, and they realize it more than ever now. The keen watch-dog, Richard Seddon, sniffed it in the wind blowing over half the world. Our Australasian Colonies know only too well that the Kaiser is not keeping 15,000 soldiers in South Africa, at a cost, it is said, of £500 each per annum, without some sort of *arrière-pensée*. The Empire needs more such mastiffs as Seddon to guard it—dogs that bark at sight of danger, and, if need arises, bite!

Our nation ought regularly to ask itself certain questions such as these:

1. If Russia advanced into Afghanistan, how many men could we place on the Helmund and in the passes of the Hindu Koosh ?

2. If Germany declared war on France, how could we help that friendly nation ?

3. If the Emperor of Austria were to die and such confusion arose in his Empire that Kaiser Wilhelm found it necessary to interfere, how would we stand when the balance of power was being readjusted ?

4. If events in Holland led to German interference, or if war between Germany and another Power led to the seizure of the Netherlands, what should we do ?

5. If, by some sudden coup, Germany effected a landing of her troops in this country, what would be the feelings of those able-bodied men who had never handled a rifle ?

The suggestion that we should form and cement a vast commercial and military alliance with our colonies seems to come as a refreshing tonic after putting these questions to ourselves. When at last the nation is awake to this necessity, we must not make all our aims and intentions too public. Let us learn the art of "bluffing" from our German friends, and likewise practise it. Those who have read the "Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe" and Lord Fitzmaurice's "Life of Lord Granville" know that twice in the decade following Germany's war with France Europe was on the verge of another and greater war. If Bismarck could have acted as he wished, Great Britain might now have been a subjugated Power. As Bismarckian cunning and resoluteness are qualities by no means extinct in Germany, we must also buttress ourselves with "secret conventions" and "treaties of reinsurance" with the great countries that we know as our colonies. When the "All Blacks" football team visited Great Britain, we wondered what was the secret of their brilliant "scrum" work. Their forwards

appeared to be irresistible, and they walked away with their opponents. What was this secret? Simply the understanding that every man in the scrummage was to direct his energy towards *one point*. Thus, they never pushed straight in front of them, as they were supposed to do, but they hurled themselves in one particular direction indicated by their leader, thus forcing a human wedge through the weightiest opposition.

Such a secret understanding between Great Britain and her colonies would automatically make our race *facile princeps* in commerce, military power, riches, and in all the finest arts of civilization, and, moreover, drive a solid human wedge of progressive peacefulness through all dangerous and irritating military and naval policies.

On the other hand, if we fail to take advantage of the greatest opportunity ever presented to any people, the London Geographical Institute will have considerable extra labour in the near future—even after our Gambettas have struggled never so gloriously. Makers of atlases will require to issue still further editions, crediting to other Powers vast territories corresponding with the deletions in the British Empire, or they may have to mark as republics countries which now own allegiance to our King-Emperor.

VI

SNARLS AND GROWLS OF THE GERMAN PRESS

GERMANS love work intensely, no matter whether it be the study of Assyriology, Shakespeare, or the building up of an Empire. They have a power of concentration and a driving energy which are primarily the results of proper food and drink and an admirable educative system. At school they learn how to use their brains. They are trained, and not crammed. The Teutonic effendis who sing folk-songs in the Temple of the Sun, Baalbek, are as conscientious as the professors at Heidelberg. Germans work for the sake of work, even going so far as to build nests for the birds in their gardens : we work because we must. Industrious, moral, clever, shrewd, and, above all, patriotic, the Germans have begun to contest our world predominance and to covet our possessions, although no one in Great Britain hankers after one inch of their territory. From their own point of view, these ambitions are perfectly just and legitimate. The intentions of the Kaiser's subjects are as frank and clear as their energy is unlimited, and they will work hard for success.

Pan-Germanism aims at the absorption, in a vast central Germanic Empire, of Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Servia, Roumania, and Bulgaria, and possibly the gradual acquisition of the great colonies of Britain. Pan-Germanism recognizes that colonial expansion makes for the development of national force.

Already we perceive the beginnings of this vast absorption, and it rests with us whether we will let it continue, or put an end to the danger of the domination of Europe by one Emperor. Even as chemical substances are changed into others by definite and measurable steps, so, imperceptibly, the wealth and power of one nation changes into the wealth and power of another. The wise nation is that which soonest realizes this truth.

The Germans are trained thinkers and reasoners, whose intellect has not been mastered by the elementary problem presented by the question of taxation of imports. In the smallest things they are marvellously cunning, and they work out the most complex details with all the rapture felt by W. Hunt when he recorded the beauty of May-blossom and chaffinches' nests. They are not less careful with larger matters, and their keen, broad vision and wonderful foresight are amazing.

It is the collective brain of Germany that we have to fight in industrial warfare, and to strive against for our continued naval supremacy, a brain that is inspired and re-inspired by its own brilliant successes. We have already discovered that the German economists have put their fellow-countrymen into the way of enriching themselves at our expense, but, not content with this, the German nation aims at more. Musing upon the rise of this great rival Empire, one thinks of the man in the fairy story whose stomach was so large that it could hold a whole ox and a hogshead of wine. When his acquaintances asked him to have a little to eat or drink with them, he would modestly say, "Yes, I'll have just a mouthful." Soon, however, they learned what his enormous mouthfuls really were, and thenceforth they always made it clear to him that his share would be an ordinary portion, such as they themselves consumed.

Thus should we deal with Germany, who invites herself to take part in councils at which her geographical position scarcely warrants her appearance. By dint of

much clamour, she procures and successfully absorbs one or two large mouthfuls, and now seems to be unduly avid for more ; but she ought at once to be told exactly what are her privileges, and the limitations of her position must be pointed out to her.

No one denies Germany the right to expand. As the late Lord Goschen once said, those who are most attached to her culture cannot shut their eyes to the fact that her policy inevitably must be a policy of expansion, and even those who hate everything German recognize this fact ; but when the Kaiser's schemes of expansion threaten our Imperial interests we can tell him gently, yet firmly, that interference in affairs such as those affecting our highway to India, for instance, will never be permitted, and that concessions in the Persian Gulf are not to be expected from us. This really must be done immediately ; and, furthermore, we might do worse than adopt the advice of the *Sydney Bulletin*, and, retiring the Khedive to Constantinople with a handsome allowance, frankly run Egypt ourselves. Germany herself would have done so long ago had she had the task of civilizing the country.

We are now face to face with the beginning of a struggle which, if our present national apathy be not merely temporary, must inevitably result in German predominance in Europe and Asia. We have thwarted Teutonic aims in several quarters, where they appeared to endanger our interests ; we have wounded Germany's self-love, and any self-love that is attacked is pitiless and merciless, because in its essence it is selfishness. The hate of the selfish is invariably stronger and deeper than the resentment of the generous. Moreover, a permanent obsession of the Conservatives of the Fatherland is voiced by the *Reichsbote* and other journals. This is the fear that Anglo-Saxon, Slav, and Frenchman will unite in a war of destruction against the German, whom it is said they all hate with equal intensity.

Germany is avowedly preparing to contest our supremacy more sternly and forcibly than she has hitherto contested it, and every battleship that she adds to her fleet makes our position more perilous. When a strong nation concentrates its energies on a particular object, it is usually safer to join that nation than to oppose its plans, for real concentrative unity is satisfied with nothing but success. In this case, however, we must offer opposition to a certain strong nation, because its aims clash with ours.

There is nothing secret about Germany's aims or efforts. She does her strenuous work quite openly, and there can be no doubt about her intentions. She did her best to show Russia that, in the event of war with us after the Dogger Bank affair, she might count on German support, and when the Chilian warships became British property her pro-Russian sympathy crystallized into expressions so offensive as to be almost a *casus belli* in themselves. She has lately got it into her head that her interests in Persia are of more importance than ours, and she seeks concessions in that quarter. It is obvious, of course, that we cannot regard these claims favourably. Even if Captain Mahan had not pointed out the dangers that would menace us in the event of Governmental neglect of British interests in the Persian Gulf, our own racial instincts would surely tell us that our position in Australia and in India would be gravely jeopardized by Germany's presence in that region.

Even if the Shah did propose to give an annual subsidy of £1,000 for twenty-five years to a German college in Teheran, where Persian youths are to be instructed for the State service according to Prussian methods, we cannot regard these evidences of Teutonic activity as the basis of a claim to "special rights." The German Chargé d'Affaires conveyed effusive messages of thanks from the Kaiser to the Shah, with an Imperial promise to undertake the responsibility of maintaining the

college for ever and a day ; nevertheless, we shall not be disposed to tolerate the acquisition of a port on the Persian Gulf by the Germans when they come to ask for one. It is obvious, however, from the Kaiser's bland treatment of our Ministers that some such request will soon be put forward.

The *Deutsche Revue* for August, 1906, claimed for Germany an interest in the Nile in a manner which in earlier times might have led to an instant collision. Seeing how wonderfully the British spirit has breathed fertility and prosperity on tracts of barren sand, envious Germany asked, through this mouthpiece, that her merchants should be specially protected in Egypt, and given all the privileges that we enjoy. She wishes to be nicely planted at the northern end of the Cape to Cairo Railway, so that, if war should again break out in British South Africa, perhaps she may be able to give the Boers something more than mere moral support.

Having had such valuable presents from us in the past in all our other colonies, Germany expects even more privileges in the Sudan and in Lower Egypt. But the ideas of the Government, as voiced by *Der Deutsche*, the only genuine Imperialist organ in the Empire, are preposterous in the extreme. The German Consular agents, who form the bulk of its contributors, seem to have inspired this review to ascend to the most dizzy heights of megalomania. A Turco-German alliance is urged as a means of turning Britain out of Egypt bag and baggage, and of threatening our Indian Empire from Mesopotamia. After paving the streets of Cairo with gold, we are to give up the keys of the city to Germany ! But our altruism has limits. We have not created towns and villages in the desert merely that Germany and Turkey should benefit by trading therein. We have not erected a string of great hotels from Cairo to Khartoum merely to shelter specially protected German merchants. Egypt is ours by right

of conquest and by right of humane administration, and there are no privileges in that country to give away to Germany.

In one of the numbers of *Die Grenzboten* for June, 1906—a weekly review that is said to be imperially inspired—we find that this important organ, which is in touch with the Wilhelmstrasse, produces a leading article containing these unequivocal phrases :

“ Let the German people keep a lesson from antiquity before their eyes. Once before an England and a Germany of no less different character have confronted each other. They were Carthage and Rome. And old Rome, with its policy of force and power, finally conquered the cash politics of Carthage, and raised itself to the position of the first Power upon earth. We have historical example when we say that the German people must return from the imitation of the un-German Carthaginian-British finance policy, and must go back to the Roman-German policy of power and might. In no other way can a really great *Weltpolitik* be promoted, in the hope, perhaps, of making ourselves ultimately the leading people in the world.”*

After reading this luminous excerpt one cannot help smiling at a remark made by Dr. Gruenwald, of the *Vossische Zeitung*. “ I cannot resist,” said he, “ giving utterance to my impression that all men and women of my country are sincerely desirous of eradicating all bitterness from the relations between the two countries, and of returning to the friendship which formerly united them.” The sweet blandiloquence of the famous editor is refreshing.

Germans, however, have every reason to hope for the early destruction of the power of the modern Carthage, because they see the country of their greatest rivals made the theatre of precisely the kind of internal

* I am indebted to that excellent newspaper the *Outlook* for the translation of this extract from *Die Grenzboten*.

political squabbles which ruined Hannibal, and eventually led to the destruction of Phœnicia's greatest daughter colony.

Let us contrast this *Grenzboten* outpouring with one of Cobden's utterances. Speaking in 1846, he said :

"I believe that if you . . . adopt Free Trade in its simplicity, there will not be a tariff in Europe that will not be changed, in less than five years, to follow your example."

In the same year—his period of triumph—he repeatedly emphasizes the same thing. When, owing to the success of its campaign, the Anti-Corn Law League was abolished, in his panegyric Cobden said :

"Our body will, so to say, perish, but our spirit is abroad, and will pervade all the nations of the earth. It will pervade all the nations of the earth because it is the spirit of truth and justice, and because it is the spirit of peace and goodwill among men."

"It is a world's revolution, and nothing else," he again declared. And further : "We have a principle established now which is eternal in its truth, and universal in its application, and must be applied in all nations and throughout all times, and applied not simply to commerce, but to every item of the tariffs of the world."

A truly great prophet ! The rivalry of nations is a phase of the higher evolution, and, as we see, the competitive spirit is far keener now than it was in his day. Moreover, we have just read in the far too truthful "Hohenlohe Memoirs" that in Germany, after the Franco-Prussian War, it soon became clear that there was no cash to keep the Empire solvent. "Hence Bismarck's financial expedients—the adoption of Protection by the German people, and the consequent acquisition of money, so that the Empire could live"—a policy so clever and far-seeing that it enabled Prussian savings bank depositors to have £388,000,000 to their credit in 1905 !

This *Grenzboten* article, which we have quoted, is only one among thousands that have appeared in the important newspapers of the Fatherland advocating an increase in the navy for the express purpose of meeting Great Britain on equal terms. Journalistic opinions are more than straws which indicate the direction of the wind of national sentiment. The German scribe is the true mouthpiece of his nation, and the tune he whistles is that which is in the hearts of all his readers, even before he gives it expression. The director of the *Kölnische Zeitung* is about the most important of the German editors, and it was his journal that printed—with execrable taste—the reference to “French uneasiness” at the visit of himself and friends to England. Fortunately, however, the foreign policy of the Kaiser is not greatly influenced by editorials; still, the *Rédacteur* is a power of sorts.

Speaking generally, the German editor is charmingly naïve. It is this worthy—who conveyed to German readers the impression that Cape Colony aided and abetted the Hottentot insurgents—who still affects to regard the question of Egypt as a pawn on the international chess-board, or a valuable international asset in which his country has proprietary rights that may be exchanged for something else; who asks in return for the abandonment of most ludicrous claims in Egypt, that we should grant Germany a new Kiau-chau on the Persian Gulf, and assist her in financing the Bagdad Railway until it is over the Taurus, across the Plain of Adana, beyond the Amanus Range, and astride the Euphrates!

The Kaiser seems to consider himself a sort of ground landlord of the world. Like the Duke of Bedford, who stipulates for a special box and a private entrance to every theatre built upon his portion of London, the German Emperor demands special privileges wherever our efforts have erected an obvious fabric of prosperity.

But neither the Kaiser nor his German financiers, even when led by the powerful Deutsche Bank, can move international affairs precisely as they wish. They have, however, managed to increase the *ad valorem* Turkish Customs dues from 8 to 11 per cent., which will give the Turks 40 per cent. more revenue, and Germany, indirectly, more kilomètre guarantees for the Bagdad Railway. The construction of this line, without any safeguard as to our entire control of its final section, will mean a terrible harvest of trouble for Britain in the coming years. Therefore the German financiers who are now rejoicing in the spectacle of Turkish funds set free for the Kaiser's purposes, have every reason to be content with their work during the last few years—labours to which they have devoted that wonderful tireless energy which is an inseparable virtue of the Teutonic character.

"In case of an Anglo-German war," says the fire-breathing *Rédacteur* of the Berlin naval *Ueberall*, "our best defence would be to sow thousands of submarine mines on our coasts and in the straits of the Baltic, which would thus become untenable to the enemy. We must not take any notice of the antiquated idea of a territorial zone, limited to a few miles from the shore—that is a fiction only supported by England in her own interests."

"More slayeth word than sword," runs the old thirteenth-century anchoress's proverb, and, indeed, this editor is a perfect Tamerlane! We might go on and fill a book with such utterances, and it is hard to imagine that "an emollient press," to use the *Spectator's* phrase, can be looked for in Germany, no matter how many demonstrations of friendship may be organized. The utterances of the German newspapers are as determined and unequivocal as the Kaiser's seizure of Kiau-Chau after he had received the Tsar's 1895 letter, which virtually gave him permission to acquire a footing in

China, or the Tsar's fatal theft of Port Arthur after consultation with the Kaiser. The violently reiterated opinions of all German publicists are as unmistakable in their expression of Anglophobia as the action of the ruffian who day by day took upon himself the delightful duty of sprinkling a certain amount of corrosive fluid on the Shakespearean memorial at Weimar.

VII

RADICAL NARROWNESS OF VISION

THE representatives of German journalism who recently partook of Radical hospitality undoubtedly came over here in order to help to weaken the *entente* with France. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's marked leanings towards an alliance with Germany have been apparent for many years. But such an alliance is impossible whilst our understanding with France exists. Two is company, three is none ! The Kaiser's Government sees in our Premier a flaccid and unimaginative statesman, whose whole career has enormously benefited the German Empire. Therefore the bureaucrats fawn upon him, and endeavour to make him believe that black is white ! Germany cannot be more to us than an acquaintance ; she can never be a sincere friend—our world interests run counter to one another in too many directions. And if our present relations with the great Middle Empire pass for friendship, let us remember that, in addition to exaltations, friendship has its inquietudes, its sighs, and its jealousy !

Merriment shone upon the faces of those fifty editors when they left these shores, and Dr. Ernst Posse, of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, was not long in pointing out that the exchange of hospitalities between German and British subjects had caused deep disquietude in France, although at Greenwich this most influential editor had said the Germans would like to be allowed to make a

third in the Anglo-French *entente* ! The editorial hearts, were not softened by the laudations of cringing Radicals, and the extraordinary activity in the shipyards of the Fatherland still continues to excite the wonder of the unsophisticated.

It would be stupid of us to expect all our countrymen to apprehend the true meaning of these manifestations, and of that racial instinct which is turning the eyes of the Germans over-seas ; but Mr. John Burns ought to know of our danger, yet surely he cannot be aware of the real menace that lies in this strong anti-British feeling existing in Germany, or he would never have said at Manchester that, unless he could get a reduction of the army and a reduction of the navy, he could not promise rural housing, small holdings, Irish cottages, English homesteads, Crofters Acts, afforestation, and the opening up of the land !

One has no need to be a " strident Imperialist " to see the incompetency betrayed by this utterance. " The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth," quoted this wise Cabinet Minister, and we agree unhesitatingly, but the eyes of the fool are vacuous ! Nothing great is revealed to the vision of Mr. Burns, whose view of life is apparently bounded by Battersea Park, and his imagination confined within the limits of an ordinary steam-boiler. Patriotic Britons wish that he had some useful geographical books in his enormous library of political economy !

At one time such a narrow outlook on things Imperial would not have interfered with racial expansion, but German and American competition have changed things. Mr. Burns, I fear, only too often confounds his thoughts with his dreams. So long as hostile German torpedo-boats keep out of the Thames, so long will the Labour school of politicians seek to divert the money that should go towards the upkeep of our defences into the pockets of the worthless and idle. Foreign travel has

not improved our excellent Minister, who ought to go to school again in order to learn geography. He is one of that class of men—now sadly too numerous in Great Britain—whose fixed ideas are never disturbed save by tragic events. The eyes of the *wise* are in the ends of the earth ! The real fool is the cheap rhetorician, who imagines that the aspirations of his own narrow little party represent the hopes and desires of the British Empire. The motto of all politicians should be “*Facta, non verba !*” Labour members especially should take this to heart, because they represent a class that is only too prone to do its thinking vicariously. The poorer the constituency represented the greater the responsibility of the member.

Let Mr. Burns learn first what our Empire is, and the part it is expected to play in this century, before he saps its defences. The forces that constructed it did not include that dangerous sciolistic knowledge which is the chief equipment of destructive politicians. When this Minister spoke at Manchester of reductions in the army and navy, did he quite realize that our great insurances, the fighting services, touch directly the material, mental, and spiritual life of all Britons, from these islands to the Antipodes, and of 400,000,000 of mankind ?

There is hardly room in the world for two such Empires as ours ; therefore, unless our race braces itself to the prompt recognition of disagreeable truths, and prepares to meet apparent national dangers, disintegration must inevitably come, and our power will eventually disappear. These perils are very real, and they ought to be clear to the most unimaginative person. It is all a question of moving from a couch of laziness, and looking through a large open window at the world. That curious Oriental acceptance of the inevitable, which is so strong a characteristic of Radicals, must surely give place to some desire to counteract the German menace,

when at last they wake up to a sense of the formidable armada that is slowly but surely being built to destroy us. We may even hope to get a penny or two from the working-man when we have brought him to the point of being put to shame by the pfennige of little girls in Germany!

Let me enjoin Britons to pay no heed to panegyrics of the Teuton from Mr. McKenna, the beloved of the German semiofficial press, but to endeavour to estimate the true quality of the professions of cousinly friendship from the comments of the German journals upon Mr. Haldane's friendly reference to the withdrawal of troops from South-West Africa. The editors considered his allusions to be of a provocative character, and the official publication of the German General Staff advocates the permanent retention of a powerful force in that interesting colony of theirs, precisely because the presence of the troops may be most useful as an offensive weapon against England.

The advent of patriotic illumination in the hearts of the masses has been long delayed. The light from Arcturus, reaching us to-night, set out on its journey in the days of Queen Elizabeth. This light finally arrives, however, faint though it be. Thus the rays of political wisdom may eventually reach the hearts of the proletariat, coming down to them at last from the exemplars of our most noble and heroic age.

The first symptoms of returning sanity are now noticeable, and we find the Cobdenite *Spectator* advocating the adoption of universal training, "in the highest interests of the nation as a civil community, not on military or Imperialistic grounds." Mr. St. Loe Strachey deserves the thanks of all good men for his courageous advice: "We hold it to be the prime duty of the State to render its members good citizens, and we believe that such military training as we desire would tend to make our young men better citizens in every respect.

The man who must rely solely upon others to protect him from attack and to preserve his liberty and his rights is not a "full" man, be he peer or peasant, Radical or Tory, Socialist or Individualist." England's authentic voice is heard in that.

There is more difficulty in holding the Empire together than there was in creating it. Indeed, our great dominions have never been properly consolidated, and a mass of splendid materials still awaits the wise Imperial architect. But the retention of the Empire is of course our first care, and in case of a naval war we should find it hard to retain our colonies in their entirety. Further, we see that, in such a contingency, there would be more than a little difficulty in effectually defending our own shores, as was proved by the 1906 manœuvres, when, for the first time in her history, Britain was hopelessly beaten at sea. Although the victory rested with our own vessels, those who decry the adoption of Lord Roberts's suggestions, depending solely upon the navy, must now feel seriously perplexed.

VIII

BRITAIN EXAMINED BY GERMAN LAND SURVEYORS

THIS century will witness either the consolidation of British power or its complete overthrow, and it is towards this eventual disaster that the thoughts of German statesmen are constantly directed with terrific dynamic force. As the confederation of States which now form the Empire of Germany in Europe was effected by the exercise of a wonderful statecraft, so also is the same racial diplomacy working now for the acquisition of exterior power. Fifty years ago, Cavour foretold that ultimately the German Empire would fight Great Britain and rival her upon the sea. Part of this remarkable prophecy has already come true. What did Treitschke say in 1884? "We have reckoned with France and Austria; the reckoning with England has still to come, and it will be the largest and most difficult of all our struggles."

This is clear and unmistakable, and as it voices the feelings of most educated Germans, we shall need something more than the assurances of the Berlin *Tageblatt* before we believe that Germany and England will never cross swords. Blood may be "thicker than ink," but our veins are full of a liquid that makes us sufficiently wide awake to be able to distinguish the difference between the snarl of a tiger and the purr of a domestic cat. Treitschke did not write anonymously either, like some dear old dowager pillorying her enemies in

the society papers. He proclaimed himself on the housetops, and his voice was louder than a trumpet. Albert Schäffle has preached, and still preaches, in the same strain.

In February, 1899, the *Deutsches Wochenblatt* spat out its true thought: "Our motto should be, 'With the whole Continent against England!'" There are moments when only silence is eloquent, but no Briton can remain mute who hears such phrases as this. Moreover, no Briton will be deluded by a false rapprochement brought about by German trade guilds, inspired by German Government officials, nor by the blandishments of German statesmen effusively grateful to a Minister who is more friendly to their country than to his own. We are surely wise enough to be able to distinguish between the kiss of Judas and the true salutation of fraternity. We are not entirely decadent: we retain some faint glimmering of sense!

"Bei dem Wunder unserer Tage
Bei dem Kunstwerk deutschen Denkens,
Bei dem Heidelberger Fass,"*

surely I write the truth?

Professor Delbrück, the responsible editor of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, to whom William II. owes not a little of his knowledge, has given it as his fixed opinion that the next German *Krieg* will be a combat for the domination of Great Britain. Moreover, he recently declared that Germany must continue every effort to exert, through the Mohammedan sphere, a strong leverage upon world policy, especially taking advantage of Britain's position in Egypt. In urging this he seems to have overlooked, or perhaps seen only too clearly, that England in India is the greatest Mohammedan Power. But the ungracious, not to say mean, rôle of

* By the wonder of our days,
By the artistry of German thought,
By the great cask of Heidelberg.

embarrassing a domination she is still powerless to abolish—though she is strong enough to cause constant friction and annoyance—does not satisfy Germany. Even at this moment there is many a quiet but deadly *Schlachtdenker* of the Moltke type planning our downfall. Anxious to be strong enough to attack us, and ever working towards this end, Germany is in a perpetual state of panic lest we should head a coalition against her before her great navy is ready.

One day we find the *Deutsche Revue* insisting that a peace policy for Great Britain can only consist of holding out the hand to Germany, seeing that the *entente* with France is a permanent basis of British policy; another day we have the whole German Press covertly inveighing against King Edward's friendship with the French people, and even directly accusing him of deliberately flouting the Kaiser and endeavouring to isolate the German Empire. *Der Reichsbote* devoted a whole front page last December to a base attack on the King-Emperor, writing him down as the sure and implacable enemy of the Fatherland, simply because the Wilhelmstrasse had not made it known that his Kiel visit was really an official one. The editor of *Der Reichsbote* knows perfectly well that our Sovereign's influence upon international affairs has been always pacific. As the Americans have recognized, whilst avoiding the appearance of officiousness in international affairs, King Edward is far and away the greatest statesman and most far-reaching diplomatist of his day and generation, but it cannot be too often repeated that his aims and hopes are peaceable.

We have never ceased to be abused in Germany since the late Empress Victoria taught Bismarck that he could not treat a Princess of England as he would treat an underling in the Foreign Office. "*Les injures sont les raisons de ceux qui ont tort!*" A former pupil of Treitschke's, Count Moulin-Eckart, was once very fond

of lecturing, and in one of his addresses he publicly expressed the pious hope that the genius of Bismarck might preside over a second *Königgratz*, but this time a naval one. The German Emperor has conceived the idea that the Almighty has entrusted him with a mission to expand German power, and *Grösseres Deutschland* is a phrase which is in the heart of every German subject—a *Grösseres Deutschland* to be built of the shattered pillars of the British Empire!

For years the most popular books in Germany have been those describing a possible war with Great Britain. Dozens of these works have been published, and I venture to say there are very few German "men in the street" who could not pass an examination in the topography of the eastern portion of England. In point of fact, the average German has the topographical instinct of a rhinoceros.

In the autumn of 1905 a "staff ride" was held on the east coast of England. Last year certain German officers are said to have rented a house not far from London, and this was the head-quarters of the "staff." Not very long ago a Dr. Kurt Wegener—Leutnant in the Elisabeth Garde Grenadier Regiment—and a companion crossed the North Sea from Berlin and descended near Leicester, with their cameras. At one of the Suffolk coast towns a German photographer was discovered, nominally dependent upon his calling. Our military authorities suspected him, however, and they eventually learnt that he was a wealthy staff-officer of the German Army.

Everybody remembers the true story of the intelligent young Teuton who, at a London dinner-party, corrected an Essex landowner in a statement he made as to the supposed existence of a hill on a certain part of his neighbour's domain, and when the other guests expressed surprise at this wonderful local knowledge, the young German somewhat unguardedly explained that Essex

was the county his regiment specially and religiously studied !

Our east and south coasts are divided into districts, each in charge of a responsible German officer. Map-making is intelligently pursued by trilingual students who pretend to be learning our language. Paying guests of Teutonic origin may be best described by the letter X, for veritably they are unknown quantities !

“ Pfarrer, du Kühler öffne dein Thor,
Fahrende Schüler stehen davor ! ”*

There are German officers ostensibly hunting in the shires who are engaged in military work. These men are as plausible as the young gentleman who invariably paid delicate compliments to his new landladies as they conducted him upstairs, so that their steps automatically turned from the direction of their third-best to their best bedrooms. By means of politeness our German friends get all they want, and more ! We make no inquiries as to the intentions of our foreign visitors during their stay in this country, but in Germany we must write down all particulars about ourselves and our business before bedrooms are allotted to us in any hotel.

There are volunteer officers in England who have been known to say that, if you want a good, inexpensive, yet comprehensive, Ordnance Map of Great Britain it is best procured in Germany ! It is a fact that foreigners know more about our navy than do our own naval men. In every German man-of-war there are charts giving all the details of our ships, down to the exact quantity of shell on board. We have no such details on our vessels ; our intelligence officers find it difficult work getting such particulars from secretive and patriotic Germans, whilst the Kaiser's Secret Service men readily pump our

* Parson, thou who refreshest, open thy door : wandering scholars stand before it !

expansive and conceited countrymen of every essential fact relating to construction and equipment. Commander Crutchley, Secretary of the British Navy League, has done his best to impress the public with the dangers that lie in the admission of foreigners to our dockyards—men who speak English better than the majority of Englishmen—but the propaganda of his society have not the countenance of officialdom. It would be well, however, if we copied German methods in regard to our dockyards, arsenals, and mine-fields, and began to take an official interest in our Navy League, which is, as yet, far from being the important instrument that its aggressive rival has become. When more than £100,000 a year is already collected in very small subscriptions, the young German Navy League has every reason to expect an eventual membership of millions.

Even at Christmas festivities, when the spirit of peace and goodwill towards men is supposed to possess the hearts of humanity, the innocent cracker has been made the means of educating the Teutonic youth to keep in mind the Treitschke ideal. Fortunately, however, evil spirits are said to be powerless on Christmas Day, and we still hope that German wishes may not injure us. At the stroke of twelve on Christmas Eve the evil thoughts of our enemies cease to harm us for four-and-twenty hours !

“ When we get our brand-new fleet,
Won't we make the British squeak ! ”

The head of the man who wrote this cracker-motto is big and swollen, and it is nearly empty, like a boiled orange. The lines do not make a good couplet, but their meaning is intolerably clear, and it supplies the comic relief to the serious comments of German newspapers, which, for more than one decade, have persistently directed the most aggressive speculations against our nation.

“Selig sind die Sanftmüthigen ; denn sie werden das Erdreich besitzen !”* Or shall we say, “Selig sind, die da hungert und dürstet nach dem Erdreich ; denn sie sollen satt werden !”†

Taking a lesson from the Germans, let us crown every statue of Britannia with *Donnerkraut*, in view of the angry mutterings of the oncoming storm ! We must have something to drive away the terrible thunder and lightning !

If we doubt that the secret hope of every educated German is to be able truthfully to cry before he dies, “*Britannia deleta est* !” we are fooling ourselves ! Our little cousin, who once “revered John Bull almost to idolatry,” is “tired of life in crannies and corners,” and is “contending valiantly for a place in the sun.” The Colossus of the British Empire is to be broken up ; this is the Pan-German ideal, and an excellent ideal it is from the Anglophobe point of view. Sie hoffen dass wir vertilget, erwürget und umgebracht werden !‡ Ask any cultured German of the middle and upper classes whether Teutonic journalists will ever consent to recommend the reduction and eventual disarmament of their army and navy, and ten to one he will laugh in your face. The fact is, Germans of all classes are firm on this point. The General Election of 1907, and the rout of Socialism, show only too clearly what the Kaiser’s electorate requires. Professor Mommsen once deplored the self-seeking of German political parties, and he said that the absence of broad national ideals was the Empire’s crowning curse. Since then, however, times have changed, and the Fatherland has got at least one great ideal towards which all its eighteen political parties, overtly or covertly, direct their energies. There is but

* “Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth ” (St. Matt. v. 5).

† Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after empire : for they shall be filled.

‡ They hope that we shall be extirpated, strangled, and ruined.

one Theodore Barth ! England has few other friends in the Kaiser's dominions. There will be no important reductions in German naval and military expenditure anywhere this side of the next war, because, confronted by the astounding political blunders of the present British Cabinet, the Kaiser's people have begun to believe in their ruler's oft-repeated statement, "God is with us." The Emperor's logic may be frequently questioned, and his rhetoric severely criticized, but the sincerity of his speeches breeds trust and confidence, for the nation as well as its Cæsar builds the structure of its hopes upon history.

One recollects an advertisement that recently appeared in the *Kölnische Zeitung*—part picture, part letterpress. The picture showed a clenched fist, holding a flaming torch at an angle of forty-five degrees, so as to illuminate the words "The World-War : German Dreams," which formed the title of one of that numerous breed of books dealing with the coming war between Germany and England, as "a settled item in the programme of European civilization." This advertisement was worded so adroitly that one might have been pardoned for believing that the German Government was at the back of it. What did the great Dr. Posse think of it ? Did he hope that the German designs outlined in the book would come to "rich fruition" ? He thought a great deal, no doubt, just as he did at the time of our King-Emperor's visit to Friedrichshof, but he neither forbade the acceptance of the advertisement nor said anything in his editorials to influence the hosts of minor German editors to put a limit on the acerbity of their leading articles. Although Prince Bülow has assured us that their bitter tone was due to the hot summer season, during which subordinates replaced the chief editors, we make bold to disagree with him. As for those who doubt my reading of German intentions, I would ask them, in the words of Scripture, "Was

bedürfen wir weiter Zeugen !”* Count Limburg-Stirum and other Teutonic politicians have even gone so far as to tell their compatriots to moderate their voices, because already Great Britain has pricked up her ears (through imprudent speeches and other declarations), and begins to look upon Germany as the coming adversary.

The optimism of the Germans is typified by the words which we find printed beneath the Prussian eagle, *Gott mit uns*. This motto of the kingdom, which is the dominating factor in the German Empire, expresses the belief of every German of whatever kind and degree. To the reverent Teuton, the magnificent confederation of States forming this Empire, by its very success, seems to have been specially ordained. And it is well that men should believe that God is with them.

We admire the ceaseless activity of Teutonic patriotism, and the wholeheartedness of it, even though we often look aghast at the cold cynicism through whose agency many of its most startling results are achieved. The French Yellow Books do not inspire the thoughtful with a complete trust of German professions. The Moroccan difficulties were surely created in order to separate us from our friends.

There is no limit to German editorial wiles. If I am not mistaken, the only really Anglophobe organ in Paris, the *Eclair*, is conducted by a man with German sympathies. M. Ernst Judet may disclaim the honour, but I have good authority for saying that he is more than Anglophobe. He it was who all too truly said that the vigour of the British Empire is largely made up of a superb charlatanism, and that it is incapable of withstanding a collision on terra firma. Through his leaders he invariably seeks to weaken the *entente*, and he delights in epigrammatic notes of alarm, such as that in which he likened the Anglo-French understanding to a rod meant

* “What further need have we of witnesses ?” (St. Matt. xxvi. 65).

to deflect the course of the lightning, but which was sure to evoke the thunderclap.

On June 26, 1906, Dr. Barth, one of the leading Teutonic *Rédacteurs*, declared he would like to see the representatives of the German and English Press join together to educate their readers into something like goodwill and sincere peace based upon self-respect. Germany, he said, expected that every press-man who had the honour of representing public opinion would do his duty in working for goodwill and for peace; but when the King's journey to Kronberg was announced, Dr. Barth and his brother editors had little to say about peace and goodwill. This fact is clear: Germany is like a woman clad in a dress of shot silk; her colours vary according to the light in which she is seen! She is also like a chameleon—an animal whose skin turns blue on a piece of blue cloth, and red on a piece of red cloth; and therein lies a parable.

Tactless, indeed, have been the overtures of the Germans to the *entente cordiale*. Whenever their editorials are intentionally pleasant they remind us of their own champagne, being sweet, sophisticated, and bad for British livers. The mordant comment of the *Temps* is well deserved: "The velvet gloves which bland Germania has endeavoured to put on have split too soon, and disclosed the mailed fist. . . . As an English diplomatist once remarked, the Germans succeed in everything except love-making!"

IX

LOYALTY AND LABOUR MOVEMENTS

"Is there any British Empire? There can easily be an immensely powerful one if Britons will be as loyal as Greater Britons."

From the other end of the earth comes this cry, to which let us pay heed. The *British Australasian* has given our national conscience a text on which it can preach itself a pretty sermon! The editorial remark strikes home, for more loyalty is shown to the Empire by our Colonies than we display. Most of the Colonies are not afraid to insist upon general military service, whilst we imagine that we can fight our future battles without men! An electorate which chiefly troubles itself about cricket matches, whose spirit is more affected by its favourite's bowling than by great colonial questions, cannot display Imperial loyalty.

Suffering in every possible way for the wanton carelessness manifested in the ten years preceding the Boer War, and weighed down with a huge new debt of £280,000,000, we are now waiting the next, and perhaps more terrific, blow at our national welfare in a condition which may be described only by the word "lunacy." True it is that Mr. Haldane has been inspired to establish the General Staff for the British Army, which was emphatically recommended in the Report of the Esher Committee, but this long-delayed step must for a long time result only in talk, and not action. It is

energetic action that the best interests of the nation demand. But we have become a race of snivelling, cowardly, sluggish imbeciles, and the particular phase of madness which appears to afflict almost the whole of the United Kingdom is one not uncommon in lunatic asylums. We either imagine that we are a greater people than we really are, and that the world was made for us and for us alone, or we are filled with indefinable apprehensions that dishearten us, instead of stimulating our patriotism. Moreover, we stupidly think that our exhibition of unerring valour and perspicacity in South Africa has ensured us against attack for a long time to come, and that the £280,000,000 we have lost can be lost again, without fear, in case we ever have to fight another handful of determined riflemen.

Loyalty! Do not let Britons talk about loyalty to the Empire! Certain of our most eminent Radical statesmen do not represent the constituencies that sent them to Westminster; no, they sit for Germany, for America, or for any other nation whose welfare depends upon Britain's ill-fortune. But the nation is too slothful to dismiss them. Even the extraordinary phenomenon of our greatest General adjuring our young men to rise up and protect themselves—entreating the nation to look into the future, and to provide for the black days that are coming—is insufficient to move us from the degrading sloth into which we have fallen!

Exquisite statues still slumber in the unquarried stone waiting for the informing chisel of the sculptor, and somewhere, hidden in the quarries of thought, are the very combinations of words that might at last rouse Great Britain from her vast indifference. Would that I might have the luck to discover the secret of just those mordant phrases that would make my countrymen as patriotic as the citizens of the United States, or of any other civilized country!

Yet how can I hope for success when the eloquence of

that noble patriot, Lord Roberts—whose only son fell fighting for his country's honour—fails to touch the hearts of our adult males? Led by men who have not the courage to state publicly what they honestly believe, the unthoughtful British public jeers at this unselfish soldier from the false security of its Fool's Paradise, watching, with something like a child's amusement, the periodical attempts of Ministers to reform an army that is an army only in name. The national pastime of military reformation takes rank with the gladiatorial displays of the football field and international wrestling competitions. Our national trade-mark was once a lion. It ought to be changed to a sleeping domestic cat.

Where a man like Lord Roberts fails to rouse the national energy, can a mere layman hope to succeed? No combination of words could possibly serve to teach the addle-pated their danger. One thing, and one thing only, will do this, I fear, and that is the German Army backed up by the German Navy! Sooner or later, somewhere or other in our huge and exposed Empire, that army and that navy will either lead us into subjection, or drive us into the consciousness of our individual responsibilities.

We must never forget that kingdoms and empires are subject to the mutations that befall all living things. The old German Empire received the *coup de grâce* when its western and southern portions fell away, and as the confederation of the Rhine came under the sceptre of Napoleon. In the same way, if Canada or South Africa should secede from Britain, our world-power would then receive its death-blow. There can be no standing still in the life of an Empire, even as there can be no stationary period in the career of a man. Consciously or unconsciously, a nation is always growing either stronger or weaker. Are we, then, becoming more powerful, or are we becoming debilitated?

Let me be as frank as a relation who has no expectations ; let me say that we could no more enforce our will upon a small European Power than our ships could climb the Balkans. Although we are said to be the first people in the world, we should be impotent before the attacks of any coalition strong enough to engage our navy whilst an invading army was being landed, and we should suffer so much from the destruction of our cities, railways, bridges, and waterworks, that the next ten generations would be committed to the direst poverty, even if the foreign occupation of our country was merely temporary.

Empires disappear even as individuals, and they do not always attain a ripe age. Just as the sleek jaguar, prowling on the rich savannas, is suddenly attacked by the swifter and fiercer puma, so one Empire suddenly strikes at another. The Empire with the most cohesion has the greatest power of resistance. The most organic race comes out of the struggle victorious. We must not be blind to the lessons of evolution or to the examples of history. If we degenerate so far as to prefer immediate personal gain to national gain, if we discount our future, if we prefer personal quiet and ease to the duties of patriotism, we must lose our place in the world. Should the German race become fitter and stronger than the Anglo - Saxon, the Teuton will prevail, and rightly so. Even outside the German Empire there are 16,000,000 people of Teutonic blood in Central Europe, who must naturally gravitate towards a strong Germany. Thus we have all the elements of a powerful military Empire of 80,000,000 souls of homogeneous nationality gathered together, as it were, waiting only for the word of him who controls the most perfect army in the world, who is building the most perfect navy !

We deserve to be overcome, and to go down before a stronger type of civilization, if we neglect Nature's laws so much as to be deficient in the energy required to save

our lives and homes. The world wants no weaklings, no effeminate sybarites, in the Creator's schemes of development. In the tropical forest—nay, even among the trees and plants of our own fields and gardens—we may perceive how the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. Therefore, let us make ourselves fit in every way against the day when a strenuous, warlike race shall put our strength and courage to the test. Whenever men incapable of understanding human nature, and ignorant of all the warnings of history, advise the limitation of armaments, that is precisely the time to order a general mobilization of the navy for colossal manœuvres. You may be always sure that whenever a certain section of the Radical party preaches economic reforms the danger to our Imperial interests is almost at its highest point.

Truth to tell, there is little chance of our escaping national bankruptcy if another £280,000,000 should ever be required to pay for criminal blunders, and a war waged with a first-class Power might conceivably cost more than this, for it might have to be fought on more continents than one, and in more islands than our own. With such a Government as the present in power there is the gravest danger of a war; its un-British humility and cowardice being likely to tempt an aggressor to make impossible demands. If the period of mental aberration in which the country now finds itself should be long continued, it is more than possible that the driver of the train containing our wealth and everything that makes life endurable may flatly decline to accept the danger-signals, and hurl himself and us into perdition.

The life-struggle of every nation and every Empire has to be waged sooner or later. The brown ruins of old civilizations teach us this, and more. Shall we, then, by an instant and comprehensive national reformation, postpone this inevitable hour, or by our weakness tempt other nations to precipitate the conflict?

Patriotism is the cure for the strange moral disease that oppresses us. Patriotism is composed of the rarest, richest, and most invigorating oxygen of the soul ; it braces, refreshes, and revivifies ! Would that we might know its salutary breath again ! Our patriotism has sunk so low that the drawings of the *Dreadnought's* internal arrangements were procured by Germans from our own officials. When these details were first revealed in a German Service journal, it was thought that the leakage had taken place at Portsmouth, but it was found that London was responsible. Does not this fact reveal a deplorable decadence ?

Sooner or later the day must come when ambitious Germany will have to be reckoned with, and, as has been wisely said, "all the winged words of all the great spell-binders between Margate and San Francisco will not avert it." There is, of course, an off chance that German policy may become dangerously inflated. The gases may so expand in the national balloon that the great bag may burst in its rapid ascent towards perfection ; but this chance is infinitesimal. The Prussian bureaucracy has always measured racial risks with the two-foot rule of prudence. I am afraid that there is but little chance of averting an eventual collision. When we find such a powerful Conservative journal as the *Reichsbote* telling its readers, during the period of the 1907 elections, that the defeat of the Government at the polls would be equivalent to giving the signal to the enemies of Germany to unite against her—and in one of its most remarkable leaders, bearing full evidence of inspiration, the statement that, should the elections go against the Kaiser, the rattle of rifles might soon be heard on the western frontier, and the thunder of the *Dreadnought's* guns bombarding Hamburg—we really begin to think that Germany is asking for a war.

We shall soon be called upon to prove whether we are advancing or retrograding. We cannot for ever hold

our territories in peace unless every man in the United Kingdom prizes them even as he prizes his life, and unless we are all determined to defend them, if necessary, with our own hands. The day is coming when the possession of those lands which were indirectly secured to us by the victories of Nelson and Wellington will be disputed. The lights of the great altars on which were made those unparalleled sacrifices of our forefathers for their offspring are surely not too low down on the horizon of history for us still to see them? Surely the signs of their struggles have not all vanished? Are we proud to be descended from the brave? Would we not also be known as courageous by those who are to follow us? If we are to reconsecrate the valour and self-sacrifice of our forbears, we must now, at this very moment, ask ourselves whether we are prepared to make equal sacrifices for posterity, or whether we will supinely succumb to the onslaughts of the first great Power that attacks us.

As Mr. Kipling sings :

“ Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year
Our fathers' title runs :
Make we likewise their sacrifice
Defrauding not our sons.”

We have only to become ourselves again ; we have but to realize that the necessity for marksmen is as great now as it was in the glorious reign of Elizabeth ; that the military duty of the citizens of the United Kingdom is not less clear and not less obligatory now than it was then. We have only to remember that rifles, cannon, and men are the safeguard of our continued domestic security, and that sea-power is the Alpha and Omega of our external defence. After all, great as is the German nation, the British nation is greater. Our race has in it certain capacities for brave and silent endurance possessed by no other people. Even as English oak is tougher in fibre and stands the weather better than

Stettin oak, or the best Dantzic, so will British pertinacity and determination outlast the efforts of our rivals, *if only we to ourselves be true !*

The political equilibrium of the world being so much disturbed, how can we expect to survive as a powerful nation if we neglect our own safety ? Limitation of armaments will never be the policy of Germany until she has tried her great and growing strength, so we may dismiss the idea as visionary. Although we see the potential beauty and usefulness that lie in the innumerable millions of golden pieces that are poured annually into Bellona's lap, and at the same time are fully aware of the happiness they might bring into all our lives could they but be diverted from the chests of war into the treasuries of peace, we know that, until the youngest European Empire has had its wings clipped, there can be no disarmament for Great Britain.

The millennium is not yet, nor will it dawn until the workers in every industrial country in the world combine together, through the medium of language, to put labour in its proper place in human civilization. Nature never intended that men should work in unwholesome air and under evil conditions for even six hours a day. The chief aim of civilization, therefore, ought to be the constant improvement of humanity's physical condition ; the other much-needed ameliorations would inevitably follow this first and greatest.

It would be immensely to the advantage of all peoples if the millions now spent upon armies and navies could be applied to man's amusement, instruction, and general well-being. These colossal, unrealized blessings are not only possible of attainment, but, I believe, preordained. They will not be guerdons from any King or any Kaiser, however ; they will be the supreme gifts of man to himself. The power to abolish armies and navies is in the hands of those who labour in collieries, in foundries, in factories, and in workshops all over the world. The

right to demand the exercise of that true Socialism which would universally shorten the hours of work whenever the introduction of an important labour-saving appliance menaces the interests of operatives, is also in the same hands. The proper exercise of this power and this right would place man appreciably nearer that eventual high pleasure in life to which Nature would appear to have given him the title.

Yet we must remember that the effective use of this power demands an absolute international unity of purpose, general cohesion, and one vast intelligible plan. The formation of a strong Labour party in Tokio—led, no doubt, by English-speaking Japanese—is a sign that perhaps from the East may come the first practical proposals towards the international curtailment of humanity's heavy periods of toil, and suggestions that may bring man nearer to the proper fulfilment of his obvious destiny. The scientific brain of Japan could deal with this question as competently as it dealt with the Russian army and navy.

Let us recall the important query which was lately put by the German Miners' Federation to their British confraternity: "Will our English comrades help us in a great strike by working one day less a week, and thus prevent an increase of the export of coal to Germany?" On matters such as these the whole question of military and naval economics absolutely depends! But in order to deal with them thoroughly a leader is required, and Time will produce him. The man who combines the forces of international labour so as to form a huge workable policy will be a greater genius than Napoleon. When united international Labour regulates the amount of money to be spent upon armies and fleets, and the number of hours to be worked per day, the millennium will have arrived. Until that epoch dawns, each nation that desires to be great must keenly compete for world-position with its powerful rivals, and this competition

ought to have nothing but salutary results. At any rate, the struggle between the British and German races must end in the triumph of the fittest, and thus humanity as a whole will benefit.

Even Babylon's civilization and influences helped to shape the revelation of a religion entirely antipathetic to the worship of her gods ; thus, if the old spirit of Britain reasserts itself, the attempts of Germany to oust us from the premier place in civilization may end in our stepping into a still loftier and more important position. There can be no doubt as to our ultimate victory in this struggle if we only pay heed to the warnings which have been so loudly trumpeted near and far, if we only combine with our young and vigorous Colonies, and, united, face the world without a tinge of fear !

The African elephants might provide us with a lesson. When a herd of these animals becomes suspicious, it is possible to follow the spoor through the country for hours without being able to discover how many individuals there are together. One animal steps almost exactly in the footprints of another, and this is done until they feel safer, when they walk further apart. From the swift and almost tireless elephant we may learn the value of union, of cohesion, of careful statecraft—in a word, the value of perfect homogeneousness in all Imperial purposes. Let the herd of British elephants move with one cautious step now that the danger-note has been sounded ; the time for walking apart will come when the animals feel safer !

X

OUR GLORIOUS HERITAGE

MEN of Britain, have you ever reflected what a goodly heritage it is that you now possess—that splendid patrimony which has been secured to you by the courage and self-sacrifice of those who have gone before? Knights in marble, lying by their ladies in the many-coloured silence of old chapels, have shed their blood for you! Brave Scottish lads who lie in the fields by Hougomont, gallant English youths who sleep beneath the vines of Spain, fiery-hearted Irishmen who rest for ever near the sullen Tugela, noble New Zealanders, Australians, and Canadians who perished in the Transvaal—these all died for you, secure in the faith that you their kinsmen would as willingly lay down your lives to benefit others as they laid down theirs! These, and such as these, have given you the fairest Empire the world has ever seen—a world-wide Empire, whose foundations are the bones of valorous men, an Empire the cement of whose splendid structure was mixed with the blood of hopeful youth! It is your duty to conserve and to strengthen it. It is your duty to look deeply into the question of its conservation yourselves, and to throw aside, once and for all, the bitter prejudices and canker-ing obstinacies of party.

Generous American millionaires have supplied you with free libraries, and even where ratepayers have voted for the refusal of such lordly gifts—as in St.

Pancras—councils, such as the St. Pancras Council, have insisted that you shall have such buildings after all, and that it is safer to begin paying the librarians' salaries before the foundation-stones are laid. Therefore you will find no lack of free libraries. Pray visit them, and learn precisely what the Empire is ! You will be astounded and delighted when you know. For in it are lands immeasurably greater and richer than the secure acres on which you have been reared. Our own home territory, sanctified by time, with its churches that were used by the Normans, with its ruined castles and ancient bridges that knew the feet of Alfred's soldiers, stands for much with you, and rightly so ; but broader expanses and fairer climates have fallen to you, and these are to be the new homelands of your sons and daughters. Therefore, learn exactly where and what they are. Do not ask, with the Irish Member, " What has posterity ever done for us ? " But work ever and always for those who are to come after you—even as the ant and the bee indefatigably labour—and in this way you will taste a sweeter joy than you can ever know whilst labouring only for yourselves. Use the reasoning faculties which you undoubtedly possess, in common with the rest of civilized mankind, and examine all unselfish proposals which have for their glorious object the consolidation of the Empire. It may be that you will decide against them—who can say ? But you can show British fairness in these questions, for the sake of the dead who shed their blood in order to make you secure and to make your country great and prosperous.

Remember that the cumulative improvement of the world is very largely dependent upon the prosaic deeds of everyday life, upon the unhistoric, undramatic episodes of our personal histories. Therefore, make up your minds to do something, however little, to increase the comfort and security of the nation, both now

and hereafter. Remember also to credit your freedom and most of the advantages you now enjoy to those who lived strenuously and faithfully lives of self-abnegation—those who rest in graves unmarked by any stone, whose personal deeds linger in no man's memory. It is to the shades of the unhonoured dead, who helped to build up our greatness, that we ought to offer daily tribute of grateful thought and unselfish resolve. Our allies, the brave Japanese, win no battle without remembrance of their dead. One of the chief duties inculcated by Shintoism, their national religion, is the propitiation and worship of the departed. Let us, then, learn another lesson from the East, whence cometh light, and let us likewise honour our dead by at least honouring what they secured for us !

If you decide in favour of Tariff Reform, or in favour of some sort of Compulsory Service, or to do your utmost to promote the true union of Great Britain with her Colonies, then I beg you to throw yourselves into the movements whole-heartedly. There is far too little of the unselfish spirit shown nowadays—the glorious and sincere altruism which was responsible for the presence of the Crusaders in Palestine. If your inner selves be convinced of the need of reform, then cry *Deus vult*, as they did of old, and go into the conflict as heartily and as fearlessly as did the soldiers of Godfrey de Bouillon. There is nothing eternal in parties ; there is nothing immutable in human ideas ; there is nothing irrevocable in Tariff Reform ; there is nothing absolutely binding in a scheme to teach all youths the use of the rifle.

Suppose you agree to let Mr. Chamberlain have his way—what then ? Life in Britain will flow on, its surface quite unruffled, its depths undisturbed : nothing will be agitated save the hearts of our rivals. We have already a vast and cumbrous Customs machinery in operation around our coasts, and all that is needed to check the menacing growth of the power of our trade rivals is a

new manifestation of the people's will. There would be no great changes, no immediate dislocation of business—everything would fall into line swiftly and automatically, and the immediate practical outcome of the new policy would be that the German exporter would be paying a tax of 10 per cent. for the privilege of trading in the British Empire.

If you give ear to Lord Roberts, and you send your boys to the rifle-ranges, they will not be less manly or less healthy when they return home to talk over the friendly rivalries of the score-sheet. Remember that a hundred years ago, when the population of Great Britain numbered only 16,000,000, there were more than 600,000 men under arms; whilst at the present time, with a population of upwards of 42,000,000—with larger proportionate revenues, and immensely greater Imperial responsibilities—the total strength of our armed forces is very little more than it was then. This being so, surely it is your duty to your country, to yourselves, and to posterity, to encourage your sons to shoot, and to take less interest in games in which they do not participate!

If, in the end, you should find retaliation—or, let us say, fiscal adjustment—impracticable, you could return to your old system of free imports. Tariff Reformers do not pretend to descry from Pisgah heights an illimitable land of milk and honey, but they firmly believe that they do see a country afar off more fertile than the one they now inhabit.

Yet there is nothing deliberate and final about any policy. Those who are dissatisfied with things as they are—those who discern the perils of a future in which we may be menaced by a Power stronger than ourselves—do not demand tribute in coin stamped in their own mint. They ask for cohesion, for combination, and for the evolution of the best Imperial policy from cohesion and combination. They see the growing menace of

German covetousness, and their motto is, *So gebet dem Kaiser was des Kaisers ist !**

Protection and Imperial Unity could be discarded as easily as were Mr. Gladstone's soundest opinions on the question of Home Rule. But if we are to hold together as a nation we shall never be able to discard Imperial Unity. The moment that the brotherhood of man is firmly established you may safely pull down your rifle-ranges and break up your weapons, but not before.

In questions of domestic well-being are you timorous about making sacrifices when confronted by real danger ? Do you hesitate to make a stir in the Law Courts when your social existence is at stake, and do you grudge the cost if you issue therefrom triumphantly ? If you believe in those Free Traders whose sole effective argument with you is the mythical danger of dear bread, let me ask you a question : Would you begrudge the extra farthing, which they say your loaf might cost you, if this farthing per loaf were to bring £50,000,000 worth of trade into your industrial districts, give you far more money to spend—possibly increase the rate of wages everywhere in Great Britain—and cripple the Power whose amazing progress during the last fifteen years has completely falsified Free Trade doctrines, whose dreams of naval predominance constitute our greatest national danger ?

You would never be charged this extra farthing, however, because the experience of all protected countries goes to prove that the exporter always pays the duty. *The average price of wheat for thirty years after the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 was two shillings and twopence higher than the average of the three years before the repeal.*

Once tried, I venture to think you would never relinquish the weapon of retaliation ; once tried, you would never return to the old foolish doctrines, and you would at once learn the meaning of the phenomenon

* Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

of absolutely unbounded German and American prosperity synchronizing with our own good trade. A fair, workable system of Imperial Unity once brought into being, you would never go back to the present stupid system of paying huge sums merely for the *sentiment* of Empire, merely to ensure the safety of foreign merchants! For is it not true that our colossal navy and our expensive army are needed chiefly to keep the flag of Great Britain flying over Colonies from which at present we derive anything but our full benefit, inasmuch as we share these markets with our competitors and potential enemies?

These loyal Colonies still love Britain, however, and for this fact let us be thankful. But how long will they love us? We are brought face to face with them in the shape of visiting football and cricket teams. We see, as we saw during the war, what splendid specimens of manhood the Colonies can produce—men like the Springbokken, who can beat our British athletes playing football even in the British way; men, like the New Zealanders, with all the dash, fire, and originality of a new country. We have continual chances of cementing our relationships, of fostering brotherly feeling, but do we take advantage of these opportunities? If once we show that, as a mother nation, Britain is anxious to befriend her Colonies, a mighty fraternal movement will be set on foot that no amount of Radical blundering will ever be able to diminish.

Free imports mean fiscal separatism, and if this obsolete system is continued much longer political separatism must needs follow. Mr. J. L. Garvin, one of the most brilliant writers on economic subjects, has pointed out that, under the present régime, Argentina, a State which gives us neither preference in trade nor aid in war, gets precisely the same treatment in our market, and exactly the same protection from our fleet, as Canada receives; and in Canada, as Chatham said, the destinies of the

British Empire will be decided. Why should we pour out our treasure for the sake of our Colonies unless we can bind them to us reciprocally by ties of good-will, brotherliness, and mutual advantage, feeling sure that they are as much portions of Great Britain as if they lay as close to England as the Isle of Wight? Better by far let them go their own way, and work out their future—as the Little England Catechism teaches—ally themselves with whatever Power seems most likely to be useful to them, fight their own battles, and mould their own destinies.

Great Britain is like a whale. Most Radicals regard her as a fish with the power of raising an unlimited number of free and independent fishes, all capable of looking after themselves; whereas she is a mammal, and every child of hers literally depends upon her teats! But we British taxpayers cannot for ever continue to pay increasingly to ensure our flag flying over New Zealand, Canada, Australia, and the smaller Colonies, unless we can feel that they really belong to us and we to them, that their interests are our interests; unless we are sure that a Canadian or Australian always opens his newspaper with his heart moved by the same Imperial thoughts that stir the souls of his kindred in the Mother Country.

If the Colonies and Britain are not to become all in all to each other, we had better at once become disciples of the Positivist, Herbert Burrows, who tells us that South Africa ought never to have been a white man's country. "This so-called Empire ought to contract instead of expand," said this sapient person at the Essex Hall, London. "We must get rid of India and South Africa, where the white man dominates a coloured majority." Here we have the frank expression of the damnable doctrine of the "Little England" school.

Our present Cabinet has already taken the first steps towards giving up South Africa, and it may be trusted

to do all that is humanly possible to get rid of other portions of British territory. It is necessary, however, to remind positivists and others that such cowardly policy may conceivably react painfully upon its exponents, and possibly more virile thinkers of another race may snatch what we have discarded. Then, I fear, life in Great Britain might be very tragic for such men as Mr. Herbert Burrows.

XI

GERMAN WAITERS AND GERMAN SOLDIERS

It is very unpleasant to have to face certain actualities, but life often becomes disagreeable for our permanent good. The primary fact we have now got to recognize is that certain anti-national fanatics are going to give away to men of German origin and sympathies a vast inheritance in South Africa which has been paid for by the blood of our kindred. The next thing to grasp and understand is the reality and probable permanence of the forces of dissolution that are now working from within the very heart and soul of the Empire! These awakenings must come soon or it will be too late. If we dally much longer, only at last to realize that Germany, has got the better of us, our plight may be more than serious—it may be fatal!

Unless we violently bestir ourselves, how are we to bear up against the astute and intelligent race that threatens to overwhelm us? Get to know which are the vulnerable points of the Empire, and keep your eyes on them. A prince of French chocolate manufacturers possesses the Island of Anticosti, but this fact need not give you concern. What you ought to be troubled about, however, is that a German subject now owns the strategically important island of Sark,* and that if any one of his countrymen chose to buy Lundy Island for the

* Apart from Sark, Prince Blücher dominates the island of Herm, where he keeps kangaroos.

German Government there is no law in the statute-book to prevent the transference of the property to German hands.

Let these things enter into your minds, and permit your thoughts to examine them logically. Recollect that German espionage has been reduced to a fine art ! The Teuton is ubiquitous — everywhere we find him in the shape of cooks, valets, waiters, and clerks ; and there are German barbers to cut the hair which German bands have helped to whiten. These excellent men are indeed everywhere ! Remember that in almost every first - class hotel in Great Britain there are many actual spies — clever young polyglots, whose one idea is to learn as much about us as they can in every possible way. The number of German reservists resident in this country is appallingly large, exceeding by 50,000 the strength of Mr. Haldane's proposed expeditionary force. Excellent fellows they are—clean, smart, and obliging—putting our English waiters to shame. In their ranks are many secret service men—persons of standing and position—who perform menial duties from purely patriotic motives. The German waiter overhears the most interesting after-dinner confidences, and what he does not know about British affairs is not worth knowing. Small blame to them if they do learn our national secrets ; they wear but a thin disguise, these hard-working, patriotic fellows !

On the other hand, no Briton may put his nose inside a German hotel but the whole town is made aware of his identity, his business, or profession, and his metallic position. His movements are closely watched from dawn to sunset, the official registration being by no means an empty form. Thus the whereabouts of every stranger is constantly known, and treachery from foreign residents is absolutely impossible in the Kaiser's dominions. Would that we could feel equally sure of the strangers within our gates !

Through its agents the German Government

manages to keep in the closest touch with every detail of our naval and military system. If the code signal-book of the cruiser *Vindictive* was not recovered from the sea at Sheerness in August last, its loss may be taken as a straw which indicates how the wind is blowing. This book contained the private signals of the Channel Fleet, and its disappearance is not only a matter of profound importance to the navy, but also to the Empire. A court-martial assembled on H.M.S. *Acheron* in Chatham Dockyard in December, 1906, and sentenced a second yeoman of the signals of the *Amphitrite* to five years' penal servitude for offering a boat signal-book for sale to Detective-Inspector Gough, under the impression that he was the agent of a foreign Power. It thus becomes evident that the decadence of the nation is developing treason and treachery of the most shameful kind.

No British spies would be tolerated for an instant at such places as Cuxhaven or Kiel; then, why should we suffer the presence of German spies at our seaports? No Englishman was allowed on board the *Dreadnought*, and no foreigner was permitted to approach the building-slip on which she was constructed, yet all her principal details were known in Germany before we knew them! At this very moment, in every important district of England, experienced German staff officers are at work, ostensibly as waiters and in other subordinate occupations, but really engaged in minute geographical survey. Every main road throughout this country is accurately known at the German War Office. Could our General Staff honestly put good marks to the names of twenty officers in British regiments with special knowledge of German topography? No! We have a big navy—that is enough! One of the most disquieting incidents of recent years was the appearance of a so-called "Spanish officer" at the Portsmouth Dockyard main gate in November last. He was clad in a boat-cloak

and a most expensive uniform. After interviewing Admiral Sir A. Douglas, dining at the Naval Barracks, and swindling a sub-lieutenant out of £4—apparently to put the authorities off the scent—this undoubted spy disappeared, but, one would imagine, not before he had seen everything about the dockyard that he set forth to see !

Owing chiefly to our extraordinary national contempt for sailors and our bad treatment of them, every other man in the British mercantile marine, even in the auxiliary cruisers, is an alien. In case of war with Germany these foreigners might be worth ten battleships to the enemy. It is well known that, in 1903, there were German outfitters in Hamburg who undertook to train boys for the German Navy. The lads were sent to England, where an agent procured them berths on British ships. When they had learnt their trade they returned home, and were recruited for the Kaiser's Navy. Several cases of this crimping were recently made public by the Board of Trade, and the excuse offered for what are really extensive malpractices is simply the statement that there are not sufficient training-ships in Germany for the growing needs of her armada ! On the other hand, it is said there are numbers of specially-trained German sailors in the British Navy, ready at any moment to play their part in case of war between Great Britain and the Fatherland.

Disunited and helpless as we are imperially, with an alien crowd about our great harbours and dockyards, with a large number of the enemy's trained soldiers in all our towns and cities, ready to cripple our railways, public buildings, arsenals, and bridges, I am afraid we should put up but a poor fight at the outset of a great war with Germany !

It is said that the Kaiser was so impressed by the accurate knowledge displayed by the Berlin correspondents of English papers, and their grasp of matters

that were meant to be kept secret, that he ordered a confidential report to be prepared, giving details of the personal relations of these journalists with his subjects. He may set his mind at rest, however, for our national intelligence would appear to be as far behind German mental activity in smartness as His Majesty of Morocco is behind our King-Emperor ; and British knowledge of Germany is no more to be compared with German knowledge of England than the erudition of an ordinary Piccadilly *flâneur* with that of a Fellow of All Souls !

After the way in which the Colonies were treated by the nation at the conclusion of the South African War, have we any right to expect further military assistance from them ? If we consider how the principle of Preferential Trade and all other vital colonial questions are handled by the people of Great Britain, we shall have no need to be surprised if the Government of the Australian Commonwealth one day makes a bargain with more intelligent foreigners. A people influenced by financial necessities, as is the Australian nation, will not dally long with the sentimental aspect of the question. Both Canada and Australia have been continuously afflicted with the gravest misgivings as to the loyalty of Great Britain to the practical sentiment of Empire. They have seen their interests endangered by foreign Powers again and again, and not a hair in the mane of the British lion has bristled. Indeed, in one remarkable instance, the noble animal received a nasty blow from the wings of the American eagle with the craven attitude of a dog that has been beaten for raiding the dinner-table. Mere emotionalism may be treated contemptuously by the Mother Country without danger, but the rejection of business-like proposals may conceivably bring about stupendous changes.

What should we do were Australia to enter into a commercial alliance or an emigrational understanding with Germany ? She might very well think of such an action

if we seriously refused to reconsider the vital question of Imperial Unity. The German nation is increasing by nearly a million inhabitants every year: a large number of these annually expatriate themselves, and they are lost to the nation. Australia contains only 4,000,000 inhabitants, and she is adding nothing to her population by natural growth or by fostering immigration. Might not a commercial alliance with Germany, and an understanding as to emigration, easily lead to something else when the proper moment arrived?

Not very long ago thousands of Englishmen were saying quite openly, that if Japan chose to annex Australia we could not prevent her. Certain editors had referred to a possible danger, and the public immediately jumped to the conclusion that Australia was at the mercy of Japan. Not a word did I hear about shedding British blood in the defence of our great Colony. Such a flippant national attitude towards a grave question of the future is enough to make the bones move in the sepulchres of Nelson and Wellington. But, of course, nothing greatly matters to a nation that is swiftly sliding towards an inevitable catastrophe. In these days of luxury and effeminacy the shedding of blood is out of fashion, and I venture to say that most Englishmen would view the annexation of Australia by Japan or Germany with the most perfect composure!

What blind vanity we display in assuming that the great Southern continent has not her destiny in her own hands! Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa absolutely control their own destinies. Not very long ago a Canadian Minister made bold to say that Canada is protected by American warships and the Monroe doctrine. That man thoroughly understood the Radical character. With an apology for an army, with an untried navy, and with the South African millstone of £280,000,000 still hanging round the national neck, we seem to be reduced to a state of national im-

potency. Our gold reserves are depleted, and we have no Spandau treasure-chest to fall back upon. Our greatest reserve fund, the sense of nationality, the fine, burning, virile spirit of patriotism, was always worth immeasurably more to Britain than mere gold ; but this national asset is now so attenuated that I am emboldened to ask one awkward and inconvenient question : What would happen if our South African sore became a dangerous ulcer ? Suppose that Cape Colony, Natal, and the Boer districts combined and declared their independence ? Disgusted beyond endurance at the present mismanagement of the Colonial Office, disheartened by the probability of the continuance in power of a Ministry egregiously hostile to the development of such important territories, and dismayed by the attitude of the coloured races, quite conceivably they might see in the prospect of union a refuge from grave perils engendered by a stupid Liberal Cabinet.

Furthermore, we must take into consideration the personal popularity of the German Emperor. There is not a man in the British Empire who does not admire him, either openly or secretly, for his downright, patriotic sincerity. He may be generally disliked, but he is none the less admired, paradoxical though the statement may appear. He is, after all, the grandson of Queen Victoria, and, under provocation of unjustifiable slights, many of our colonists might consider a change of allegiance a very mild and excusable form of treason. If Wilhelm II. should effect a diplomatic conquest of any of our great dependencies it would not be surprising to men who have noted how the flippancies and sneers of those in authority at the Colonial Office have left their deadly mark in loyal hearts.

Our King-Emperor is one of the best monarchs who ever sat upon a throne, and one of the ablest. I recently read a little story that has a moral for all Imperialists. The Bishop of London was trying to convince a meeting

of workmen of the essential truth and pleasure of religion. When he had finished, there was silence. One man, evidently fearing that the Bishop would be bitterly disappointed with his reception, held up his hand, and said, "I vote for God," and suddenly every hand in the room went up. If only our rigid Court etiquette, and our inelastic constitutional law, permitted His Majesty Edward VII. to try to convince his faithful subjects of the essential wisdom of Imperial unity, every brave heart in the nation would respond, crying, "I vote for patriotism, and for the federation of Britain!" Our Sovereign is beloved and trusted in every corner of his dominions by all parties and all nationalities, except by the malcontent Irish. His word is to be relied upon, his advice is always sound; but this, unfortunately, cannot be said of all His Majesty's Ministers.

Colonial secession or combination is a very real danger, and when we remember that the German element is exceedingly strong in the Transvaal, and that Boer sympathy is entirely pro-German, we must recognize that the Kaiser might possibly lend either overt or covert aid to a rebellious United States of South Africa; especially now that he retains 15,000 men and seventy guns in his south-western colony. Naturally it is difficult to believe in the truth of the statement made at Kimberley by the younger Ferreira, the raider, to the effect that Captain Siebert, a German officer, inspired the raid and paid £200 for its organization; but the repeated assertions of this man at his trial, and even when under sentence of death, are very remarkable. Another and a more highly-organized rising is by no means improbable, and if such a terrible thing should occur we shall be rightly served. Faced by such a well-deserved punishment, we should be helpless; we should sit down and break our hearts, we should make ourselves utterly and irretrievably bankrupt by a devastat-

ing, prolonged, and absolutely profitless war, and, finally, we should surmount the colossal edifice of our national folly and ineptitude with an entablature of eternal ridicule and shame.

This is a question that may well give us pause. What should we do, what could we do, if all the principal local directors of South African mining companies (many of whom are of German extraction) became openly pro-German in sympathy, and a league was formed of the Boers, the Bond, and those innumerable persons who are dissatisfied with British rule in South Africa? If Germany thus gained control of the Rand our world-power would disappear automatically, and the greatness of Albion would soon cease to be a theme for the tongues of her friends. Her prestige, her cleverness, and the remarkable utterances of Cobden would then be as absent from international thought as the jokes, the irony, and flavoured wit of Menander.

XII

PROBABLE UNION OF THE COLONIES

WE have also to face another possibility : If Great Britain cannot bring herself to the point of meeting the Colonies half-way, they may conceivably form a strong Imperial Federation on a preferential basis, with the Mother Country rightly left out. Australia's treaty of reciprocity with South Africa may be the beginning of a more momentous movement. In the island-continent "Australia for the Australians!" is the cry, where men are thinking of their own future and of their own prosperity.

Great Britain has never held Canada as she holds the larger part of her Empire, that is to say, by her own strength and will. Canada has ever regarded herself as the defender and champion of her own loyalty to the Crown. These verses, cut from the *Toronto Globe*, are typical of the outspoken loyalty of Canadian sentiment :

"Deep round her lair the dim Sea growls ;
Gaunt through her Night the Old Lion prowls.
There, toothless now, and old, they say,
She waits and rages, past her day.
She passed her day ! When East and West—
Each cub and whelp of her grim breast—
Now writhing, tumbling, drunk with life,
His fangs makes sharp on th' bones of Strife,
And when the old roar shakes the Seas,
The Hunters face, not Her, but These !"

The *Montreal Star* has just reminded us in timely fashion that our premier Colony was ready to defend her alle-

giance at a time when it was by no means certain that the leading statesmen of the Motherland desired it to continue. Undoubtedly loyal, and in many senses more British than the people of the British Isles, Canada is, nevertheless, independent. There is nothing to hinder her from entering into an alliance with Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the East Indies, and the Pacific Islands—nothing whatever.

Such a federation would be a trade competitor even more formidable than the United States; and it is not at all improbable that, disgusted with the incompetence of lean-witted British statesmen, and with a Parliament wherein flippancy and audacity are now mistaken for genius, Canada, in self-defence and on behalf of a race whose future existence seems to be imperilled by the mental and moral decadence of Great Britain, may one day determine to become herself the centre and soul of the Empire, and to impose her will even upon the Mother Country. She still smarts at what she considers the unjust arrangement of the Alaska boundary, and she has not forgotten the Ashburton settlement, whereby the State of Maine was given up to the United States, in spite of the existence of a map drawn up by Revolutionary leaders, and committed to Benjamin Franklin for his negotiations with the French Government—a testimony which clearly shows that this invaluable district was left in the possession of the British Empire.

The touch of a young Under-Secretary, with a distinct pro-American bias, is surely discernible in the latest North American bungle? Destructive indeed is the policy of Liberals in regard to every matter they handle. They always delight in undoing what has been well done. Reflecting upon their witless policy, one thinks of what our late Queen Victoria once said to Lord Lytton about certain new advisers: "They have nearly undone in a few months all that you have for years been labouring to do; but you must not be discouraged, for

I am not. It will all have to be done over again, no doubt; but you will, I feel sure, be able to do it over again, even under increased difficulties, when the opportunity occurs, and I think that the opportunity is not far distant." Let us hope that a similar chance for Imperialists is drawing near.

Newfoundland laws forbade fishing with seine nets. In deference to the representations of a very small section of the people of the United States, these laws have been practically abrogated, and Americans are to be allowed to exterminate food fishes in Newfoundland waters. This is not the least of the intolerable wrongs which have been forced upon the loyal islanders. Too high a figure can be paid for American sympathy and friendship! Does the United States think any better of us for craven exhibitions of cowardice? Certainly not. On the contrary, their manliness will revolt from a nation too pusillanimous to urge and insist upon the retention of its undoubted constitutional rights and privileges.

If we continue to give way in every question that arises, American demands may become more and more clamant, more and more unfair, until the situation is so strained as to cause the most tremendous political upheavals and changes. The home Government cannot with impunity override the enactments and restrictions of a well-conducted Colony. A few doctrinaires—one or two of whom have brains bursting with inexact knowledge—have resolved to ignore the claims of Newfoundland, about whose local conditions they know next to nothing. The organ of the Newfoundland Premier, in ascribing this stupid blunder to "the craven policy of timid Downing Street bureaucrats," does not go half far enough. If we substitute for this phrase the words, "to the unreflecting and casual decisions of destructive anti-Imperialists," we shall be nearer the truth.

If our Labour Members are to terrorize successive Cabinets into suicidal naval and military economies, and into the committal of the gravest colonial blunders, it may be necessary to terrorize them into a consciousness of their duties. If the Mother of the Race becomes dangerously insane, then her daughters must see that her power to work mischief is restricted. "If Great Britain continues to place the Colonies in a subordinate position in all controversies arising with the United States—acting apparently on the principle that friendship with the Republic is the only matter of vital importance—there will come a time when the Colonies must and will assert themselves." These are words whose truth the immediate future will abundantly prove.

Canada is one of the richest countries in the world ; her people are sane and clear-headed ; she is British to the core. Then, let her lead us in the coming days when reason is entirely overthrown in the parent country ! The shires of Great Britain across the Atlantic are capable of holding a hundred million souls in perfect prosperity. If men of our best blood continue to drift thither—sick to death of the canting hypocrisy and smug stupidity of these islands—why should not the Empire's centre reform itself where the racial stock is strongest ?* Why should not our King-Emperor hold his Court in Ottawa ? There is nothing inherently improbable in the transference of the seat of Imperial Government to a strong State, wherein the ideas of the people are not marked by a decadent and dangerous mutability.

If any shreds of our old-time wisdom still remain to us in the days of stress and storm that are near at hand,

* 'Perhaps there are men alive to-day who will see Canada the wealthiest and the most populous section of the Empire, with Colonial Conferences meeting in our Federal capital, wherever that may be. It is our turn to indulge an optimistic mood.'—*Victoria Times*, B.C.

we shall strengthen every possible bond between us and our great granary, so that in time of need we may not die of hunger.

Over 85,000 people of Great Britain were received into Canada's territories during 1906. Our young, our adventurous, our vigorous are there; there also is the future strength of the race—not, not in England!

Cobden looked upon an over-seas Empire as a wicked gain to the nation, and he wished that the bonds between England and her Colonies might be dissolved. They may soon be strengthened, however, and perhaps in a way that will surprise those who still believe in Cobden. Great Britain's whelps may possibly turn and rend the old toothless lioness should they at last find her raging intolerable. This is a way that animals and virile primitive peoples have—the suppression of an old creature when it becomes a danger to the community is an inexorable law of evolution. Even to-day the Colonies see that to be Imperialists spells something like idiocy in England, and that the British electorate is unstable and untrustworthy, ignorant and obstinate. They now see that sacrifices of young lives on the altar of patriotism engender nothing but ingratitude in the minds of men in the Mother Country. The second betrayal of the Transvaal is the last and greatest of betrayals and it sickens them. We must not be surprised, then, if the Colonies eventually turn upon us and repudiate their allegiance to a nation that is drunken with a conceit born of a prosperity whose roots are fast in the remotest parts of the Empire. Without her Colonies Great Britain would be merely another Denmark.

To introduce self-government in South Africa after Crown government is contrary to all colonial precedent, and if the Dutch ascendancy—which must result therefrom—should fulfil Bismarck's prophecy, Britain's other Colonies may decline to consult her, or to be guided by

her, in the future. To score off an imaginary debt to the Boers with an unnecessary Constitution is not an adequate discharge of the liability of the Empire to her own people, who fought in South Africa for the sake of the Imperial flag and race.

To many this idea of eventual separation will appear unthinkable, but I may assure scoffers and doubters that in it there is nothing really unlikely; and if one great daughter State secedes, the others will rapidly follow her lead. In Australia the question of Japanese immigration may bring the matter into the region of practical politics to-morrow. Germany's great psychical moment will come when the Imperial Parliament vetoes some colonial ordinance relating to Japan. Even now German spies are swiftly and silently mapping out our coasts in Australasia, especially those of the South Island, New Zealand. German visitors to that part of the world speak confidently of a time approaching when the whole of Australasia will be under the Kaiser's flag, and we may feel sure that somewhere in the pigeon-holes of the German Admiralty is a carefully-prepared plan for cutting our cables, and taking possession of a southern *point d'appui*.

In South Africa, the blundering cleverness of our present Government may at any time cause an explosion, and the first report will be a salute to the growing greatness of Germany. In Canada, the cynical attitude of a Radical Ministry towards Imperial unity—smiting the hearts of a proud people in a country of stupendous prosperity—may soon give birth to a desire for complete independence, and when this wish becomes clear we may find that the longed-for freedom means an alliance with the great free States of the South. Canadians see only too clearly that Radical zeal for disarmament is attributed by practical Prussians either to self-interest and a desire to secure our present world-position at a much less cost, or simply to the beneficent inter-

vention of Providence on behalf of more deserving races.

But all these terrible possibilities would become improbabilities if British hearts could once more be made to beat in unison with the hearts of their kith and kin over-seas. Once let a great and deep feeling of patriotism create a real Imperial unity, and all will be well. This unity, so simple in its essence, would have far-reaching effects. Probably the deep mind of Plato never conceived the idea of the junction of the Gulf of Salonica with the Gulf of Corinth, but a narrow canal-cutting effected the momentous deed. A still simpler process might effect the unity of Australia, Canada, and Great Britain. Let the Norddeutscher Lloyd supplement its service to the Australian ports; let the idea of taking Australia, either peaceably or by force, possess the brains of imaginative Germans as much as they please—so long as the voters of Great Britain plump for solidarity nothing is to be feared, and everything is to be gained.

“The glittering adventures of Imperial pride,” to use Mr. Morley’s fine though misdirected epithet, have been but the attempts of the mother to prevent her children from falling under the domination of unscrupulous foreign politicians. In endeavouring to keep her Empire in its present state of glorious expansiveness, Great Britain has been but doing what Mr. Morley considers it her bounded duty to do: she has ever had before her “the aim of mitigating the lot of the great mass of men, women, and children, who are always very near to nakedness,” by ensuring them fields for emigration, where wholesome energy may be unfettered; by creating markets for what their hands have manufactured in these islands, and by putting their brains in possession of an Imperial ideal that bestows more upon him who holds it, than his millions can bestow upon a plutocrat who lacks this essential attribute of manhood. There is something in life beyond mere trading, beyond

mere peace and security, and this is the development of a great national ideal. Professor Butcher reminds us that Phœnicia remains a lasting witness of the instability of power resting on a purely commercial basis, and unsustained by any lofty or aspiring aims.

"I have no remedy for unemployment," said Mr. Morley whilst condemning our late war in South Africa, but he thought he had indicated a prophylactic by fruitlessly endeavouring to show that unemployment is the result of war. But the last South African struggle was righteous and necessary, as is proved by the graves of our brave colonists from the other end of the world, whose instincts realized a danger in Boer arrogance that scarcely could be set forth in speech. Had this war not been waged, our unemployed possibly might have been now numbered by millions instead of by thousands.

We note, then, that Mr. Morley and his friends have no remedy for unemployment. Mr. Chamberlain has a preventive, however, and it is his specific that I ask you attentively to consider. "If a kingdom be divided against itself that kingdom cannot stand." This is the rock-basis of the policy he brings before you. He has attained to the widest possible knowledge of the forces which have created the German Empire and the United States ; he is aware of all those far-reaching influences that are developing these great federations. He wishes, therefore, thus to unify our Empire, and by a bond of agreement to remove the disabilities caused by the abysses of ocean separating its component parts. Imagine, if you can, that some convulsion of Nature has occurred, and that Great Britain and all her outlying dependencies—the mighty continent of Australia, the gigantic peninsula of India, the vast territory of Canada, and every rock and island she possesses, now form one solid mass of States, joined together, let us say, in the place where part of the Atlantic Ocean now

lies : would there be then any difficulty in fashioning an Imperial policy ?

This is in effect what Mr. Chamberlain desires you to do : he wishes you to gain, by a common agreement with the Colonies and by a simple stroke of the pen, a consolidation of interests similar to that which would inevitably take place if some unimaginable cataclysm brought all the States of the Empire together, frontier to frontier. For, after all, in the consideration of the Imperial idea distance is but a thought—a mere expression—in no way interfering with the fulfilment of racial projects. Throughout the realms of our King-Emperor—so long as the metal of the race rings true—geographical position offers no difficulty to the grand consolidation of interests which it is Mr. Chamberlain's wish to effect. Texas and Michigan are widely separated, but the essential features of a fraternal policy are not affected by the thousands of miles that lie between these States, and their political ideas are as much in harmony as those of Newfoundland and Canada, now that our oldest Colony has discovered where her real safety lies. Hamilton convinced the North American States that the Federal system would mean future world-power, and that, disunited, they would each require to maintain an army and a Customs Service. We now see what glorious results accrue to a people that "thinks continentally"! The riches and power of the United States of America are incalculable, and their world-position is absolutely safe even against the whole of Europe in alliance, because they are buttressed by Canada and Britain, even as Canada and Britain are buttressed by them.

XIII

SENTIMENTAL AND OTHER TIES

Look at the magnificence and the practicability of Mr. Chamberlain's idea of Imperial Unity. He beholds, in the United States, a number of provinces—each the size of a kingdom—welded together into one all-powerful and homogeneous whole : not entirely by the persistent hammerings of any economic influence, but chiefly by the activities of individual patriotism, and also by an organic national determination to be united and great. He sees in the union of the many kingdoms that go to make up the great Empire of Germany an illustration of the essential force and value of military combination, and he also discerns that it is this consolidation of so many German commercial interests that has given the Teutonic race its present commanding and threatening position.

In these days it is not sentiment that rules the world, but hard and stern facts, such as our hundreds of empty warehouses and factories—in districts like Bermondsey, Coventry, Pudsey, and Kidderminster—whose industries have been killed either by high rates, brought about by reckless municipal trading, or by our free admission of foreign manufactures.

Every nation is striving, and rightfully striving, after its own ideals, its own well-being, and endeavouring to shape for itself a powerful destiny. All the greater nations (even the youngest and most imitative modern

State—Japan) have turned a contemptuous ear to Cobden's doctrines.

"I believe," said the great apostle of Free Trade, "that the speculative philosopher of a thousand years hence will date the greatest revolution that ever happened in the world's history from the triumph of the principle which we have met here to advocate."

This was the victory of Free Trade, but the tremendous revolution then foreshadowed has not happened. In 1904 no less than 453,877 emigrants left the United Kingdom, whilst only 27,984 left protected Germany, with a population increasing at a greater rate than ours. Why should these people have to leave our shores if Cobden's arguments were sound? This is the reason: The superiority in manufacturing and trading which we gained under a policy of strict Protection has been gradually disappearing ever since Free Trade was established, and we have not enough work for an augmented population.

Let us see whether Mr. Chamberlain's predictions will taste sweeter than Cobden's in the mouths of posterity. His policy embodies a noble and practical ideal, and it is the only safe policy to pursue. Every nation and every individual ought to fix on something attainable and something unattainable, towards which to direct all material progress and power. The march of intellect should ever be in the direction of a great ideal, even though it be vague and visionary. We must not despair because our most transcendent hopes are never realized; because the pleasures of life seem always to lie in the pursuit of our desires, and in the endeavour to obtain fleeting glimpses of elusive things. We must, nevertheless, always fix the spirit's gaze on the ideal, and now that we have secured our predestined share of the world, the very highest ideal that the racial brain can conceive is Imperial unity and the consolidation of Imperial interests.

In Germany the national ideal is clearly apparent. It is selfish, of course, but only from our point of view. Why should we expect this nation to disarm after she has made her great sacrifices on the altar of Mammon, paid such an appalling tribute to Mars, and given such a costly offering to Neptune? Egoistic Germany is striving to do the best she can for herself, and we must do the same. We must get back to our belief in the strength of the sea; we must extol the prowess of our heroes who fought upon it, and thus make lads eager to serve in ships. Moreover, we must cause seamanship to be made attractive to them. British nationality has such traditions behind it that, like the cocoanut palm, it cannot really flourish, even if it can live, beyond the influence of strengthening sea-winds.

Let me quote a fine passage from a great living writer: "Fundamentally, the strength of the nation in those things by which alone nations ultimately measure strength—in *character* and *resources*, *armies* and *fleets*—is the permanence of its ideal." Therefore let us fashion for ourselves a great new ideal, the federation of the Empire, and let us base it upon an immovable faith in our historic ocean-supremacy and the honour and uprightness of valiant men. Moreover, let us see to the national character. Every man should hold an inquiry thereon. Let us turn our eyes from ourselves to the nation. There is greater happiness for us the more we allow our thoughts to run outwards and the less they move inwards. The eyes of the wise man are at the ends of the earth. The eyes of a sensible nation are ever fixed on the fulfilment of greatness through organic unity. Let us again and again recollect that there was once a German Empire incomparably greater and more mighty than the present one, and that internal friction and misunderstanding led through severances and struggles to complete and final collapse. Such ruin we must at all costs avoid!

At this critical moment in European history, however, the Empires of Great Britain and Germany may be likened to two horses that are crossing a tract of boggy land. One of them, carefully ridden by its owner, makes long pauses between each advance, taking every step with elephantine prudence and sagacity. The other, handled by a clumsy deputy, has so misunderstood the nature of the morass that it has got fast in the mire, where it struggles miserably.

XIV

BRITISH ALTRUISM AND CALVINISTIC HYSTERIA

FULL well do the Germans know that we have been altruistic in our colonizations, and that our annexations—which were, as Froude has it, the necessary results of the contact of order with anarchy—have brought manifold blessings to their country. Our cousins have benefited by our settlement of the waste places of the earth, and their pockets have been filled by our folly. Markets have been created for them in far-off lands, and order preserved therein by fleets, towards whose maintenance they have not contributed a single stiver. Wherever we go they go, and the motto of their merchants seems to be that expressive foreign proverb, “I stand for ever in thy shadow.”

Our charitableness has greatly helped to give them the wherewithal to build those battleships with which they propose ultimately to dispossess us of our riches and territorial honours. Erroneously, of course, Germany imagines herself to be in the position of Tom Brown, who, being bullied by the big Flashman, gets himself into training preparatory to giving Flashman a sound drubbing. This idea of hers is absurd and foolish, and it has given rise to the most insufferable aspirations. Against these hopes and aims, which imperil the security of our Empire, we must oppose an unflagging determination and a strenuous spirit of self-sacrifice.

Already we share the whole of our vast Empire with

the world at large, but British taxpayers are saddled with the cost of keeping the Union Jack flying over it. Foreign traders get more profit even out of the preferential markets than British traders. Every battleship that Germany now builds is constructed largely at the cost of Great Britain and her Colonies; but the day must soon come when the foreigner will be asked to pay for his own battleships. The nation must eventually awake to the fact that, because of our iniquitous system of Free Trade, America has "passed us in a canter"—to use one of Mr. Gladstone's phrases—and Germany has become a rich, aggressive and too intolerant Power. When that period arrives, certain small sacrifices may be demanded of all Britons. They may be asked temporarily to pay a little more in taxes—to build two battleships for each one built by our rivals; and, if the peril of the time should make this necessary, Britons surely will not decline? In 1905 we spent some £152,000,000 on municipal matters, and our total civic debt is fast approaching £500,000,000. Surely, then, having provided ourselves with baths, costly electric trams, steamboats on the Thames, and gorgeous workhouses and asylums—for all of which, in the long-run, the worker pays—surely we can spare a few extra millions a year as an insurance fund to guard against the destruction of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of our County Councils and Corporations?

Seriously, however, we must recognize the importance of defence. The life-blood of our national prosperity is wasting away from a most vital artery, and it is imperative that we should apply a fiscal bandage to the wound. The backbone of British wealth is business, and we are not getting our proper share of the trade of our Colonies. For the unity of the Empire we require not only the bonds of sentiment, but the links of moneyed interest. It is all very well to confront the inquirer with the fact that our trade returns show enormous increases,

but this method of reasoning is valueless for the real purposes of argument, unless we are also shown the comparative profits made on the turnover in any given number of years. My contention is that there are merchants now selling immense quantities of goods who are content with 1 per cent. profit when their fathers made 10 per cent. or more. A big business is one thing, a big profitable business is another. Moreover, we must always remember that, large as our trade returns undoubtedly are, their proportionate increase does not equal the corresponding augmentations shown by Germany and the United States ; and even in the present period of international prosperity, the enormous and intensely profitable business that has been done by our two greatest competitors makes our own trading returns look miserable.

To preserve our immense inheritance for those who are to come after us, we ought to be prepared to sacrifice more than mere immediate wealth and comfort : we ought to offer our very lives if need be. But we shall not be asked to make these sacrifices unless our trade rivals seriously and actively resent our adoption of a policy designed to deprive them of wealth to which we only are entitled. Meanwhile, we may be friends with these opponents ; but we may show them—even as people playing at cards show one another—that both sides can be anxious to win the game and to trump the other's tricks. We may show them that we have not only an eye on our army and navy, but on our commerce and shipping as well. It is all very fine for the Kaiser to indulge in the luxury of a large fleet, and to administer the nation's affairs in such a way as to create an Imperial debt which has expanded from millions to milliards of marks. He may hope for a big indemnity from some conquered nation with which to liquidate the debt, but surely we are not going to be the people to hand over the cheque ? Prince Salm, the energetic

President of the German Navy League, must surely expect that eventually his nation will recoup herself for present sacrifices. Are we to pay the big bill ?

Dr. Drill, of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, had no need to tell us that the conflict of economic and naval interests can never be obviated by international congresses. All civilized people are, indeed, rivals, and it is a law of evolution that this should be so. Yet, when one nation assumes an attitude which is more threatening than the bearing usually assumed by friends, it is surely time to think seriously of defence and of something more than mere defence !

The victory in the coming struggle—whether it be waged on the battlefield or in the markets of the world—lies entirely in the question of fitness, individual and national. The nation that is not smart and fit has no right to possess power ; its charter is invalidated. Nature, so stern and relentless in her eliminations, will have none but the best as ruling races. The rivalry of nations works for the ultimate good of human kind.

Of course, men say that Germany is not a colonizing Power. To a certain extent this is true. She has never proved herself capable of administering effectively far-off territories, owing to the faults of a bureaucratic system, but I claim that she has never had half a chance. If Australia fell into the hands of our Teuton cousins, we should see their colonial matters managed differently there from the way they have been in East and South-West Africa. Give Germany a country of immense possibilities, and she will create another Germany. Germans usually make more out of opportunities than we, for they have really attained to a higher plane of civilization. Sociologically they form the most perfect type of organic society in the world, with the single exception of the Japanese.

Two things in Germany's favour are these : the country is not obsessed by a betting mania, and

the public health is more zealously guarded in the Fatherland than it is in Great Britain. With chastened and humble hearts let us all remember what the Boer wrote to the *Times* at the outbreak of the South African War, in regard to the stamina of our nation. How his words came true ! How horribly, preposterously true ! We are a nation of hypocrites, and we shrink from calling things by their right names. We know of the existence of certain hideous diseases, and we are morally afraid to attack and uproot these diseases as we attack and uproot typhoid and small-pox. Ask any eminent physician, or any great oculist, if this be not true. The result of our hypocrisy is shown in the health of the nation, which is suffering, as the Boer said it suffered ; our virility is decreasing ; the family, which is the germ of the State, is no longer the greatest desideratum ; our energy is diminishing ; our national ambitions and hopes are threatened with extinction.

There is a certain fungus, well known at places like Portsmouth, a rapid-growing thing that has been known to force itself through quite three inches of concrete and two inches of asphalt in a very short time. This fungus can make its way through hard substances that even rats cannot gnaw, and it reminds me of the hidden, deadly diseases that are not mentioned at Dorcas meetings—sufferers from which medical men lack the power to segregate. These diseases are effecting what no direct and overt attack on the nation could possibly effect ; their fungoid growth is piercing through the adamant of our patriotism, and whilst ruining the national health, they are unsettling the foundations of our racial character. Anyone who reads the concluding portion of Chapter xxiii. of Mr. Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" will rise disheartened and ashamed. Anglo-Saxon civilization is by no means the wonder it pretends to be !

The only thing that will save us, physically, is a

solemn warning from some eminent surgeon, who is bold enough to crown his life's work with the most noble, the most humane, duty that any man could perform.

The Germans realize the beauty, the importance, the mystery, and the duty of life more than we. They do not imagine their blood to be of such incredible richness as to be able to withstand the attacks of two of the most subtle and dangerous germs; they have no silly prejudices in regard to the stamping out of loathsome diseases. They are becoming stronger and stronger every year, because their scientific national intelligence has long recognized that health is the first thing in this world, and because they have grasped the idea that spirituous liquors are poisons: they recognize alcohol as a useful stimulant, of course; but, still, they regard it as a poison. Therefore, drunkenness is not one of the besetting sins of the Fatherland.

The Germans understand the duty of man to his fellows, and they practise the faith on which they lean. As for us, we consider that we have performed a prodigy of wisdom by appointing a Master of Hygiene in the Surrey County Council's schools—practically the only one in the United Kingdom—and the wise action of the Manchester municipality in warning its citizens against the evils of intemperance has been accounted a phenomenon! Strange that this should be so when we know that, fully three years ago, the British medical profession issued a petition to the Government, asking it to introduce compulsory teaching in domestic hygiene and temperance in the elementary schools. Strange that such eminent men as Sir Victor Horsley should have to tell us, in the present year of grace, that Great Britain lags behind her Colonies in respect of such essential teaching. Strange, too, that our greatest physicians and surgeons should have to plead before Mr. Birrell and his predecessors for sane physical

tuition in schools ! Health should be the first question with all educational authorities, and religion next.

In Germany men and women get more out of life, in a material sense, than we. They are happier, too ; and this fact counts for much. The spread of intolerant Nonconformity has injured our patriotic impulses : the narrower and gloomier the creed, the narrower and more parochial the patriotism. Nonconformity, which threatens soon to become preponderant, has always stood aloof from the military interests of the nation. Very few sons of Nonconformists obtain His Majesty's commission, or join the army as private soldiers, with the consent of their parents. A certain effeminacy goes hand-in-hand with some definite types of religion, proof of which has been afforded by the pitiable hysteria manifested in the recent Welsh revival. I need hardly allude to the strange emotion of the principal missionary, and the extraordinary influence he seems to have had upon his audiences ; but the dramatic displays of certain of his followers have afforded the most marvellous exhibitions of the prevailing national lunacy. Take the "Wonderful Woman of C——" On a certain night in April, 1906, this poor creature was the central figure in amazing scenes. She threw herself on a table, apparently in great agony, screaming, "I love Thee ! I love Thee !" Meanwhile, around her, men and women gesticulated, shouted, prayed, and yelled with laughter. A hymn was started, and its harmony was interrupted by ear-piercing shrieks, and the thumping of tables and chairs. Eventually the "Wonderful Woman" collapsed in tears, and then, overcome by the heat and excitement, a young man fell unconscious into the arms of another. After this incident, the prophetess declared that the names of three professing Christians had been supernaturally disclosed to her as hypocrites ; whereupon a man fell into a woman's arms, shouting prayers, and he afterwards proceeded to wrestle wildly

with those about him. The meeting was next seized with an uncontrollable fit of hysterical laughter. More wrestling followed, one eager worshipper having to be forcibly restrained.

Is this not enough to make the cheeks of the most callous red with shame? If the blush does not come, then surely the recollection of the recent November baptisms in the Dee will raise it. Delicate young women, immersed in the ice-cold river in the name of religion, to the enthusiastic singing of "Hallelujah!" and "Dioleh Iddo!" All such manifestations are symptoms of racial decay, of acute degeneration, caused by unhealthy food, defective education, and a lack of mental horizons. Those Radicals and Nonconformists of the extraordinary fierce species, bred of that cramped and ugly religion which has dotted the lovely valleys and hills of Wales with hopeless, insanitary Bethels and New Jerusalems, have much to answer for. Their sordid and miserable Calvinism is a brake on national progress. It discovers all manner of vileness in the innocent amusements of the young, and it drives the poor creatures into hysteria—at the same time permitting the trickiest actions in business. This form of religion is the narrowest and worst, for it does not exclude outrageous superstition. In the hill districts of Montgomeryshire and Cardiganshire people still firmly believe in witchcraft: men and women go about with yards of woollen yarn wrapped round their necks and waists, and there are those who languish and pine under the impression that the Evil Eye has been cast upon them. Such folk as these, however, are nearer to a proper conception of the truth than they imagine, for they are indeed under the influence of the Evil Eye.

Prosperity, too, breeds a selfish dry-rot, which attacks the very centre of patriotism, causing lack of energy and national cowardice—especially that sort of contented affluence which credits Free Trade with Britain's

supremacy, instead of acknowledging the benefits derived from the riches of our Colonies, and our former great lead in all classes of industry—but religious mania works more harm.

We must never forget that man is naturally a fighter, and that to snivel, shout, and wrestle in prayer-meetings is not his proper *métier*. It is not in accordance with Nature that nations should cease to struggle for the best positions in the world, and her laws do not ordain that this life should be entirely spent in unhealthy preparation for another existence. A nation, content with its past achievements, and ceasing to struggle forward, must give place to a better one. This is Nature's law. The life of a man is always an incessant bodily combat between the spirit of good and the spirit of evil, but there is no need to succumb in the conflict and cease to be a man. The life of a nation is one continual warfare between healthy and hopeful virility, and unhealthy, pessimistic, cowardly degeneracy. Nothing but degeneracy is responsible for the Welsh religious hysteria, and nothing but national degradation can follow its continued indulgence.

Therefore, let us make changes in our national education—such effective alterations as will render such decadence impossible. We shall then make an end of the unnatural national restraint that takes insults lying down, and results in our present lower place in the comity of peoples. This ignoble attitude is a symptom of degeneracy and belies the race. It is a species of disgraceful false modesty, and although false modesty is the most decent of all forms of lies and deceit, it does not sit well on the countrymen of Drake and Grenville.

XV

A STUDY OF KAISER WILHELM II.

WE must realize that in the Kaiser the Germans are led by a great patriot—a man of independent will, indomitable energy, and that political foresight which is an indispensable attribute of all rulers of high mentality. To use Lord Curzon's phrase, he exercises "the intelligent anticipation of events" to the utmost. Once he possesses the fleet which his Admiralty has projected, he will give us proofs of his cleverness greater than any we now have.

Some secure naval base in Eastern waters nearer than China would seem to be one of the greatest of his aspirations, and it is just in regard to such a vision as this that the Emperor's ambitions most irritate the people of Great Britain; for our racial instinct at once recognizes the danger to our Imperial interests that would lie in his ownership of an Eastern port of considerable importance, even if it were not equal to the magnificent haven of Hong Kong, with its ten square miles of water, or as large as Sydney Harbour. With either of these secure anchorages, however, or any similar one, in the Kaiser's grasp, it is difficult to say where Great Britain would be in twenty years.

A living proof of the truth of Champfort's maxim, "*On gouverne les hommes avec la tête, on ne joue pas aux échecs avec un bon cœur,*" Wilhelm II. is the vital force carrying forward the gigantic plans of Bismarck.

Haughty and proud he may be, but in such minds as his the sentiment of pride is nothing else but the sentiment of force. The life-force of the Kaiser is inextricably bound up with a passion for correctness and a superlative attention to detail. One may instance the Max Grube incident in April, 1906. Playing in "Wilhelm Tell" at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, Herr Grube rode on to the stage in buskins, instead of boots, in the "Apple" scene. Noticing this error, the Emperor was exceedingly annoyed, so much so that the actor's contract with the Royal Theatre was forthwith cancelled.

The Kaiser is thunderously self-reliant, believing firmly in himself and his mission. "Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera"—this is the personal motto which seems to govern him. His irrepressible optimism, however, does not find favour with all his people. Such organs as the Roman Catholic *Volks Zeitung* have told him plainly that the German Government embarked upon the stormy seas of *Weltpolitik* like a navigator who had forgotten his compass, and that the inconsistent and erratic course steered by the ship of State in those dangerous waters has resulted in exciting against it the suspicion of all foreign observers. But, despite such hints, the Kaiser presses forward, his sole compass a big patriotic heart, believing that God is directly with him, as He was with his forefathers. Every day he has reported to him the doings of Herr Bebel, the autocrat, and Singer, the vice-autocrat, of the Social Democratic party, and he rightly considers that his own mentality and driving power are equal to Bebel's brains and Singer's gift of organization. Bebel's quiet but eloquent speeches do not frighten him, and even the spectacle of the huge Singer with the big excrescence on his forehead, bellowing his forceful periods, has not disturbed his nerves.

One day we find him receiving the late Mr. Alfred

Beit, discussing with him the Chinese labour question, and the desirability of constructing a double line of railway from Tiger Bay, in Portuguese West Africa, through German territory, to Johannesburg. Next morning we find him immured in his study, absorbed in trade statistics, or the accounts of his private porcelain manufactory. The following afternoon, perhaps, we hear of him taking Professor Schiemann for a yachting trip in Norwegian waters, in order to provide inspiration for more of those brilliant articles in the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, whose bitterness is not unknown in this country. The work of this Anglophobe ought to be more widely read, however, because he predicts that, in one or two generations, the Boers will take the place of the British in South Africa, and that we shall then no longer scoff at the coronation of an Indian as Emperor of India.

Another day we learn that the Kaiser is immersed in the all-important question of hastening the rearmament of his artillery with new guns to outclass the French — and in this, by the way, he appears likely soon to succeed. Then we find him clad in his Cuirassier uniform and carrying a Field-Marshal's bâton, watching the brilliant operations of his army corps in the grand manœuvres; or on the deck of a battleship at Kiel, exhorting his sailors to remember that their greatest privilege is to uphold the honour of the flag.

In the Fatherland there are *Kaiser Reden* for gramophones and phonographs, and *Kaiser Gesänge* for patriotic voices. William II. prefers to make his Ministers his phonographs rather than be the instrument repeating their voices. The Emperor has only to breathe the wish that a German firm, corporation, or steamship company, should undertake this or that work for the advancement of some national cause, and the thing is done. The Kaiser desires it—that is enough for the average German to know. He can

place as much reliance on his subjects' patriotism as our Admiralty can in Welsh coal. The terrific, quiet, dynamic force of German patriotism is even as the slumbering might of a great anthracite coal-seam.

The Hanover judges may fine the editor of the Socialistic *Volkswille* for printing the report of a judgment in the "stop press" column with notes of interrogation and exclamation, holding that these marks constitute "contempt of court," but few men become angry. Even such a punishment as this does not make the people revolt against those who impose sentences for *lèse majesté* on the slightest provocation.

Herr Krupp, the great gunmaker, was cordially invited to send some specimens of his work to the Chicago World's Fair. He politely and reasonably begged to be excused. He said he could not possibly be expected to sell any guns in America, and that the expense of an exhibit would be enormous.

The Kaiser is a sensitive man, though not so highly-strung as those Coburg officials deemed him to be when they bade the old umbrella-stall woman remove her red signboard for fear the Emperor and Empress might take offence at so open a display of revolutionary colours. Moreover, it is hard to believe that his objection to red—the Socialist hue—is so strong as to have warranted the arrest of Fräulein Edith Hané by Prussian policemen. Full of a too fervent zeal, these men incarcerated the poor girl because she was leading her lap-dog Jumbo through the streets, the animal being attired in a scarlet coat and geranium-coloured shoes! The Kaiser, however, is most sensitive about the absence of important German firms at international exhibitions. Therefore, not long after this refusal of Herr Krupp's, Wilhelm II. had occasion to visit the Essen gun-works, and he then asked his host if he intended sending anything to Chicago.

"No, your Majesty," said Herr Krupp, and he defer-

entially explained why it would not be to his advantage to exhibit his specialities.

The Kaiser no more fears offending people with his advice than he dreads the publication of the third volume of Bismarck's "*Erinnerungen*," now in the Bank of England; therefore he said, "It seems to me that, if I were in your place, I should exhibit."

That was all. The Kaiser issued no commands: he is far too polite to do such a thing. With all his impulsiveness, his manners are splendid. His treatment of the remains of poor Adolf von Menzel, the artist, was a striking proof of his perfect courtesy and kindness of heart. Nothing less could be expected from the son of such a father and such a mother. As George Herbert says, "One good mother is worth a hundred school-masters." People are apt to be misled by the imperious look on the Kaiser's face, but physiognomy is not always a safe guide in the formation of estimates of character. Not all are villains who have heavy jowls. John D. Rockefeller has not got a pronounced chin, yet he is the richest man in the world! The German Emperor, however, can look fiercer than Napoleon the Great. He is of short stature, like Bonaparte, and he is credited with a military brain equal to the famous Corsican's. It is astonishing what warriors can be made of men who are under five feet and a half! Nevertheless, the Imperial machine-made moustache is responsible for much of the hero-worship which his subjects manifest towards the Kaiser.

The very day on which this interview took place Krupp countermanded his refusal, and began to prepare a display. It was so big that special cars had to be built to transport it. This is a good illustration of the Emperor's ascendancy over the German mind. He is not exactly a genius, but he has had a very narrow escape of being one. Augustus Cæsar was not a genius, but he founded a new social system through his won-

derful management of men. The power to induce a great ordnance manufactory like Krupps so to increase its plant as to be in a position to supply half as many guns again as Armstrong's works is not given to many publicists, either Emperors or laymen.

Save the Socialists, the whole nation is as pliable as Herr Krupp. Even the town of Leipzig has reverted to the Kaiser, and the Socialist who won there in 1903 is now back in obscurity. Occasionally one finds papers like the *National Zeitung* contrasting Wilhelm II. with "an Emperor who did not consider it his duty to proclaim his opinion on every subject under the sun, from hyssop to cedar," but, on the whole, Germany is ductile in his hands. It is related as an actual fact that when the Kaiser, in an address to a commercial body, once urged his people to learn English—for commercial reasons—the book-shops could not supply the demand that sprang up for English text-books. Thus it is with his people—a hint, a look from the Kaiser is more than a command. "Wilhelm II.: Regis voluntas suprema lex," as he himself wrote in the great Golden Book of Munich. He possesses the master hand in diplomacy, because, backed by the laudable aspirations of a great people, he can work successfully a series of gigantic operations, extending over a considerable period, without at any time exposing his nation to undue risks. Reading men's minds as he reads the newspapers, he knows precisely when and where to be rude and bluff and bold, and his rough-and-ready methods have made him a mighty force to be reckoned with. Whatever he makes up his mind to do, be sure he will do it, given health and strength. Whatever the personal ambitions of the Kaiser may be, he is certain to pursue them with that extraordinary tenacity of purpose and fearlessness which have already done so much for Germany.

No wonder the Emperor believes himself possessed of almost supernal attributes! We do not recognize

about him any specially protective influence. We merely see a mortal in whom are manifested many political sins, but no meanness. Great and powerful Germany, with all her faults, is exactly what he has made her. He is a man with a furnace lighted within him, an Aladdin, a sorcerer, and each German family ought to have Renan's phrase neatly framed in every bedroom: "A défaut de Dieu, nous avons le Divin!"

If a man displays considerable powers, he does not necessarily possess *power*. The Kaiser, however, possesses *power* because he is a whole-hearted patriot, and his political desires reveal his heart. In his dynamics he occupies himself more with kinetics than statics. Like Augustus, who sprinkled his private letters to Tiberius with Greek quotations, the Emperor is quite at home with the classics. The study of history is one of his favourite occupations. He can paint, and he can doubtless use the chisel as well as Sarah Bernhardt. With a little help from others, it is wonderful how much artistic work can be done. For great men to demand such assistance is no new thing. Praxiteles employed the painter Nicias to tint and varnish his statues. At any rate, the Kaiser is a judge of sculpture. He recently presented the British nation with a statue of William of Orange, by Heinrich Baucke, after giving the most minute instructions as to the details of the figure's dress. Wilhelm II. is as versatile as Sylvester Schaffer, the wonderful young Austrian, who can entertain an Alhambra audience for upwards of seventy minutes with his excellent fiddling, riding, shooting, and painting. Although he is only forty-eight, he can talk fluently in several languages and on every possible subject. His "Song to Ægir" is crooned in every German home. He can play chess and repair his electric-light fittings. He can preach a sermon every Sunday to his sailors on the *Hohenzollern*. He can also cook. True it is that the German Emperor has been known to appear ludi-

crous in his versality, but only a potentate knows how much *verve et esprit* are needed in order not to invite ridicule.

As Calderon says, "En el teatro del mundo todos son representantes";* but the Kaiser plays a leading part, and many eyes are on him!

The Emperor's vast schemes very much depend upon the Centre party, which occupies in the Reichstag the somewhat equivocal position of the Irish in our own House of Commons. Yet, although he relaxes the law against the Jesuits, and now permits individual members of that sect to reside in the Fatherland, he still considers himself—and is considered by his subjects—the *Eckstein*, or corner-stone, of the Church of Martin Luther; and I think I may safely say that he is none the less secretly admired and respected by his avowed Catholic antagonists, Dr. Spahn, Dr. Roeren, and that German Winston Churchill, Matthias Erzberger.

". . . The gods approve
The depth and not the tumult of the soul,"

as Wordsworth tells us in "*Laodamia*"—himself then speaking with the authentic voice—but the Kaiser's tumultuous energy is the commotion of an immeasurably deep sea. Of him it may be written what was said of the great Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria: "Whatever he does has hands and feet." He gets up every morning obsessed with his paramount idea, and he is always ready for work. He labours insatiably. Whilst his remote cousin the late Shah of Persia was knitting silk stockings for his personal friends, Kaiser Wilhelm was engaged in plans for the perfection of his navy. Nowadays, when our Labour candidates seem disposed to urge the substitution of "*Virtuti non armis fido*" for our good old downright motto of "*Dieu et mon droit*," the Kaiser is coining bellicose phrases that stimulate patriotic

* "In the theatre of the world all are actors."

ardour, and lead to the payment of supplemental taxes for the increase of the national Armada.

M. Lockroy predicted, in 1900, that a cautious and frugal Reichstag would eventually give way to the Emperor's naval enthusiasm, and M. Lockroy has been proved to be right. In season and out of season Wilhelm II. repeats that, even as Frederick the Great was never forsaken by God—"his old ally"—he hopes also never to be left in the lurch. Reiteration has done its work, and his subjects now believe in the Divine character of his mission. Moreover, when he constantly evolves fresh vows from his treasure of recollections and from the golden loyalty of his people, and when the subject of these vows is ever the determination to devote himself to one single task—that of bringing his country forward—he is sure to possess the blind confidence of the majority.

From his own point of view Kaiser Wilhelm is quite right. The Emperor sees in his navy a splendid investment that, when completed, will eventually pay him back all that has been spent upon it, and bring dividends, moreover, that will make the French indemnity milliards look insignificant. To him this Armada is almost the be-all and end-all of existence. He fidgets about its fog-horns, and rages when accidents occur to its torpedo-boats. If his Admiralty—even in time of peace—did not possess a proper salvage corps, the Kaiser would never sleep at night. In matters relating to the salvage of ships the German Admiralty has, indeed, little to learn, even from Japan. In a word, the Emperor is gradually mesmerizing his subjects into the belief that their country is an island. Old and young are rapidly becoming affected, and if the cautious, moneyed middle class of Germany once completely falls under the Kaiser's spell, we may be prepared for the most startling developments of his Armada.

No greater example of difference in tutorial methods could be found than in the contrast shown by the pro-

duct of Professor Hintzpeter's virile, elastic training of the Emperor William, and the cold narrowness of the teaching given to the Emperor Nicholas by Professor Pobiedonostzeff. Temperament, of course, accounts for much that makes history, but tuition accounts for more—tuition and good wives. What Calpurnia was to the younger Pliny the Empress has been to her lord. She shares his literary tastes, gives him cheering admiration, and, grateful to him for his marked devotion to the Crown Prince, probably tries to set his poems to music. Moreover, he has never neglected the tonic of fun. The great "August" or mimic of the Imperial circle, the late Minister at Copenhagen, is a close friend of Wilhelm II., and before the Sturm and Drang of international politics affected the felicities of the Court, there were great times at Berlin. The Kaiser can still laugh, however, and enjoy himself. "Desipere in loco!" Even the most bellicose monarchs believe in this.

If, as Dr. Reich assumes, the success of a nation is due to personalities, Germany is to be congratulated on the possession of one of the most brilliant—an idealist who is at the same time one of the most practical Emperors the world has ever seen. Sitting over a large fire of wood, after a hard day's military manoeuvres, and the plainest dinner, we find the War Lord, surrounded by his Generals, sipping German champagne or orangeade, and unceremoniously discussing the events of the last mimic battle. Later we find him among the bivouac fires of his soldiers, an amused spectator of their camp games. Another day he is receiving the Bavarian poet, Doctor Ludwig Ganghofer, after a gala performance in the Munich Court Theatre. He praises the Dichter for his optimism, and explains his own, showing also that his desire is ever to advance—*Vorwärts kommen*—and that those who display *Reichsverdiesslichkeit** are to be pitied. In these phases of exist-

* Impatience with the idea of Empire.

ence and in every other feature of his life he is practical, down to the complete confidence he has in the Germanophil members of the British Cabinet, notably the War Minister and the Lord Chancellor.

Known as the *Reise Kaiser*, he journeys always with a purpose, but he does not attempt to hunt two hares at one and the same time. "All the world is in trouble when I travel," he has been known to say. He is rash, but yet cautelous. He has many visions, many ambitions, but only one pursuit, one obsession. The idea that colours his national dreams is *supremacy on the sea*. "Our future lies upon the water," he said many years ago, and this scarlet notion tints German foreign and domestic policy more deeply than Cobden's unreliable formulæ colour our Imperial statecraft. It is a glorious idea, and it springs from a noble heart. All magnificent thoughts and dreams come from great souls!

Not only does the Emperor desire supremacy, but also efficiency on the sea. Witness his telegram from the Baltic in reference to Major Fischer, Chief of the Clothing Department of the German Colonial Army, who was accused of accepting bribes from a firm of contractors.

"Visit the full penalty of the law upon the guilty, regardless of person or position."

This message is pitched in the key of stern wisdom and strict justice.

What would the tempersome Kaiser Wilhelm have done to our naval signalman who said he threw the signal-book of his ship overboard because he was not allowed to take the volume away to study it for promotion? I rather fancy the miscreant would have got a punishment more severe than two months' imprisonment, which was the sentence passed by the Sheerness court-martial.

Some ten years ago the Emperor superseded two Admirals and a large number of other officers in his navy, because of the indifferent handling of certain warships during manœuvres. Our Admiralty would probably have reprimanded men in a like position, and ultimately pensioned them off. One wonders what the Kaiser would have done had he lost a *Montagu*—if he had discovered, after its loss, that his navy possessed no effective salvage corps? He would probably have been tempted to commit suicide. But, fortunately for him, Germans who cry out for economy cease from troubling at a point far above the minimum mark of national safety.

One wonders, too, what he would have said if an Imperial Commission had reported to him that the total preventable losses in war stores during twenty-two months had reached a sum of over one million sterling. Very drastic would have been his action, in order to bring home to the offenders their insult and injury to the Fatherland; for he is firmness itself in dealing with all matters where the vital interests of his country are concerned. Wilhelm II. is no fool. Despite what has been said to the contrary, he has never allowed himself to be the dupe of the spiritualist camarilla. Prince von Bülow's loyalty has been rewarded by the Kaiser's own. The dramatic visit of the man in black and the stern dismissal of Bismarck, when that great statesman's once elastic political ideas ossified into inflexible stupidity, showed the difference between a real and a puppet Sovereign; and the constant pressure of his will upon an army and a navy which owe allegiance to him alone serves us as an object-lesson as to the power and utility of one supreme, strong man at the head of a nation. Those who form their ideas of the Kaiser's character from the study of such stupid books as "The Private Life of William and his Consort," and the numerous despicable publications which disgrace the

book-shops of Switzerland and France, are indeed to be pitied. They are denied the excitement of a magnificent spectacle—that of a man of fine character and wonderful energy making the history of a fine Empire. Those who have the best interests of Great Britain at heart cannot soon forget that when the complete rout of the German Socialists was declared that memorable February midnight, the Kaiser, in his primrose motor-car with its purple standard, was returning from a lecture on turbines! The homage then paid to him by his subjects was no more than his due. Such a man, thus supported, is quite capable of “riding down everything that stands in the way.” Therefore it behoves us to keep on the *qui vive*: at any moment we may hear the double-toned trumpet signal that warns people of the approach of his petrol-driven chariot! Perhaps, however, a British Consular officer stationed at Emden may give us timely warning of the visit, so that we may arrange an Imperial reception.

XVI

"UNSERE ZUKUNFT AUCH LIEGT AUF DEM WASSER"

KAISER WILHELM is a greater friend to Germany than the Germans themselves imagine. Maximilian Harden recently attacked his policy in *Die Zukunft*, and the semi-official *National Zeitung* aggressively stated that he is out of touch with public opinion in his Empire. The *Neueste Nachrichten* tells him that discontented Germans will not leave the country, as he suggests, but that they will stay to protect their Sovereign from isolation at his exalted post. The Social Democratic press was unanimous in saying that the amnesty proclaimed by the Kaiser, on the occasion of the baptism of his grandson, resulted in the release of only sixteen men suffering imprisonment for *lèse majesté*, whilst proceedings were instituted against seven Social Democratic editors for alleged *Majestäts-beleidigung*, committed in their published comment on the restricted character of the amnesty.

Furthermore, the Emperor is constantly accused of being the sport of a camarilla. This accusation, levelled at a Sovereign who acts on Frederick the Great's maxim, "They say what they like ; I do as I like," is simply idle. Yet, although many of the recent failures in German diplomacy may be due to the Kaiser's personal government, backed by the advice of men with a political outlook too narrow for the time, one may venture to remind the Berlin National Liberal organ that Germany's

present strong world position is almost entirely due to the semi-autocracy of her Government, to the splendid ideal which Kaiser Wilhelm has ever before him, and to a military organization which, in its effectiveness, transcends in value our ineffective voluntary system, even as the day transcends the night.

The Kaiser happens to be the only foreign Prince who to-day holds supreme rank in our navy. The commission is purely honorary, but his Imperial Majesty is proud of it. In turn our senior service may be proud of him. He has actually once commanded the British Navy, his flag being hoisted when he boarded one of our ships at Malta ; and though his duties were light, they were not perfunctorily performed. He is a man, every inch of him, and our navy is honoured by the position he holds in it as Admiral. He has no regrets about the Krüger telegram, as he then acted in accordance with his conception of duty to his people.

“ Quand on est sur le trône on a bien d'autres soins ;
Et les remords sont ceux qui nous pèsent le moins.”

When he boards a British warship he never thinks about the past, but only about the future.

His brand-new battleship, the *Deutschland*, will give him bed and board during the coming naval manoeuvres of the Fatherland, and probably also in time of war. This is a magnificent vessel of nearly 18,000 tons, fully worthy of the honour of carrying the Kaiser. When German patriots heard of the elaborate Imperial suite of rooms on board this leviathan, with the four 3½-inch guns in the saloon, partly hidden by folding seats, they must have become more fascinated by their new hobby of the water. The Swiss say that, ever since the Kaiser first ejaculated “ Germany’s future lies on the ocean,” every devout patriot has felt that it is his duty to navigate, to cruise, to sail before the wind, and to sport a yachting-cap. *Militarismus* and *marinismus*

are now struggling for the first place in the affections of the German people. Although the latter is not the most expressive catchword, its victory is almost assured.

Should he found the Holy Roman Empire, which is said to be one of the Hohenzollern dreams, the Emperor Wilhelm and the Catholics of South Germany will deserve their success ; but he cannot hope to escape the obloquy which attaches to the names of other candidates for hegemony—Charles V., Louis XIV., and Napoleon—who, as the *Figaro* reminds us, all isolated themselves by excess of power.

Neither the Austrian nor the German reigning family can boast the traditions of the Hohenlohes ; yet the Hohenzollerns were once even as cup-bearers to the House of Hapsburg, and it will be curious if a member of this less exalted race should eventually assume the insignia of the former Emperors of Germany which are now at Vienna. So far back as 1780, von Riesbeck wrote that if Germany were but united, and had the Dutch and Belgian ports in her hands, she would “ give laws to Europe.” The idea of unity has waxed greatly since then. The ideal of a great central European State, stretching southward to the Mediterranean and westward along the coast of the North Sea, would seem to demand an *entente* with Roman Catholicism ; yet one cannot but feel that possibly the Emperor may one day find his friend the Jesuit General a sort of *Carduus benedictus* in human flesh. Religious quarrels and the clash of opposing factions completed the dissolution of Rudolph II.’s Empire in 1618, when the Thirty Years’ War began between the Evangelic Union, under the Elector Palatine, and the Catholic League, under the Duke of Bavaria. Such dissensions might work equal havoc in a new hegemony. The Emperor’s flirtation with Roman Catholicism, and especially with the Society of Jesus, would be amusing were it not so

perilous. To confirm his close alliance with the Catholic hierarchy by conferring the highest of all the honours he has to bestow upon Cardinal Kopp, Prince-Bishop of Breslau, may strengthen German influence at the Vatican, but, at the same time, this act destroys the last vestige of French faith in the Kaiser's pacific intentions. Still, it is not unnatural that German statecraft should take advantage of every move in the international game. When France is retreating farther and farther from Rome, the aims and desires of one who proposes to be the head and front of a new Holy Roman Empire, and to receive his Imperial crown from the Pope, would seem to have need to be based on the goodwill of the Vatican.

It seems to me to be a pity that free access to our Indian Empire should stand in the way of German expansion in Asia Minor. We cannot look cordially upon Teutonic aggrandizement in the Turkish Empire so long as there is the slightest danger of Germany barring our route to India. The frenzied *Deutsche Tageszeitung* objects to the general manager of the Anatolian Railway because he is "a Swiss-Frenchman." We should probably object to him if he were an Anglophobe German. A nation that openly proposes, in the event of a naval war, to strew the North Sea with mines, regardless of neutrals, must be carefully watched in every region. A ruler who concludes a treaty with Denmark for the purpose of closing the Baltic in time of war is likely to prove a very dangerous and crafty opponent.

It is not in the Kaiser's power to change the deep-seated aims of the German nation, nor does he desire to alter the direction of those forces which are blindly and selfishly moving towards the aggrandizement of his race. He swims with the tide. Like an old countryman who once wearied me with the repetition of a truism, the Kaiser knows that "there is nothen gotten

out o' nothen." Hence his anxiety to possess naval strength, to clinch the arguments of four million trained soldiers.

If we only had such an Imperial orator as the Emperor William in our Navy League, or at the side of Lord Roberts when he makes his appeals to the country—a man of indisputable position and authority, basing his entreaties upon the "golden examples of history"—what might we not gain? One would desire a Prince with a somewhat less exuberant style, of course, but with no less energy than is possessed by Germany's autocrat. His detractors say that his speeches are full of conventional phrases—"and tiresomely frequent references to battles wherein this or that regiment was honoured with the privilege of undergoing their baptism of fire under the eyes of his glorious grandfather William I."; but they make no mention of what his orations have done for the nation. Although he is such a visionary, he is ever in touch with actualities. The Kaiser's patriotism, his ideality, and his animal magnetism are equally bracing. But we, too, have a monarch whose lightest word possesses more weight than the German Cæsar's longest speech. Unhappily, however, the traditions of our Constitution forbid his entering the active field of politics. If he were able to ask his nation to defend itself, as the Kaiser fails not to do—in season and out of season—every man's heart would instantly respond; the cost would never be counted, and the desired victory for the British race would be won. Let us, therefore, pray for more personal power to devolve upon our Sovereign Lord the King.

Meanwhile, Britons have need of just such flamboyant and energetic patriotism in their ordinary publicists as the Kaiser manifests, in order to rivet national thought upon our greatest national shortcoming, just as we have need of a perpetual and wholesome leaven of cautious Radicalism in our midst. Provide

the brakes, but do not forget the petrol in the national motor-car. In every State and in every epoch there are grievances requiring redress, anomalies demanding adjustment, injustices necessitating removal; but, in seeking to effect these changes, Radicals should always remember the greatness of the past and look forward to the glory of the future.

Confronted by the evident determination of the German people to outrival and outclass us, what can we make of Mr. John Burns and the influence of men of his stamp upon the Cabinet? Do they think that the Kaiser spends his time buying gold watches to present to skippers of British trawlers for rescuing German sailors in the North Sea? Mr. Burns would have us withdraw from our premier place in the world, thus showing that, in making things easier for our rivals, he finds it easier to be generous than just. Let us be both just and generous, even when we have to retire Mr. Burns from the post he now occupies. We do not want to fight Germany—no sane nation wishes to fight, in these times—but we must recognize the possibility of conflict, and we must beware of being left behind in the race for naval supremacy. We do not wish to harass Germany, or to draw around us all her enemies among the Latin nations; nor do we desire to marshal the Slavs against her, as the *Reichsbote* apprehends. But we have had a long taste of sea-power, and we like it as our tars like grog. We must and will keep the command of the ocean, whatever Mr. John Burns may do or say, because the nation cannot but think differently from him. Let us answer the Kaiser in his own words, and cry continually: “Unsere Zukunft auch liegt auf dem Wasser!”*

☞ If Germany chooses to renounce her present policy of naval aggrandizement, and elects to respect the *status quo*, she can view our friendship with France without any

* “Our future also lies on the water.”

distrust. If she refuses to accept the European *status quo*, we must hold firm to France and keep ourselves constantly on guard.

Surely the Boer War might have taught us the folly of postponing the duty of putting our two services in order, and of practising the economy of fools. To dally with disease is in the long-run ruinous. The inevitable operation is dangerous and most costly—moreover, not necessarily successful. Then, too, we must remember that there are certain maladies which no operation can remedy. The loss of even one of our great Colonies would cause a paraplegia which would end in Imperial, if not national, extinction.

If ever the Germans effect a landing in Great Britain, and bring into use their wonderful topographical knowledge, it is not impossible that they may remain. The Kaiser may conceivably act like Mr. Jorrocks, who said, "Where I dines I sleeps!" He may take it into his head to say to those who advise him to abandon England to her poverty: "J'y suis, et j'y reste," like Macmahon when advised to abandon the Malakoff in 1855; and, in the conflict, a triumphant Germany may not show the caprice of an earthquake by destroying one great colonial edifice and leaving another intact, but she may conceivably destroy all.

Do not say that, in a war, victory for Germany is impossible. Recollect there are many German soldiers in every British town of importance. Their whereabouts are known at Berlin, and their movements are always traced with mathematical accuracy. Against finding one hundred aces opposed to you in one hand at bridge the odds are fifty-six and a half to one, but there is always about half a chance, as you see. Let every true-born Briton help to build up the national strength to enable the country to withstand the shock of this encounter. It will have more serious effects than the San Francisco earthquake, and we shall be lucky if we are afterwards

able to emulate the spirit of that Californian tradesman who put a poster on the front of his shattered premises, bearing the legend, "A little disfigured, but still in the ring. Men wanted!"

The *Téméraire*, the keel of which was lately laid down at Devonport, must be followed by other ships with armour-plate, engines, and guns that will make the equipment of the *Ersatz Bayern* as antiquated as the German vessel is to render obsolete the *Dreadnought*. If this be done, we shall ensure our safety for several generations. Guarded by the fastest and most powerful vessels, we shall have no need so greatly to fear a sudden attack by the Kaiser.

"Pour les vastes projets qu'il voulait entreprendre,
L'univers est étroit pour le jeune Alexandre,
Mais, quand de Babylone il va toucher le seuil,
Il se contentera peut-être d'un . . ."

But we had better not finish the line. This little extract from Henri Fauvel's translation of Juvenal ("Les Vœux") seems applicable to my argument.

Even if the present fleet does become useless in four or five years—as Mr. William Beardmore tells us—we must begin again, remembering that we can never safely allow our rivals to get ahead of us. A thing once done there is no remedy. When ahead, we may be sure that Germany will be the most truculent and aggressive Power the world has ever known. Her career since 1870 forms a good basis for this statement. The danger must not be allowed to outgrow our watchfulness. Furthermore, we must practise greater economies, and try and learn the invaluable secret possessed by the mightiest of all Protectionist countries—the way to build an effective 16,000-ton battleship of the *Michigan* type for £737,800, which is said to be the cost per ship of some of the American ironclads. Will Mr. John Burns tell us how this is done, and will he explain to us why British engineers cannot build ships as cheaply as

their American competitors ; and, further, why the Germans can turn out battleships and cruisers more quickly and at a less cost—vessels equally efficient, if not more powerful, than ours ?

This country has made colossal mistakes in the past, but none so great, perhaps, as the recent surrender of the government to men with an obviously destructive, instead of a constructive, policy. As a matter of fact, there are now but two parties in Great Britain—the Constructionists and the Destructionists. One aspires to consolidate and expand our national power, the other to destroy it. Humanity, however, should correct its errors the moment they are realized, destroying their structures and erecting permanent temples of victory from their ruins.

The first test of a truly great man, said Mr. Ruskin, is his humility. The Kaiser stands this test ; he is humble because he acknowledges his naval weakness cheerfully before the world. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not humble : he is boastful, inasmuch as he claims to be strong enough to begin disarmament before any other nation is ready.

Humbleness, however, may be the ally of subtlety. We must not be misled as to the true aim of the Kaiser's *Weltpolitik* when we see him, as a perfect diplomat, loading our national linguist, Mr. Haldane, with almost Oriental courtesy. This is merely the expression of an admiration which one decent man feels for another. We believe that the consultations with Generals von Einem and von Moltke at the War Office in the Leipzigerstrasse have impressed our War Minister with a proper sense of the miserable futility of our present army. In that famous building, where so many plans of campaign are now pigeon-holed—as the great Moltke's was—surely some of the spirit of Prussian order and method entered Mr. Haldane's heart. Surely, too, our young statesman, Mr. Churchill, possesses sufficient

hereditary imagination to have discerned behind the smiles and the politeness of his noble host a set purpose, an ungovernable determination to be the head of the first Power in the world. Let him remember the article in the *Deutsche Revue* for September, 1906, in which the writer says that the accession of Germany to the policy of the Western Powers is not to be looked for, and still less the diminution of her naval programme. Let Mr. Churchill also bear in mind that other determined phrase, "England must reconcile herself to the thought of seeing the German fleet occupy, alongside the British fleet, a position commanding and imposing respect on the sea."

If our Ministers lack the imagination necessary to see that the German nation hopes for an ultimate quarrel between the two Anglo-Saxon Powers, which may bring their fleet into a position of great naval importance, they are to be commiserated. A war between Great Britain and the United States—nay, even one night's mad rush of a Cuxhaven mine-laying flotilla, at a moment of international tension—might bring the Kaiser's Armada into a position of invincibility, and give Germany the sovereignty of the seas.

Meantime, the Kaiser waits patiently, dominating the centre of Europe, taking advantage of all Britain's mistakes to win favour with Russia, proposing through the press to make a compact with Sweden, Russia, and Denmark, whereby the Baltic may be closed to British warships, even in time of peace, and with a sharp dagger always in his hand ready pointed to strike swiftly at the very heart of France. With such a black menace standing over fair Lorraine, one cannot call the Germans a pacific nation.

"The world is a peacock; Morocco is its tail," says the Moorish proverb. When France set off the Pyramids against the Peacock's Tail the Kaiser took the alarm, and he will not soon forgive France. He at once stung

her deeply by coming to what was evidently an unwritten agreement with the Porte ; he wounded her by causing embarrassment in the heart of the Soudan, where his interests are nil ; he irritated, and still annoys her by the construction of new fortresses on his western frontier, and by allowing his subjects to press for and secure contracts at Tangiers in complete disregard of the provisions of the Algeciras protocol. But the Kaiser is ever careful, ever watchful, not to take one single serious step before the appointed time. Prussia is a hunter of big game ; she does not pursue leverets. Big-game hunters become more careful, more knowing, with each experience.

Unless the whole course of our national tendencies greatly alters, the Kaiser will one day put a noose round the neck of Great Britain with the swiftness and exquisite nicety of a Mexican vaquero flinging a lariat over the head of an unwary horse. Some unlucky day, when we are engaged in quelling an insurrection in India, or in South Africa, or possibly some Pan-Islamic rising in Egypt, Wilhelm II. and his Ministers may try to put an end to all chance of our control of the Persian Gulf portion of the Bagdad Railway, by supporting the wildest acts and aims of the leading spirits of the German Orient Bank, and then, at last, we shall be face to face with the long-threatened peril. He will choose the most propitious time, and when he does make his spring he will commandeer every war vessel in German shipbuilding yards, whether intended for Russia or any other State. The *Allgemeine Marine Korrespondenz* told us a short while ago that at the proper moment Britain would appropriate three *Dreadnoughts* now being built at Armstrong's for the Argentine Government, and the Brazilian battleship which is being constructed at Barrow, so that we may be quite sure that Germany will practise this trick.

Who that knows Wilhelm II.'s paramount obsession

—which may be crystallized into the two words “naval predominance”—can doubt what was in his heart when he spoke so eloquently that winter night to the crowd assembled to congratulate him on his victory over those who sought to deprive him of money for his ships? Mark one sentence: “Our famous poet Kleist, in ‘Der Prinz von Homburg,’ when Kottwitz opposes the Great Elector, wrote these never-to-be-forgotten words: ‘What concern of ours is the policy by which the enemy is guided? If only he falls before us, with all his flags, the policy that beats him is the supreme policy.’”

In regard to matters of domestic sentiment the Emperor’s heart is as soft as a Swiss bed, but in Imperial matters it is adamant. He is aiming at one thing, and going for it with all his soul and strength—the overthrow of our naval supremacy. You may put your money on the man who rides straight to hounds: he is sure to be able to do something. The German Emperor’s exemplar, Napoleon, created a great Empire from the dust of ancient tyrannies; Kaiser Wilhelm would build a greater Empire on the foundations of the labour of the people of Great Britain.

XVII

THE PRATTLE OF HERR BEBEL AND PRINZ VON BÜLOW

SPEAKING in the Reichstag on December 7, 1905, the Social Democratic leader, Herr Bebel, took Prince Bülow somewhat sharply to task. The Prince had said that the foreign situation was not thoroughly satisfactory, and Herr Bebel maintained that this admission indicated a serious state of affairs. He disputed the statement that public opinion in England was adverse to Germany, or that animosity existed against Great Britain among the German people. The Morocco question had become suddenly changed by the Imperial visit to Tangiers, which could not fail to raise ungrounded hopes among the Moors, just as in 1896 the Imperial telegram to President Krüger had evoked deep mistrust among other Powers. It was, he declared, because of Germany's faulty Moroccan policy that France and England became thoroughly welded together. In Herr Bebel's opinion, Germany, through her intervention in 1895, shared the blame for the Russo-Japanese War, and her East Asiatic policy he considered madness. He felt that in a war with England the whole of Germany's colonies would be lost within a fortnight, and that these dependencies were not worth the sacrifices they demanded.

Herr Bebel asked for a reply as to the relations between the Courts of Berlin and London. "Englishmen," he continued, "are thoughtful men. They know how to keep silent ; for in much speaking lies very great danger.

It is to the credit of the German Social Democrats that war in the present instance has been avoided. The masses are now playing a new rôle in foreign countries. Nations no longer allow themselves to be driven into war. *It is only when they know the aim of the policy that they are for war.*"

"The people of Western Europe," continued Herr Bebel—who ranks second only to Bülow as a debater—"can show their rulers what the Russian people have already shown theirs. The British working classes are unanimous in combating the idea of war with Germany, and equally unanimous against the *Chamberlainite Protection policy, which is only the natural answer to our own Protective system. The increase of the fleet is directed wholly and solely against Great Britain. The other grounds for it are all humbug.*"

These rather startling phrases were fully contradicted, but there was a hollow ring about Prinz Bülow's answer. It has been said that this statesman has played the part of Talleyrand to the Kaiser's Napoleonic rôle, and certainly in this answer there is a *soupçon* of Talleyrand's duplicity. No one, however, could accuse Prinz von Bülow of the worst faults of the French statesman. He is a gentleman, and as straightforward as it is possible for him to be. He has been a useful brake on the wheels of the Imperial chariot when its career threatened to be too impetuous. He speaks sensibly and soberly enough through the mouthpiece of his personal organ, the *Süddeutsche Reichskorrespondenz*. Nevertheless, he is *rusé et audacieux* to an extraordinary degree, and we must be on our guard against his cleverness. If he still maintains that Germany does not hate Great Britain, every freeborn Briton may truthfully say with Goethe :

"Ich halt' es wenigstens für reichlichen Gewinn,
Dass ich nicht Kaiser oder Kanzler bin !"*

* I hold it at least for a rich gain
That I am neither Kaiser nor Chancellor.

The preamble of the German Navy Act of 1900, drawn up when he was Foreign Minister, utterly disproves the Prince's statement in reply to Herr Bebel. This preamble begins by recalling the fact that the Navy Act of 1898 "has not made provisions for the possibility of a naval war against a great sea Power," and continues: "Under existing circumstances, in order to protect Germany's sea trade and colonies, there is one means only—viz., Germany must have so strong a fleet that, even for the mightiest naval Power, a war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardize its own supremacy." After recalling this unequivocal utterance, we know precisely how to regard Prinz von Bülow's reply to Herr Bebel, and all his subsequent offerings of dust to British eyes. Only recently he said: "It is sheer nonsense . . . to argue that Germany thinks of competing with England for the mastery of the sea." But this new declaration was made subsequent to the arrival in London of the German editors with the gifts of Greek friendship in their hands; so that the Prince must excuse us if we act like the editor of *Chatterbox*, who is said not to take any fairy stories now, despite the delightful moral of "Peter Pan."

The avowed object of the German Navy League (with almost a million members) is to secure a fleet capable of meeting the British. "When once the German and British Navies are equal, Germany will pledge herself not to increase her fleet beyond this strength," says the Berlin *National Zeitung*, quoting Count Reventlow, the well-known naval critic. It is, of course, a truism that the masses are now playing a new rôle in foreign questions, but, in face of this challenge from another nation, let us hope that our workers will revert to their old patriotism, and that the whole of our people's influence upon external politics will be directed towards the same end as that indicated by Count von Reventlow.

Herr Bebel was eloquent against the cost of the

German Navy, but if that navy could be had for nothing, and maintained at little expense, I am sure he would have no objection to any size to which it might attain. Apparently he has not yet arrived at the point of being convinced that "battleships are cheaper than battles," but his views are not immutable. Seldom indeed do Britons voice with their lips what is really felt in their souls, and I suppose Germans are more or less of the same flesh and blood. Even if the new German Socialist dream of control of the Government before effecting an alteration in the organization of society should be realized, the all-important national ideal of reducing Great Britain to a secondary place on the high seas will remain unaffected. *Reichsverdrossenheit*, or dissatisfaction with Empire, will never reach that point which will mark the abandonment of the alluring hope of the ultimate spoliation of the British race. German Socialism is not suicidal, like ours, although its eighty or ninety newspapers continue to startle the Fatherland with tall talk about the evils of autocracy.

The fate of Herr Kressin, the "prison editor" of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, who was imprisoned for *Majestäts-beleidigung* against the King of Saxony in the spring of 1906, and the inconveniences suffered by so many other Socialist "prison editors," do not in the least affect their essential patriotism. Such men as Messrs. Stead, Byles and Co. are impossible in Germany. However discontented the Socialists may be, they never forget that the interests of their country and race come first with all true men. Though they have preached economy in the Reichstag in such sultry terms that the waxen nose has all but melted on the face of Herr Wilhelm von Kardorff, the Conservative leader, we must recall that one of the most influential of their organs has pronounced that "Germany must be armed to the teeth, and must possess a strong fleet," as her

only alternatives are those of pushing her way militantly into distant countries or eventually collapsing. However much certain States—such as Brunswick—may feel the pressure of the taxation necessitated by *Weilthust*, they will bear with the evil uncomplainingly, in hope of a great reward. There is always some agitation for the substitution of majority government for the personal sovereignty of the Hohenzollerns, but the predominant national desire will ever be for an all-powerful fleet. The peaceful professions of Herr Bebel are not to be trusted.

“Everywhere abroad,” said Herr Bassermann in answer to the Social Democratic leader, “we meet with distrust in consequence of English machinations”; and Prinz von Bülow followed by insisting upon the right of Germans to build a fleet for peaceful and “defensive purposes.” He also said that if a premium were set upon the utterance most likely to arouse enmity between England and Germany, then Herr Bebel would have a claim to it.

But we misunderstand neither Herr Bebel nor Prinz von Bülow. Despite what is said by heated politicians, Germany is not groaning under her military yoke, and the London correspondent of the *Vorwärts* has told us that even the most advanced Socialists would never adopt our Voluntary System. They desire an army on the model of the Swiss National Militia, and it is precisely such a system that we ought to have in Great Britain. The German Social Democrats are as much alive to the main chance as their compatriots; they know the value of their country, and they will run no unnecessary risks of losing it. Moreover, they will never capriciously upset the present favourable economic conditions of the Fatherland, and bring about a great industrial crisis which would undo the magnificent work of the last five years. Bebel and Singer are wise in their day and generation.

We know, and have known for years, that a great envy of our vast Colonies is corroding the cousinly love that once frankly subsisted between Briton and German, and that the efforts of the rival nation to undermine our power are even as the tidal currents of the North Sea that attack and crumble the base of our eastern cliffs. The persistent and constant erosion caused by the waves has in the past destroyed some of our towns, and, unless we see to the strength of our defences, Germany will swallow our trade and our Colonies in much the same way as the sea has swallowed our lost coast-line. Whilst some of our obsolete warships were being broken up at Morecambe and elsewhere in 1906, Germany laid down three large armoured ships to the British three, and she proceeds this year with the construction of three to the British two. When we remember that one really modern battleship is equal to more than six vessels of the older type, we may dimly realize our danger. Self-sufficiency is the worst canker that can attack a nation, and it is this mental blindness to our own shortcomings and needs that has come upon us. It is an evil which is the outcome of a premature national maturity. The power that lasts is that which is built of hard, continual, and long-drawn effort. "*Celerius occidit festinata maturitas!*"* Remember how quickly the white mould spreads on the crushed grape, how swiftly the bruised pear perishes, and how deadly is gangrene in the shattered arm.

Herr Bebel has no more aroused enmity between the two nations than the German Emperor and Prinz von Bülow have made themselves fit and proper persons to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. The Baroness von Suttner may cry, "Lay down your arms!" but, if they have their way, these two men will never put aside their weapons until Germany has justified her existence as a great Empire, and Europe has once again run red with

* Soon ripe, soon rotten.

blood. The only way in which to stay their ambitions—the only thing that will work simultaneously for the ultimate good of both nations—is for Great Britain to adopt a more selfish Imperial policy, on practical, scientific German lines—a statecraft that will hinder the flow of funds into the Teutonic coffers.

We know, and have known for years, of the danger that is threatening us. News from Germany generally has all the maleficence of the east wind that brings the aphid to our greenhouses. Not long ago the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*—the Anglophobe Agrarian organ—after stating that the envy excited by German industrial progress is the mainspring of British policy, delivered itself thus: “The two aims of Britain are to form an anti-German concert, and to break up the Triple Alliance. The present deadlock at the Porte is the work of Great Britain. The United Kingdom is supporting the Sultan in his opposition, so that Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia may become involved in a Turkish war, thus leaving the field free for the fulfilment of British schemes for the isolation of Germany.”

This is like the cry of a man with a guilty conscience who suspects others of his own sins. Underlying these falsehoods there is a very real, a very hideous danger. Faced by such excusatory statements, which would seem to prelude an attack in the not distant future, we must purge our minds of all false security and national self-conceit, just as we fumigate our carnations after an east wind. I ask every man to say to his Parliamentary representative: “Let your boat be bow on to wave and wind, now that the sea is so full of white horses.”

Pay no heed to the statements made by Prince Hatzfeldt, President of the Committee of Reception for the English editors, to the representative of the *Petit Parisien*. Germany is *not* “essentially pacific.”

Prinz von Bülow was most certainly right in pointing out that President Roosevelt characterizes a fleet as the

most indispensable implement towards the advancement and prosperity of a nation and the maintenance of peace, and that Japan was wise when she paid no heed to the worthy but mistaken persons who warned her against naval expenditure. He was also absolutely correct when he averred that a man prejudices the interests of his country who states that peace can be maintained without the needful strength, and that no one could question the wisdom of the French Republican deputy who recently said that "Strong countries are those which are respected."

We could not expect less from a man who asked, after the melancholy British reverses in December, 1899, whether humanity stood upon the eve of a fresh partition of the world, as in the last century, basing upon the South African position a demand for a much larger German fleet. It is all very well for Prinz von Bülow to say, as he did at Norderney, that to think of Germany ever competing with England for the mastery of the sea is tantamount to accusing her of wishing to build a railway to the moon; but we have his published opinions in black and white. And what about the German naval superiority that is looked for in 1908? Secrecy is no longer preserved as to the rapid development of the German Navy, and it is exultantly declared that in 1908 the Kaiser's armada will be stronger and more efficient than ours in the only type of vessel that will then be of any use. The semi-official *Hamburger Nachrichten* openly derides us, informing our Admiralty that the new German ships will greatly excel the *Dreadnought*. These are object-lessons in chameleon-like attitudes, and we must take them to heart, and keep our powder dry.

When the Imperial Chancellor retires to the magnificent Roman palace, which he recently purchased from Queen Margherita at a cost of £200,000, and finds someone "worthy to take his place" in Berlin, he may,

perhaps, have leisure to contrast the various utterances on the subject of German naval policy which he has made during the last fifteen years. I am quite sure that so sensible a man as Prinz von Bülow will never prefer a claim to consistency of speech when once he has made the interesting comparisons.

XVIII

THE RIVALRY OF TWO GREAT NATIONS

COMMERCIAL rivalry is legitimate and pacific, but this German naval rivalry is uncalled for and hostile. Naval expenditure at one time looked like becoming the ruin of Japan, but, instead of leading to bankruptcy, it became the salvation of the Mikado's Empire. The thoughtful have noted this fact in the tablets of the national memory, and the British working-man must see that this memorandum is made indelible. We may also hope that Great Britain, as a whole, will observe this little naval point in time.

Alone among our great public men, Lord Roberts saw, with something like shame, that at the close of a great and successful war Japan had added four divisions to her army, because, in certain contingencies, her statesmen had undertaken the task of co-operating in the defence of the Indian frontier. Great Britain then did nothing, nor has she since attempted anything in view of these possibilities. On the other hand, a Cabinet with a destructive bent has fatuously embarked upon a policy of false naval economy, and our nation, with its enormous mercantile marine, may eventually have to appeal to Japan for protection in Eastern waters.

The greatest Empire the world has ever known is content with the possession of fewer trained soldiers than Switzerland or Bulgaria. Its purblind, purse-proud, self-conceited citizens are only too willing to delegate

any imperative national *duty* to a salaried force, whilst they amuse themselves with cricket scores and racing results. On the other hand, our new allies, the Japanese, are this year spending some £22,000,000 on their already extremely effective army, increasing it by four new divisions. At the same time, they will spend £16,000,000 on their navy. "We do not want an isolated, self-subsisting Empire, from whose ramparts we are to look down on the rest of the world as from some Great Wall of China," says Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; and this utterance from his lips did not surprise us. In regard to all awkward facts that may be used for censorious purposes, the nation has a long memory, although the faults of statesmen are sometimes temporarily forgotten in the hope of amendment. But the little difficulty about cordite showed in the past what this utterance shows to-day—that the sentiment of Imperial strength, order, and unity is incapable of effecting a lodgment in the mind of the Premier. Japan, Germany, and America wish to be self-subsisting nations. Indeed, they are all virtually self-subsisting to-day. Then why should not we demand Imperial homogeneity? Are we different from other people in our needs? Is British flesh and blood of a more supernal type?

Englishmen, how long will you suffer this shame? The War Commission that held an inquest on the Transvaal muddle reported that reserves should be provided outside the ranks of the regular army. Which member of the Radical Cabinet has come forward to demand that these recommendations be fully carried into effect? Mr. Haldane's well-meant efforts at reform are not serious attempts to grapple with the difficulty. Of what use is a Commission if its deliberations bear no fruit? Our naval expenditure is infinitely greater than it would have been if some form of compulsory service had been adopted at the close of the Boer War, which, of course, was the psychical moment in which to bring forward

such a measure. It is our deplorable military weakness which incites Germany to attempt to outrival us on sea, as she knows that, once severely beaten on the ocean, Great Britain is hers. Her naval programmes would have retained their old-time modesty had we but determined to buttress the Empire with a healthy military service in 1901. But Germany is now too deeply committed to shipbuilding to relax her efforts to gain naval superiority.*

We must therefore prepare to deal with an awkward situation if it arises; we must be forearmed, for our naval power ought to be unquestionable. When Lord Northbrook was First Lord of the Admiralty, he strongly disapproved of naval programmes. Whenever the French laid down a warship he laid down two, without saying anything to the British public. His plan was simplicity itself, and if we pursued it Germany would soon tire of the competition, and she would much more quickly tire if we crippled her finance by taxing the goods she ships to the United Kingdom. The great German modernization schemes for 1907 must be excelled by British modernization schemes, for Fox's standard of strength—now more than a century old—is the only possible standard to-day. Old effete ships must be discarded, but, above all, our old Cobdenite policy should be relegated to the limbo of worn out things; and when we do put it away, we shall hear fewer boasts of the power of the coming German Navy. We British have what Germany does not possess: we have Colonies yielding enormous quantities of gold. These possessions have enriched us of late years more than our manufactories or our merchant trading. One of our youngest gold-producing States—Western Australia

* Battleships as large or larger than the *Dreadnought* :

1	being built at	Krupp's Germania Yard, Kiel.
1	" "	the Imperial Dockyard, Wilhelmshaven.
1	" "	the Weser Yard, Bremerhaven.
1	" "	the Vulkan Yard, Stettin.

—has yielded £70,000,000 since 1886. Even Wei-hai-Wei and Mauritius have yielded their quota of the yellow plaything of Croesus. If Germany had possessed these many goldfields of ours, plus our open markets, Great Britain would have now been merely a geographical expression. And we need every ounce of gold that we wring from the unwilling earth in order to struggle successfully against the handicap that Cobdenism and the "island" fetish have inflicted upon us. Our voluntary naval service is tremendously dear compared with the German compulsory service. If we include the naval reserves of both nations in our calculations, the cost per man in the British Fleet is £53 per annum, and in the German Navy the cost works out at about £11 per man. This is a colossal advantage to our rivals, which is supplemented by the cheaper ship-building of a protected country. So that the sooner we recognize the futility of our voluntary naval and military service, the better. To have no adequate army at a time like this is a stupendous crime against humanity, for we positively invite attack.

Our military power has need to be strongly reinforced, especially now that we find the German Free-Traders amongst the strongest supporters of the Kaiser's naval policy, and even the extreme Socialists of the Fatherland approving it, despite the existence of bureaucratic reactionaries who advocate the restriction of universal suffrage. The machinations of the Kaiser's naval enthusiasts is finely illustrated by the following extract from a letter written by a person moving in the best circles in Hanover to an English correspondent, and the date it bears is December 4, 1905 :

... ' . . . If only this terrible war does not come and upset everything. The situation is regarded as most serious, and till the 22nd is safely past it will be a most awful anxiety to all here. The Colonel in command

says it is very probable that the English will attack Kiel on December 22, and it looks sinister that the English Ambassador has been suddenly summoned to England. If you can, write and tell me what you think of it, and how your papers regard the position of affairs.'

It is obvious from this amazing epistle that the German Navy League had spread a rumour in Hanover of an impending war, in order, no doubt, to enforce the arguments they are continually bringing to bear upon the peaceable burghers of the Fatherland. A very good way to obtain votes for a preponderant navy is to terrify people with stories of bloody bombardments, and to tell them, now and again, that their homes and lives are in danger.

It is well for us, perhaps, that we have steady pulses. When the Russian fleet shelled the Hull trawlers in October, 1904, the excuse was that they had seen a torpedo-boat, and the world said that the officers of the Czar had had an attack of nerves. Mr. Horatio Bottomley's paper, *John Bull*, under date of January 12, 1907, naïvely asks: "What was the cause of the whole Russian fleet suddenly opening fire? Admirals and men do not all agree that they saw such an unmistakable thing as a torpedo-boat for no real cause. Why was there such alarm at Berlin all that winter, and why were all the German ships kept with banked fires, officers sleeping on board, and all leave recalled? It may have been merely a coincidence, but an old torpedo-boat—the 'S 6'—was shortly afterwards to be seen in the little fisherman's harbour at Wilhelmshaven, riddled with the shot of small guns." In face of this strange story, verily it is a blessing that we have a vast store of British *sang froid* to fall back upon.

Germany is somewhat nervous because she knows that she has played the exciting game of internationalism very unfairly, having arrogated to herself a world-

position to which, at present, she has no valid title. From the *point d'appui* of a covetous braggart she has tormented Europe by a series of subtle cabals. Not least of these dangerous intrigues is her new treatment of the Jesuits, a policy which is no more sincere than her recurrent expressions of friendship for Great Britain. To favour the election of Father Wernz, as General of the Jesuits, can only mean one thing, and that is an intentional insult to France. The growth of strained relations between the Vatican and the French people is not unjustly attributed to the German Cardinal Steinhuber's influence with the Pope, he being Protector of the Order, and a member of the committee of eight Cardinals which advises His Holiness on French affairs.

In view of this dangerous complot, we cannot but distrust all German professions of love for peace. The famous Krüger telegram of 1896 was despatched after it had been discussed at a Council of Ministers, and considerably toned down by the advice of Prince Bismarck and Prince Hohenlohe. Had the original draft gone forth, war with Britain would have been inevitable. But the wiser spirits in German politics desired a European combination against us, and they had no wish to fight us without good backers. The moment that allies show themselves ready and willing to take a hand in the game, German professions of peace will cease. In his perfervid oratory at the Lyceum Club, Count Wolff-Metternich attempted the impossible. He tried to lull Great Britain into forgetfulness of the significance and the intentions of the growth of the German fleet. The British Ambassador at Berlin may not make use of similar political methods, but if he did, no words of his would have the slightest effect upon the inexorable policy of Germany. Whatever the German Ambassador may say, whatever the Germanophiles in our Cabinet may think, and whatever Lord Avebury and his friends may do, the Fatherland hates and fears

us to a degree which has never been even faintly indicated by the most sensational journals.

The only nation that needs a word like *Schadenfreude* ("joy at another's misfortune") is Germany, and she is the unique possessor of such a word. If Britain went down in an insensate conflict with the United States—originating in the folly of some political bungler—Germany would be the first to rejoice in our overthrow and the first to snatch at the ruins of British dominion. She is waiting and watching for some decent excuse to attack a weakened nation; she is preparing herself against the psychological moment in the career of our Empire when her vulture task will be easiest, remembering ever the old text from St. Mark: "Wenn ein Reich mit sich selbst unter einander uneins wird, mag es nicht bestehen."* English Blue-Books and French Yellow-Books will have strange tales to tell in a not altogether remote future.

Now, in face of this irrepressible Anglophobia, are we going to organize ourselves scientifically, or not? Are we to stop dealing fratricidal blows at the Imperial bonds? Are we to go on destructively granting to Americans privileges denied to our own colonists, and conceding to our late enemies in South Africa rights that press hardly upon the British in that country? These are important and urgent questions.

If we do not so educate ourselves as to be able to apprehend and ward off the dangers that already menace us, and those perils that are sure to appear in the future, our race must crumble up and go down into the dust, as the Greeks, the Romans, and the Carthaginians did in the past. We must always remember that Dutch sea-power, which was once a great force in Europe, perished because of the comparative military weakness of Holland. An Empire can only

* And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand (St. Mark iii. 24).

keep its position by developing to the full every State it possesses, and maintaining its military and naval forces at the highest pitch of efficiency ; otherwise it runs the risk of being utterly crushed or maimed in detail. Chiefest thing of all, however, is the intelligent direction and development of the central portion of an Empire—the heart or kernel of it—for, unless the core be sound, the outermost portions of the fruit are not of much value. In our case it is impossible to treat with contempt the institutions which gave our Empire birth without the gradual disintegration of our world-power. Our contempt should be exclusively reserved for men of the stamp of those probably well-meaning Cabinet Ministers whose attitude towards national defence will be more execrated by their own party in years to come than it is by staunch Imperialists of to-day.

At the recent Peace Conference in London, Professor Erckhoff promised Mr. J. M. Roberston that he and his fellow-delegates would attempt to reduce naval and military expenditure in Germany, but their voices are even as the voices of sparrows in the roar of our capital. He was answered by the Belgian delegate, Count Goblet d'Alviella, who declared that *the whole question depended upon Germany*, and he was right. It is Germany, and Germany alone, who menaces the peace of the world—the nation which has just told us that Heligoland is to be made another Kronstadt. Admirable man though he may be, the German Emperor is a greater danger to European security than all the yellow and black races put together. He himself is the *peril*—the real European peril—casqued and sworded as he is, and gloved with the iron glove. All that he needs to do to set Europe on fire is to take a sheet of his costly, dull blue quarto paper, stamped in brilliant colours with the Imperial coat-of-arms and the two Field-Marshal's bâtons, and write upon it the fateful word that Moltke laconically uttered just before the war of 1870-71—

Kriegsmobil. His notepaper costs him more than three shillings a sheet, therefore he is not likely to be diffuse : one word will do.

Remembering this, we must own that at the present moment British citizenship "is pregnant with more imminently momentous issues than at any of the most critical junctures in the history of the past." The plot of the world-drama is, indeed, rapidly thickening ; and if Britain is to play a part in it worthy of her name and fame, the rising generation must certainly gird up its loins and become soldiers and sailors, like our forefathers.

Go to Kiel and see for yourselves a great, strong fleet afloat upon the broad waters—the adolescent navy that aspires to become the first in the world. There you will behold the fighting ships that have been built with the money largely gained by trading in our open markets.

These vessels are commanded by men of approved courage, as the Kaiser has no use for invertebrates. Indeed, he would seem to be an admirer of brute strength and egoistic daring. When Count Philip von Eulenburg, as a young sub-lieutenant of cavalry, cut down and killed a French chef of Queen Victoria's who was in attendance on the Duke of Edinburgh, this hasty act of the superman did not bar his way to the Vienna ambassadorship, nor to an artistic ascendancy over his Imperial Sovereign, which only weakened when the castle of Liebenberg became the centre of a spiritualistic camarilla that aspired to too great power. There are thousands of men in the German Army and Navy of equal intolerance and daring, who would strike as suddenly and remorselessly at us. Count Philip struck down Cook Ott, to the consternation of the good people of Bonn. One day, however, another German superman, who is able to put 1,000,000 more men in the field than any other European Field-Marshal-in-Chief, will aim an equally swift and sudden blow at our East Coast defences, and we shall be lucky if we are not caught napping.

XIX

GERMANY AS A COLONIZING POWER

OUR forefathers have bequeathed to us such great territories that we have no further desire for conquest. We are satisfied with our position as the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, and, to use Bismarck's phrase, "we are satiated, and we want a time of peace for digestion."

To obtain possession of portions of this inheritance is the ultimate aim of the Germans; therefore they work hard to realize their ideal of ocean supremacy. For more than thirty years ambitious Prussians have dreamt of depriving us of our sea-power and crushing us as Rome crushed Carthage. "Aut vi aut fraude"* is a tag that may be impartially attached to every manifestation of Teutonic diplomacy, as witness the proposed loan to Morocco by Messrs. Mendelssohn and Co., who were undoubtedly backed by the German Government, one or two of the partners in this great banking house being personal friends of "His Meteoric Majesty." Then look at the provocative flirtation of Germany with the Sultan! The outpourings of *Der Deutsche*, the Kaiser's great Imperialist paper, would seem to suggest that, in order to gain an alliance with Turkey, even Italy may be thrown over as a less valuable companion in arms.

We have recently discovered that German agents are untiringly circulating evil reports in Japan. We are

* Either by violence or by cunning.

told they are everywhere stating quite openly that we have tired of our alliance, and that British sentiments are now very cool. It is most difficult, as every one knows, for the truth to overtake lying rumours when once they are well started. This damaging story, however, is a misrepresentation of our feelings that is comparable only to the attempts of ostensibly French editors in Paris, who are trying to weaken the *entente* by leaders depreciating Great Britain.

At the time of our naval manœuvres of 1906, the appearance at Dover of a suspicious number of German officers and a German yacht with important personages on board, who photographed the naval harbour works, did not re-establish our confidence in Prussian diplomacy. Nor did the Hamburg newspapers help international friendliness very much when they falsely accused the King's harbour-master of refusing to allow the German steamer *Meteor* to remain in Portsmouth Harbour. It is surely enough courtesy to Germany that we allow her officers in mufti to go over the dockyard and the round of our ships, without demanding the right for a Hamburg-American liner to pick up an Admiralty buoy. If a vessel chooses to leave the harbour when such a natural prohibition is indicated, the action of the captain can but point to the machinations of those who are anxious to make England look as aggressive as possible in order to hasten the supply of money for building ships of the *Ersatz Bayern* type. It must be remembered that the *Meteor* story originally appeared in certain German and Austrian journals which are known to be inspired by the German Foreign Office. Herr Ballin, the leading magnate of the Hamburg-American Company, is one of the Kaiser's closest friends.

Eye-witnesses of the Portsmouth incident relate that soundings were taken by the *Meteor's* crew, and that about a dozen of the passengers on board her were engaged in photographing warships, jetties, and a

submarine in practice. . . . If any tourists had done this at Kiel, they would now have been kicking their heels in a Prussian prison.

Surely when we have allowed the Germans to man-œuvre in our great strategic harbours in Ireland, and freely to take soundings everywhere in Scottish and in English waters, they might allow us to sustain a few naval regulations at Portsmouth! We are scarcely allowed to stir a yard in their country without being watched, therefore we claim a little liberty in our own.* British blood grows hot when we read such impudent clamour as that printed in the Hamburg newspapers, for we have the best of evidence that, with true German topographical accuracy, the *Meteor* passed into the congested Portsmouth Harbour at flood-tide, contrary to the naval regulations; picking up a local pilot only when off Victoria Pier. This was all very irregular. Moreover, the weather was not stormy: it was a perfectly clear and calm day.

This baseless outcry was designed to help forward that unscrupulous policy which is increasing the German Navy. It would take Mr. McKenna from now till Doomsday to convince the sane among my countrymen that Germany is not seeking to give her sailors all possible opportunities of familiarizing themselves with British waters, British warships, and the methods of our dockyards. Germany would be a fool if she did not. The resilient effrontery of the Teutonic race is proof against ten thousand such snubs as that bestowed by the patriotic Portsmouth harbour-master upon a perfervid skipper whose indignation had run away with him. No doubt he had got into his head that Portsmouth was already German. Britain is very nearly Germanized, but not

* * Apropos of the ammunition discoveries at Sunderland, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, said to be intended for Russian revolutionaries, one wonders what would have happened if several stores of Mauser cartridges had been found in Germany, and their ownership traced to Englishmen.

quite. At any rate, the pilot must have thought that Free Trade means free entrance of everything German at any place and at any time. Let us hope that the Pilotage Board have now remodelled his ideas.

The land-hunger of the Germans is exceedingly keen. Their national genius requires colonies, but the cast-iron methods of autocracy have not helped forward colonial development, and the odious cruelties of such men as Horn, the late Governor of Togo, West Africa (who suspended a native from a flagstaff and left him there a day and a night to die of maddening thirst), have unquestionably retarded it. It is astonishing how the arrogance of our great Continental rivals has proved the bane of their foreign settlements. Even in the Lettish country of Russia the German colonists have been always known as a stiff-necked, unsympathetic ruling caste, closely identified with the harsher aspects of autocratic statecraft—so much so that the Russian people have ever regarded a bureaucracy, modelled by Peter the Great on German lines, more as a German than a national institution.

For over twenty years our rivals have been in possession of a territory in South Africa nearly as large as their own country—Damaraland and Great Namaqualand. During the first three years of the war, over 2,000 lives were sacrificed in these colonies, and 400,000,000 marks were squandered on military operations. This region, which is fully one and a half times as large as the Kaiser's entire Empire, would easily hold Germany's surplus population; but a woeful bureaucratic administration and an oppressive treatment of native subjects have given rise to a national uneasiness which deters young Germans from emigrating to those parts. As an instance of the mismanagement of the bureaucrats, I may point out that a firm of ship-owners was found to be receiving a freight rate from the Cape to Swakopmund five times greater than that quoted

in the ordinary market. Between these ports the German Government was paying 80s. a ton at a time when the rate from Hamburg to the Cape was only 18s. The stories of abominable cruelties practised by colonial officials not only show the inherent cruelty of unscrupulous German administrators, but provide a background against which the misdeeds of our own apostles of expansion look positively angelic. To his credit be it said, the average German citizen is disgusted beyond measure at the almost incredible tales that are told of barbarities practised by men like Leist, Peters, Wehler, Horn, and Arenberg. One of the latest and most terrible accounts to be found in German newspapers describes how fifty native children were fastened in baskets and thrown into the rapids of the Nachtigall River. Bad as we are, the most virulent Continental Anglophobe cannot accuse us of a single barbarity at all approaching this. On the contrary, it is the very wisdom and beneficence of British rule that accentuates the malignancy of the utterances of those who hate our nation. As Prince Carl Anton of Hohenzollern recently observed at a public dinner in Berlin, when he held up the English as model colonists, "Even though the people be niggers, it is a mistake to treat a conquered race as though they were a herd of cattle." Fortunately for us, perhaps, but unfortunately for humanity, the Kaiser has never had in his colonial service such splendid Empire-builders as Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, Sir Percy Girouard, and Sir Frederick Lugard. If he possessed such servants they would never lack something to do.

The *Welthlust** of the German people is essentially different from that of the German Government. The bureaucrats desire to step into the shoes of others; the hard-working artisans and farmers of Germany merely want lands that they can work in unoppressed.

* Lust for Empire.

The bureaucrats would husband the national strength and resources against the day when our supineness and self-sufficiency shall have placed us at the Kaiser's mercy : then the men of blood and iron will endeavour to oust from its vulnerable Colonies an inefficient race which has, nevertheless, laid therein the foundations of new kingdoms. In that tragic time they may ask us to abandon our goldfields and all our successful works to the hands of those who have failed dismally in their own labour of shaping new countries from the wild places of the earth.

Meanwhile, *under an alien flag*, the German race has proved itself most efficient at colonization. Matthias Erzberger may fulminate against the colonial policy of the Kaiser as much as he chooses, but here is a force working for the Fatherland that is utterly outside the jurisdiction of the Reichstag. You will find in the *Times Atlas*, on the map of South America, a tract of country to the south of Brazil, known as the district of Rio Grande do Sul, erroneously marked "German Colonies." Nominally under the Brazilian Government, this fine upland territory is, nevertheless, entirely German. A population of 350,000 German-speaking people is being fed by a steady stream of emigration from the Fatherland. Late in 1904 the German Colonizing Syndicate acquired a further grant of 2,650 square miles in this region ; and even in March of that year *das deutsche Volk* held over 12,000 square miles of territory in Brazil—an area larger than Saxony and Alsace-Lorraine combined. Since then, enormous developments have taken place ; the forest lands bordering the River Taquari are studded with thousands of small and comfortable farms, and effective railroads hasten forward the schemes of German expansion.

The Monroe Doctrine and several bellicose United States Presidents have prevented Prussian bureaucrats from laying their hands upon this once promised land,

but they have not prevented the German spirit from pursuing its quite laudable object. The desire to divert the stream of Teutonic emigration from the United States to Brazil is as strong now as ever, and all those who enter Rio Grande do Sul are to "remain German."

When Professor Burgess, of New York, inaugurated the Roosevelt Chair in the Kaiser's presence at the University of Berlin, it was reported that he described the Monroe Doctrine and the McKinley Tariff as "antiquated and almost senseless," and that he intimated that the United States welcomed German colonization in South America. Furthermore, it was said that he enjoined Germans not to be misled by what American diplomats say on these subjects, but to trust to the assurances of "ambassadors of peace, culture, and civilization," presumably such as himself and his successors. Whereupon we learned that the Prussian Ministry of Education circulated thousands of copies of the professor's address to the Teutonic academic world, emphasizing the official character of these utterances, and the august official auspices under which they were delivered. Then trouble came: the professorial oration was utterly discredited when it was found that the entire American element in Germany, including the members of the Embassy, were scandalized and angered by what one of their number called "Burgess's blarney," and the University dream of overt expansion in South America was rudely dispelled.

Up to the day of Professor Burgess's address, there had been always a distinct sentiment of "hands off" in the speeches of Americans dealing with questions relating to the southern half of the Western Hemisphere, and it has been left to that militant pan-German, Professor Gustav Schmöller, of the University of Berlin, to voice the resentment of the Kaiser's people at the luminous transatlantic expositions of the Monroe Doctrine. Herr Schmöller declares that the Fatherland

" must at all costs establish a nation of twenty or thirty million Germans in Brazil," and he advocates the speedy completion of a powerful fleet in order to help forward the accomplishment of this ideal. Meanwhile, one result of the warning screams of the American eagle has been a condition of absolute prosperity and rapid development in the district of Rio Grande do Sul, and I state, on the authority of Major-General Sir Alexander B. Tulloch, K.C.B., C.M.G., that, not content with getting hold of the rice trade, the Germans have brought the whole Republic of Brazil practically under their influence. It appears, too, that the foreign population of Paraguay is chiefly German, and Uruguay is becoming more and more Teutonic every year. Sir Alexander thinks that Uruguay will be eventually absorbed in Rio Grande do Sul, its neighbour. Germany is slowly and surely getting the control of the trade and commerce of the northern republics below the Caribbean, as in almost every fairly large and prosperous South American town, north of Montevideo, German houses outnumber those of all other nationalities combined. Then, again, south of Valdivia, in Chili, we find German influence also preponderant, and last year the great and important island of Chil e was acquired by a syndicate of Hamburg capitalists. So we see what the Teutonic race *can* do when exercising the fullest colonial liberty, and one may postulate, with considerable assurance, that German emigrants have worked better under foreign flags than they could have laboured under their own.

Nevertheless, one confesses to a feeling of sympathy with that good and whole-hearted patriot the Kaiser in the disappearance of his vision of a South American Empire. We should have rejoiced had he secured Venezuela, and swept it clean of the infamous dictatorship which now retards the progress of that country. We should not have said very much if he had added Colombia to its sister State, and grabbed Bolivia as

well. But these things are not to be—as yet. Of course, his flag may one day wave over these territories, and he may dominate Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay ; still, in these events, his position will be merely that of our own King-Emperor in regard to Canada. Bureaucracy will never rule a Colony that has once tasted the sweets of freedom.

The war enthusiasts of Germany now think of expansion in other directions, however, and they carry with them national sentiment. The feelings of the people are with the war party because its head, the Kaiser, has given them prosperity. It cannot be doubted that an able and well-informed bureaucracy—however it may have failed colonially—has been of the greatest possible service to German development. With all their faults, these cast-iron statesmen have always had clear horizons before them, lit by the auroral lights of undoubted progress ; and in politicians the constant illumination of the ideal counts for much.

Not content with a South American and a South African trade that have doubled in the last ten years ; not content with having secured the life of the German folk-speech in at least one part of the American continent ; dissatisfied with business that is advancing everywhere at an enormous rate, and with a commercial marine that is rapidly gaining on ours, the ambitious Prussians seek to create a navy that will enable them to fight and overpower us, so that they may cause dissolution to come upon our Empire, and thus destroy the great historical structure of our race.

Since Germany elected to become a Colonial Power in the early eighties, she has found that her combined expenditure on the army and navy has risen from 463,000,000 marks to over 1,000,000,000 marks—say, over £50,000,000. Colonial votes and subsidies are only a fraction of the cost of the Colonies. A costly fleet is likewise necessary for their well-being, and the

Kaiser recently demanded money for a new Colonial Office. This the Reichstag refused, and the Emperor immediately proceeded to remodel the Colonial Department. The Hereditary Prince Hohenlohe Langenburg was retired, and the popular Herr Bernhard Dernburg, a man of the people, took his place. A radical reform in the Central Colonial Department has now begun, and the forces of the Press, led probably by the *Berliner Tageblatt*, will always support the son of a once-powerful editor. Millions of German money will be sunk in colonial enterprises, now that the bureaucratic influences have disappeared from the management of colonial affairs. Captains of finance and industry, such as Herren Ballin, Rathenau, Loewe, Wiegand, Friedländer, Thyssen, and Simon, will set the seal of their approval upon colonial enterprises.

A Prince of the Blood Royal has given place to a keen Jewish financier, trained in the hard school of commerce. Energy, force, and daring are needed for the sensational work demanded of this Minister, so that the formation of a separate Colonial Office may be eventually achieved, and the navy correspondingly increased to protect the vast interests managed by the colonial officials. This being so, should we not righteously resist the openly expressed Teutonic desire to outrival us and eventually deprive us of some of our possessions? This resistance should consist of fostering the growth of a supreme navy, and by the imposition of special import duties on all German wares entering Great Britain and her Colonies.

Noble soul that he is, and indisputable ornament of the age, the sympathetic Sovereign who sent the famous telegram to Krüger—the man who is said to oppress the Poles in Posen and Prussian Silesia more than we oppressed the Boers—is no friend to this country, nor to any other land but his own. We must beware of him. He is of that species of monarchs who write to one

another privately, in order to place Foreign Ministers at a disadvantage. His aims and hopes are clear to the whole world save and except to our Radical Ministers. I would rather pin my faith to the *United Service Gazette* than to Mr. McKenna in a matter of such moment. This gentleman may pursue the ostrich-like policy of hiding from himself and his constituents the remarkable naval programme of Germany, but all sensible Britons should ignore his stupidities and accept the opinion of the senior service. The instinct of Great Britain bids her beware of the German Emperor.

Unless the psychological moment soon comes for him to let off the national steam on his southern frontier, the Kaiser will certainly turn it in our direction or towards France, and when we and the French are unprepared. He has been rightly described as "le plus va-t-en guerre des empereurs de ce monde."* The descent of his strength upon our weakness will be as sudden as the coming of a typhoon. Only cowards give long warnings of attack, by blustering and threats meant to bolster up their own courage. The strong man strikes swiftly and suddenly when there is nothing but a low international barometer to give his foes warning.

If poor Queen Wilhelmina should die, and the Crown of Holland should pass to her German relatives, possibly the eventual absorption of the Netherlands might be preceded by some sudden and unbearable diplomatic blow at one or another nation, delivered with Machiavellian subtlety, that, setting all Europe on fire, would give the Kaiser a pretext for seizing the seaboard that fronts our own. That once done, the rest of his work would be easy, as more than one Herr Hauptmann has mapped out our coastal weaknesses on Teutonic Ordnance maps. These, duly scored with red ink, to indicate entrenchments, are safely pigeon-holed in Germany,

* The greatest go-to-war Emperor of this generation.

awaiting the propitious hour. Our obligations to Belgium will not taste well on Radical palates when Antwerp and Amsterdam fall into the Kaiser's hands ; but the days of mealy-mouthed talk will then have ended and the days of strenuous work will have begun.

XX

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL AND GERMAN THREATS

MR. LYTTELTON suggested that the Conference of Colonial Premiers, which was automatically due in 1906, should be postponed until 1907. Why did he do this? The decision accepted at the previous conference was to hold these meetings of the direct representatives of the Mother Country and of the self-governing Colonies regularly at intervals of not more than four years. Was the time less likely to be propitious in 1906 than in 1907? Gatherings such as these quickly become welcome necessities to those overseas. Regularity and permanence come to all national assemblies when they have once been proved to be of supreme racial importance. The value of Imperial discussions is unquestionable, and a Colonial Conference should be held at least once a year in London, the very heart of the King-Emperor's dominions.

If such a conference be not regularly held in London, it will soon be necessary to hold it in Canada or Australia, for we know that our great Colony in the West is already entering into preferential relationships with India, South Africa, and most of our smaller dependencies; and we also find Australia and New Zealand pursuing a similar policy. These arrangements must so act and react upon the Empire that a yearly conference now becomes a pressing necessity. Nothing but good can arise from such meetings, and if "the incor-

porate life of the Empire is ever to become a reality to the British taxpayer," we must see that opportunities are given to our statesmen to acquire their knowledge of colonial affairs at first hand. Party considerations ought never to interfere with these assemblies, and every wisely selected spokesman ought to be listened to with deference. Moreover, British electors should see that the proposals, aims, and desires of our Colonial Premiers are given the fullest publicity, especially in regard to the matter of Imperial Preference. To ignore the definitely stated wishes of the Imperial representatives and to exclude the Press from these conferences—as was unwisely and unfairly done in 1907—is tantamount to putting a bandage over the eyes of the nation. Australia has already urged the claims of such an open, yearly discussion, and Canada is now ripe to second her. Both these great countries are possessed of a considerable fund of imaginative insight. Remember their offer of mounted infantry for employment in a country needing just such troops, and do not forget our begging them to substitute unmounted men, with historical results.

Look at the magnificent development of Canada, and try to realize that her statesmen do not lack wisdom. All wisdom is not centred in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, though we usually think so, because we have a Free Trade policy. But the other people of the world are not fools, and the Colonies will not allow us to remain in ignorance of this fact for ever. They will not always tamely submit to be lectured in private by self-satisfied British Ministers. Nor will they permit us much longer to deal clumsy blows at their systems of autonomy. Our Colonies will eventually combine to repair Imperial neglect, to convince destructive Radicals of their fatuity, and to resist Imperial aggression. Natal will stretch out her hand to Newfoundland, and Newfoundland will call to Natal. Canada will rightfully demand a voice in the direction

of British policy, if she is to remain the nearest helpful blood relation of the United Kingdom. Even the black ingratitude of so-called Egyptian patriots interests her as much as Great Britain. It will not be for long that we shall make the affairs of a self-governing Colony the subject of correspondence between the Imperial Government and a foreign State without the concurrence of the Colony interested.

Remember the fate of British self-sufficiency in the football-field. With obsolete methods we strove to withstand the splendid dash of the New Zealanders, who simply swept us from their path. The victorious career of the African Springbokken is another little matter that is hard to reconcile with our vaunted all-round British superiority. Pray let us take these lessons to heart; let us own that, even as British blood and sinew have been found wanting in quality, British brains likewise have been proved untrustworthy.

When, in face of the up-to-date tactics, the great judgment and assured ability of their Australasian opponents, one of the beaten Rugby players wrote: "Our methods require reformation. It is no use depending solely upon one part of the team for success. It has been proved that every man of the fifteen must be utilized, especially in the matter of attack," he merely anticipated a far greater admission, a far bitterer cry, that will go up from our commercial men before another ten years have passed.

In the settlement of such important questions as the Newfoundland Fisheries Dispute all our Colonies should have a voice, if they are to remain parts of the same Empire, and are expected to take part in its defence whenever the decisions of the Imperial Government result in war. At any rate, the home Government would do well more frequently to call together a great Imperial Council, especially at critical times. When Americans ask for the extraordinary privilege of fishing

with seine nets, contrary to the existing laws of Newfoundland, the whole Empire ought to discuss the question, if Newfoundland be not allowed to settle it herself.

Acknowledgment of errors is part of the true spirit of humanity—the spirit in which the units of the Imperial racial team must combine to resist aggression, and to secure peace and prosperity in all the lands of the British Empire. Radicals had far better own their mistakes now than wait for a time when their tardy acknowledgments will mean historical humiliation. There must be no more of this stupid and unnecessary truckling to the United States. If Newfoundland objects to her mackerel being caught in American purse-seine nets, we must respect her objections. If she demands compensation for the rights she is asked to give up, we must respect her demand. If she asks that her fishermen should have recognized rights in American ports, we must support her claims.

Let us unify and agree. Above all things we must enter into the closest relations with what one day will be the richest country in the world—Canada. As Sir Wilfrid Laurier has wisely said, “The twentieth century belongs to Canada”; therefore, if we are to be of any account in the twentieth century we must belong to Canada and Canada to us. Now is the time for unification! Our rivals are bracing up their loins; then, let us do likewise. That popular financier Herr Dernburg is showing the German people how the development of Colonies protects and strengthens a country’s trade balance, inasmuch as it is not necessary to send gold abroad for the purchase of raw material. Colonies are most powerful strategic weapons in the hands of a strong country, even as they are sources of danger in the hands of a weak one; therefore, let us close the Imperial grip over the magnificent Colonies that own allegiance to our flag. That splendid product of the intelligent and patriotic exploitation of our markets, the German

Navy, is being gradually strengthened in order to bid for absolute lordship over some of our great colonies. Taxes have built this navy, and we have found our rivals the money wherewith to pay these imposts—which have been readily forthcoming, because the German citizen is not crushed beneath an appalling weight of municipal taxation. Although he aspires to the Greek ideal of simplicity in the home and splendour in the city, his municipal affairs are managed by cultured and brainy men to whom mere showy extravagance is abhorrent. Moreover, his is a real, not a music-hall, patriotism. These contributions to the fleet, therefore, have not hurt Germany; on the contrary, they have strengthened her immeasurably. Give each individual a personal interest in national affairs—make him help to pay for efficiency in the army, the navy, and every branch of the public service; make him feel the reality of his individual influence and contribution—and the supply of moral force behind any military autocracy becomes unlimited.

From their racial point of view, the Germans are acting sensibly in building this great navy and striving for a hegemonic position; but, for us, danger lies in their common-sense and in their patriotism. Those who do not realize this peril are beyond reason, and all arguments would be impotent before their prejudice, ignorance, and imbecility. The rapidly increasing sea traffic of Germany requires a strong navy, it is true, but the dreams of the Prussian autocracy require a more formidable Armada. These men see Great Britain hugging a sleek prosperity which is almost greater than she can bear. They hear a small minority of her sons, of clear vision and dauntless courage, urging her to make certain vital reforms in the army and in her fiscal policy, and, remembering how they themselves were taken by surprise by the Latin Cæsar, they demand a great navy in order to imitate Napoleon's eagle descent

on an impotent and self-satisfied people, heedless of all the warnings of history.

Hear the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich : " We in Germany must not forget that there is the danger of being crushed for every nation not considered competent to back up the justice of its interests by a corresponding amount of force."

This is very sound advice, and we must profit by the editor's wisdom. When we read such clear expressions of feeling, we ought to increase our stock of ammunition and look to our ships. If we do not give heed to these utterances of a people who are for ever presenting the point of a " sharpened sword " in the face of civilization, we may soon have to become their hewers of wood and drawers of water. The Kaiser may plant his heel upon our country, as Napoleon planted his foot upon Prussia. A host of brilliant thinkers gazed upon the ruin wrought by Bonaparte in Berlin, Weimar, and Jena. Poetry and philosophy rose in robes of gold and purple from the smoking wreckage left by the victor. Incompetent politicians and soldiers with shattered reputations slunk away before the light of some of the greatest intellects which have graced the world. These thinkers preached patriotism with hearts afire. They showed how the greatness of the State comes only by the thought, care, and self-sacrifice of the individual. A sound beating bestowed these blessings, in its evolutionary, round-about way. The Germans now propose to give us a lesson, possibly for our permanent good. If the struggle should come, and a renaissance of our patriotism should result from it, even defeat would not always taste as bitter as death to a nation with clearer eyes.

There is no mistaking the intentions of our friends, as the following story testifies :

After some recent military manoeuvres, three genial German officers were cordially taking leave of their Green-jacket hosts.

"Well, we shall meet again, but not so pleasantly," said one.

"When?" inquired the British Colonel smilingly.

"Oh, when we come to fight you," said one of the other Germans. "We shall do so, you know, as soon as our fleet is ready."

The calm impudence of these men is founded on a consciousness of physical and moral strength and moral and material power which is unknown to us. Our children's children will feel glad, however, should these German intentions be carried into effect, if, after her defeat, Great Britain shows the same sort of recuperative quality as did Prussia after Jena.

What with the ambitious and energetic Japanese in the East and these well-trained and diligent Teutons in the West, the prospects of continued prosperity in our foreign trade look less roseate every day. The time may soon come when some trumpery dispute with Turkey may cause a war whose probable consequences are incalculable—a war which may exhaust us and leave us open to the attacks of those who have been steadily preparing for such high eventualities.

As Herr Bassermann, the German National Liberal leader, has told us: "Germany does not require foreign advice in regard to the increase in her fleet." With her 4,242 miles of coast-line, as against the British seaboard of 42,989 miles; with her 3,267,000 gross tons of steam-shiping, as against our 15,410,000 gross tons, Germany nevertheless demands a fleet equal to the British Navy. The purpose to which these ships are to be applied is already clearly outlined before us. Something more seems to be wanted by the militant party than a fleet great in proportion to German commercial interests on the high seas, if Prince Bülow will allow me to say so.

A short time ago the editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* gave it as his opinion that the Boer War and the Russo-Japanese War had preached peace and arbitration more

effectively than the most beautiful speeches or the strongest resolutions. He seemed desirous of painting Germany as a country without ambitions :

“Reichthum und Ehre
Nimmer ich 'gehre,
Herrschaft und Würde
Wär mir nur Bürde !”*

This was the refrain of the Fatherland in the ears of our friend of Frankfort. But we may make bold to disagree. The Kaiser's Empire sings a different song to Scheffel's. There is a nice little *chanson* called “Ein Volk in Waffen” :† this is the song of Germania.

The present naval and military activity of the Japanese would appear to forebode another and a not distant conflict ; they see danger, and, being forewarned, they are forearming. The intolerance of the Germans and their aggressive shipbuilding became not less marked after the fateful Battle of Mukden, and their commercial strength in China is greater now than ever. The futility of the ruck of British Radical politicians is still a perilous feature in the eyes of our allies, whose faith in us has not been buttressed by the ugly rumours which German agents have set on foot concerning our feelings towards Japan. A slander is far too fleet-footed for any contradiction to overtake it before it has wrought irreparable mischief.

Let us remember the story of the ogre in “Puss in Boots.” In the display of national vanity and the blatant parade of our immense wealth and power, for many years we have been like that ogre. Our supercilious self-sufficiency, which has set the teeth of all Europeans on edge, is the conceit of the ogre over again. Take care that Germany does not play the part of Sly Puss. Her own old historical experiences, and the new,

* Riches and honour I never desire ; power and importance would be only a burden to me.

† A nation under arms.

sharp lessons that Napoleon taught her at Jena, have impressed upon the national brain the importance of striking a nation *before* it has adopted a proper system of national defence. As has been splendidly and appositely said : " Most ruined nations have been caught midway in schemes of reform." Even in our weakness we can still be leonine ; but a rampant carnivore, with a broken backbone, is not to be feared. Germany has already seen Britain change into an angry lion, and when that terrible animal roared, Germany got up among the rafters, out of the way, whence she spat at the ferocious creature. But the clever diplomacy of the Teutonic Puss bids fair one day to make Britain change into a mouse, and what then ? Having slain the Socialist Goliath, the modern Imperial David found it necessary immediately to announce that " Germany will shortly have in readiness five dockyards capable of building battleships of more than 18,000 tons."

XXI

THE EMPIRE'S JAPANESE BUTTRESS AND OTHER MATTERS

GERMANY'S "Aut vi aut fraude" statecraft is so intense and striking that, however the centre of her ambitions and her vanities may shift, her main desire is always clear : it is to keep Great Britain quiet whilst she gathers for the spring ; to weaken and neutralize our friendship with France, whilst, through the pardonably revengeful Jesuits, lessening France's influence with other Latin countries. Germany's aim has always been to drive wedges into any friendship that Great Britain may form with sister nations. Wilhelm II.'s policy, moreover, has the greatest conceivable interest in the continuance and the extension of the points of friction between England and Russia ; and I make this statement on the authority of the Hamburg *Nachrichten*.

When the Kaiser's fleet is large enough to hold the balance of naval power, he will then proceed to deal with international questions, without the formality of an Algeiras Conference. Once the leader on sea, Germany will not give a second's thought to such sentimental facts as that of Tangier having once been Catherine of Braganza's dowry and gift to England. Men of German blood and sympathies—her spies in our army and navy—will serve her well at that propitious hour when the heart of our Imperial organism is at its weakest ; and when the psychical moment comes, she will strike ruth-

lessly and with the swiftness of a Paris "*Apache*." If successful, she will bring off almost the biggest coup in history.

The German *Arbeitsleute** have discovered that a policy of expansion does not mean anything but an increase of wealth and general wellbeing; therefore they dealt the Marxian Socialist theories a fatal blow at the last election, and the Kaiser now has *carte blanche* to build his big navy. Either Great Britain or the United States must be the object against which the force of his colossal ships is to be directed. We shall not be safe, however, in assuming that it is to America that the new Armada will sail, for all the signs of the times point to great danger in our own direction. So sure of eventual victory is the German nation that day by day it warns us to prepare for our fate.

In the Holy Land there is a dirty hamlet called Banias, whose one notable building is the whitewashed shrine of Sheikh Khudr, or St. George. This mean village is built upon the ruins of the once proud and splendid city of Cæsarea Philippi. Think of this place renowned in history, and bear in mind that sloth and egregious vanity are powerless to withstand patriotic energy and daring. A fierce and irresistible tide of Moslems found itself opposed to the enervated Greek inhabitants of Jordan's deep trough, and the waves of energy and enthusiasm swept the weaklings off the face of the earth. The Greeks of the Eastern Empire fought among themselves, even whilst Islam and other foes battered the gates of Byzantium. No thought of unity entered their heads. Their self-sufficiency perished, however, before the red blades of the victors' swords. It was right that these indolent, pleasure-loving Greeks—whose too easily acquired wealth had brought into being a standard of comfort and luxury too high for safety—should disappear before the strenuous

* Working people.

followers of the Prophet. They were effete, outworn, useless.

An Empire cannot last unless it be built upon an immovable, rock-like patriotism, and supported by continual self-sacrifice on the part of its sons. Therefore, let us mark the lessons of history ; let us teach patriotism in our schools, and show boys the honour that lies in the sacrifice of time requisite to learn the use of the rifle. Let it be considered a disgrace not to know what every Swiss and Boer boy learns and diligently practises—what 16,000 cadets of Australia become proficient in every year. Knowledge of arms is most honourable—it is a noble duty, and if this knowledge should bring a boy to a glorious death, remember those immortal words of Burke carved on Lord Falkland's monument on the field of Newbury : "The blood of man is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind ; the rest is vanity, the rest is crime."

"You boast
That you can buy the necessary slaves—
Tommies that undertake to man the coast,
And tars to walk the waves.

"Besides, the leisure hours in which you lack
Are owed to sport—the Briton's primal law ;
You have to watch a game of ball, or back
A horse you never saw."

Very soon, however, you will evince a greater interest in ships and in rifles than you now do in cricket and racing. Try and recollect the details of the Battle of Tshushima, and how an inefficient Russian Navy was sent to certain destruction. Many of you do not even know of the existence of the journal of our Navy League, but I predict that in ten years' time you will be taking an immense interest in it, a far deeper and more absorbing interest than you now find in your sporting journals ; whilst your wives and daughters will be busy with naval and military bazaars. You will soon want every ship

you can muster and every rifle you can make, so do not grumble about their cost: the sooner you are fully equipped for war, the better it will be for you.

Let it be thought degrading to protest against further necessary increases in our armaments, and let it be deemed more honourable and more gentlemanly to be a good shot at the butts than a smart fellow among African game, or a first-class gun among the tame fowl of an English spinney.

Our Radical statesmen are too fearful of losing their comfortable appointments to risk telling an indolent public what they know to be vitally necessary to the national welfare, but the nation must tell itself what is vital and necessary. From that welter of inefficiency known as the Liberal party some new, strong man may yet arise who will show his colleagues, to their shame and confusion, that the 100 per cent. annual wastage of modern war demands that we should be prepared with an expeditionary force sufficiently large to have a fair chance of winning our battles overseas. The nation ought to make up its mind to support such sensible and patriotic Liberals as Mr. Carlyon Bellairs when they oppose themselves to those of their party who are obviously hostile to the Empire. If we cannot yet see our way to institute a much-needed system of compulsory service, we can at least take a step in that direction. We can pass a law ordaining that no man may become a Government employé, or, in the case of boys, continue in the service of the Government, unless he has undergone a special training in some home defence corps. The highest honours in all public positions ought to be open only to those who have served a term with the rifle. We should also decree that, after a certain period, no public relief shall be given to any adult males but those who have in some way served their country or those whom sickness has incapacitated from service.

What is more laudable and pleasant than to take good physical exercise oneself? Vicarious athletics dug the grave of ancient Rome, and the passion for our own displays of professional cricket and football seems to be growing greater, to the great detriment of our urban population. Such compulsory service as I have indicated is only what the State has a right to expect of those who desire to become her immediate servants. It is what Mr. Haldane—the apt pupil of Sir John Fisher in naval matters, and of the German War Office in military affairs—would probably advocate if he were not hampered by many colleagues who are no more like him than poodles are like mastiffs.

When trained soldiers of the stamp of Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, and Lord Kitchener deem an invasion of Great Britain far from unlikely, surely we ought to give credence to their opinions, and make preparations for what may be, perhaps, only a very remote contingency. We must not forget that Admiral Sir W. May demonstrated in 1906 how it is possible for a small hostile fleet to evade two great defending squadrons, and to capture unprotected British towns.

France and Japan have their eyes upon us: do not let us fall behind their armies for protection. In the words of one of our most vigorous patriots, "The true and brave man is he who does not shirk any duty, however painful, or delegate to others, while he looks on and cheers, the task of defending his country's vital interests."

Oh, that some new and clear-minded Liberal statesman, with a magnetic personality, could arise to speak the truth boldly, and thus bring the blush of shame to the face of every able-bodied fellow who takes no pleasure in the thought of his country's defence! If he comes to us soon, his first text should be this: that nothing but the success of Japanese national service in the Manchurian War has made it possible to maintain our old and effete methods in this country. Our forefathers

would have considered it a disgrace that our voluntary system should be buttressed by the splendid system of Japanese conscription : they would have considered it an intolerable shame that such an organ as the *Speaker* should mention our treaty with Japan as a main factor affecting our naval supremacy :

‘ The Japanese alliance and the French understanding, with full retention of the Italian relations and a continuous improvement in the American attitude, which, if anything, is anti-German.’

This is to be the excuse for all the wanton destruction and false economy of the present Cabinet !

The able Mr. Haldane entered upon his duties with all the insouciance of the Lancashire mill-organizer who, upon arriving at a strange town, bade the cabman drive him “ to that sanguinary factory that never paid a dividend ! ” But what is the net result of the policy pursued by our Secretary for War ? Simply an attempt to foster an impossible friendship with Germany.

The British Empire was not built by relying on the friendship and power of rival nations, but by the character, the valour, and the patriotism of its sons. This truckling to Germany is the very top note of inefficiency, the highest symptom of political demoralization. We must really make away with the inefficient in all departments of the public service, or they will make away with us. The Phœnicians and Carthaginians crucified their bunglers ; we, however, have got into the vicious habit of giving our sinful public servants comfortable pensions.

The greatest statesmen who have made history, and the greatest soldiers who have unmade it, were not blind to the lessons of the past. The teaching of history is now more than ever necessary to the national well-being, and, unless we do profit from the examples of other ages, the fate of Cæsarea Philippi will be the fate of London : the race that was strong enough to beat back the hosts of Islam that devastated the Holy Land—

when they threatened to overrun Europe—will overrun and overwhelm us. The destroyers of the Decapolis had a great motive, and a deep religious fervour forced them onwards. They had an ideal to spur their patriotism. The German nation has a magnificent purpose to urge it forward, but we appear to have lost all our racial ideals.

We saw in the friendly overtures of the Cologne and Hamburg Chambers of Commerce that which would enable us to shirk the responsibilities of a great historical people, and we acclaimed the visit of a number of curious German editors as the coming of the *millennium*. The *Meteor* incident has now taught us how untrustworthy are the professions of these editors. Only diseased brains could fail to note the anomaly of their summer warmth and their autumn coolness. They have made up their minds to seize upon all such trivial incidents as that of the *Meteor* in order to play the Kaiser's game of distracting the attention of the discontented in Germany from internal to external affairs. Only men in a very bad way can possibly mistake their meaning.

As a nation, we are undoubtedly sick, but not yet unto death. The crisis, however, is near. We have arrived at one of those fateful periods which, in the case of invalids, mean either recovery or dissolution. Fishermen say that the times of the ebb and flow of the tide mark the most critical hours for those who are unconscious. The nation is oblivious of its danger; it lies in sluggish sleep; when the awakening comes, will it rise a stronger creature, or pass away into the great company of memories?

XXII

BRITISH AFFLUENCE, INDOLENCE, AND SELF-SUFFICIENCY

THE present self-sufficiency of my fellow-countrymen is the outcome of a lengthy period of domestic quiet and gradual internal reform, during which even the very stars seemed to fight in our favour, helping us in all our enterprises—a prosperous time in which every nation seemed to live under the dread of our navy. In the territory bounded by our island cliffs the *Pax Britannica* has never been seriously broken for centuries. In this greatest money-making period of our history we were living on our national capital of coal. Coal, the most valuable concrete asset of any nation, is of supreme importance to an industrial people. The heat factor is the most expensive thing that bears upon a manufacturing district. Therefore, it is to cheap coal, as well as to our lead in technical matters and our unlimited wealth, extracted from virgin territories of the greatest richness, that so much of the progress is due which is erroneously credited to Free Trade. A small nation which can still raise—as we did in 1906—minerals to the total value of £95,870,723, must have had originally an enormous capital, and it is upon this capital that our prosperity is founded, not upon Free Trade. But, primarily, we achieved our commercial, industrial, and financial supremacy under a system of strict Protection; and we are now losing it under the opposite policy.

Throughout this period of peace, in which we developed our trade to the utmost, *almost every European nation was exhausted by years of cruel military struggles*, and unable to meet us—either in commercial conflict or in actual warfare—with any hope of success ; therefore we grew lazy and stupid, obese and stubborn ; like Jeshurun,* we waxed fat, but our corpulency made us almost unable to kick. For years we have prided ourselves on a stupid and arrogant reserve that inevitably made every other nation in Europe suspicious of us. We were the plaything of evil rumour until France took us to her heart. Yet, face to face with the absolutely incontrovertible facts that other nations have made relatively greater progress during our Free Trade era, and, full to repletion with the counsels of the party of destruction, Great Britain still follows the Arab motto, “Seek the shadow and do nothing.” Though our faults are clear to us, though the dangers that menace us are patent to our eyes, we do not think of reform !

One has heard it said that indolent, lazy, sunny days tend to bring out the bad in people, and that cloudy, cold weather serves to bring out the good. For more than half a century our history has been coloured by a sort of selfish individual spirit : we regarded the world as obviously made for us—for our ships, for the purposes of our trading, and for our pleasure. Our superb egoism taught us to believe that our merchants and manufacturers were as unconquerable as our soldiers. But “Le bonheur a besoin d’être interrompu pour être senti,”† and the late African War illustrated the truth of this maxim. The Boers gave us a sharp lesson, which we have already forgotten. This teaching temporarily destroyed one fallacy, but, Phoenix-like, it has raised

* “But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked : thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness ; then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation ” (Deut. xxxii. 15).

† “Prosperity needs to be interrupted in order to be felt.”

its crest again, and once more we deem our army invincible. We now seem to require the tonic of another drubbing.

The nation that breeds statesmen who, out of mere caprice or personal vanity, balk the laudable aims and legislation of its greatest Colonies deserves a real beating. The canker of lethargy has again overcome us, and we believe that all is well with our trade, and all is well with our army and navy. We imagine that we dominate the world, and we do not even dominate ourselves. The higher that national conceit suffers itself to rise, the greater must be the corresponding fall, and the eventual shame. As Jay Gould used to say, "The more you artificially elevate your stocks and shares, the lower they've got to drop."

Communities of animals have much more sense than we have. The whirr of a rattlesnake at night makes a horse quiver and transforms its lax body into an attitude of tense wariness; at the approach of a wolf a herd of wild cattle will form themselves into a defensive circle around their young; at the sound of a crumbling rock the wild goat seeks the safe places of the precipice; but we are afflicted with the disease of an unutterable insular conceit, united with a colossal contempt for peoples whom we hardly know, so that the approach of danger disturbs us not, and we make no preparation to arrest it. Wealth and power we have had, and still enjoy, and these advantages feed our complacency, but the ripe fruit is already falling from the tree.

National affluence has its dangers and inquietudes, even as national poverty has its hopes and its covetousness; but we refuse to be disquieted. Despite the thousands of obvious facts that everywhere confront us abroad, disproving the fallacies of the Free Traders, we shut our eyes and decline to believe that our fiscal system is anything but right. It must of necessity be right, because Cobden founded our policy, and because

we did well for several decades. We are still in an absolutely unassailable world-position, despite our 5 per cent. income-tax and our armies of unemployed! Britain is the pivot on which moves the world's trade, the centre of vital fire and energy; her people, the small minority preserving the equilibrium of an unstable majority professing unsound political doctrines. The whole fabric of human society would collapse were we to change our fiscal opinions! Verily, it is a pretty comedy. Behanzin, the ex-King of Dahomey, once called himself the "Egg of the Universe"; but he is now in Algeria, guarded by his stalwart Amazons. Let us draw a moral from his fate.

If our fiscal system be inevitably right, then the tariff policies of other nations must be wrong, and we are, therefore, occupying a unique place in the world, similar to that which Professor Alfred Russell Wallace assumes the earth to occupy in the visible universe. Solely for the good of ours—the central planet—is the sun shining, and the stars are travelling merely for the benefit of one of the smallest worlds. Pursuing this method of argument, we find that it is for our ultimate good that other nations are putting up their tariffs, because if they do not injure us they must surely benefit us in some way, seeing that we are supposed to be the greatest trading people in the world. Moreover, it is an axiom with the Cobdenites that the higher the import duty imposed by any nation, the higher the cost of living must be in that country. Therefore we must benefit indirectly from the suicidal policy of our trade competitors. The hostile imposts, of which Mr. Chamberlain complains, must either help or hinder us. Free Traders say that they do not hinder us, therefore they must help us, and if they help us, we surely cannot have any unemployed!

This Ptolemaic attitude of stupid self-sufficiency has made us the butt of nations and the laughing-stock

of the world. For fifty years we have behaved as if we controlled the sun's heat, the moon's light, and possessed a mortgage on the whole solar system. We have preached the doctrine of Free Trade and prospered on our coal, whilst every nation has grinned at us for living on our capital. Our export trade with Canada was moribund when our excellent colonial friends conceded the British Empire a valuable preference over other nations, and at once our business with them increased—more than doubling itself in a few years. Yet, with this object-lesson before us, we play with the idea of general Imperial Preference, and Ministers whisper about it behind closed doors.

Of late we have not been imitated, except by mistake. We are just tolerated because of our wealth, and patronized because of our show of strength. In criticizing the fiscal policy of our neighbours we adopt a superior air of calm pity, which is as offensive as it is ridiculous. It is not more ridiculous, however, than our unique pronunciation of Latin, which for generations has been wholly wrong, and, alone in being wrong, has been absolutely unintelligible to every nationality save the English.

Foreigners, secure in the consciousness of expanding industries—a prosperity which Free Traders cannot explain—simply laugh at us, and well they may. Japan's foreign trade in 1906 broke all records, despite her great tariff increases, which came into force that year. It amounted to £167,000,000, the exports exceeding the imports by £800,000. Japan occupies a position almost analogous to our own. She is an island manufacturing power, dependent upon other countries for her raw material, and, after sucking the honey of philosophy and political economy from the combs in the full hives of the world's universities, she has come to the conclusion that Free Trade is an unsound policy in these competitive, go-ahead days. The

scientific brains that brought Russia to her knees have come to this definite decision. Japan aspires to out-rival America as a trader, but, in order to be successful, she knows that she must have a tariff as the supreme buttress of her strength. Our own Colonies laugh at our Free Trade fetish, and we might as well ask Prussia to give up her lordship over Hanover as recommend her to advocate the abolition of the Zollverein.

It is a positive offence against common-sense and reason that we should continue to believe our system of free imports to be absolutely right, when we see the ripe experience and judgment of all other successful civilizations so markedly against us. The amazing development of industry that continues unchecked in the United States, in Germany, and in other Protectionist countries, utterly confutes the specious arguments of Free Traders. Cobden's meretricious policy pushed forward our industrial development to mushroom growth, and for decades we were at the forefront of invention and mechanical progress. *So long as we were in the van, Free Trade was right and most useful to us. The moment we began to fall behind in invention and original development, Free Trade became as obsolete as the system of lighting streets by means of oil-lamps.*

Judging by Mr. Haldane's address delivered to the International Economic Congress this year, one is almost inclined to believe that he sees the truth of all these arguments. For he holds that, while we may be convinced that Free Trade is the best policy for such an island as ours, it does not follow that it is the best policy for other countries which adopt Protection. "It is impossible," he says, "to dissociate an economic question from the great State questions with which it is involved." This is precisely the opinion of Tariff Reformers, and we urge that we must place ourselves on a parallel with Germany, because Germany is also dependent upon

America and Australia for her cotton and her wool, upon England for the coal for her navy, and upon Spain and other countries for her iron.

Germany's philosophic brain, France's magnificent mentality, the shrewdness and hard-headedness of the United States, the modern scientific common-sense of Japan—these have not surely blundered over a simple sum in elementary arithmetic !

Cobden, the carpet-bagger, had a narrow outlook, and his education was limited. His ideas and methods were of that catchpenny order which appeals to the ignorant. The man whose grandfather slept in a small hermetically-sealed room at midsummer, and who himself does likewise because his grandfather loved a "frowst," is the man who to-day believes in Cobden. The sour-visaged Cascas of our villages, whose destructive ideas would do away with all those institutions that have made our country great, pin their faith to Cobden. They would rather remove the three ounces of butter on the customer's side of the scales than own to any defects in Free Trade.

Those who absorbed Cobdenism with their mother's milk are almost hopeless from the point of view of political salvation. The brain-cells formed in infancy are the strongest of any ; they outlast all the others. Therefore the impressions of our very early childhood are often our sole mental sustenance when we reach that elastic period of mentality which the vulgar call dotage.

Seriously, however, our adherence to Cobdenism is a species of barbarous effrontery which is amusing to our competitors because it is so profitable. When a fool, with his pockets full of money, plunges heavily in a circle of level-headed card-players, those shrewd gamesters are not particularly rude to him, nor do they show him the door. They take all they can get, regretting they cannot obtain more.

Whilst we give every facility to the United States and to Germany in the way of providing them markets for their surplus productions, these competitors of ours are carefully occupied in shutting out more and yet more of our manufactures, and flourishing amazingly at the same time. Ours is not the only country that increased the value of its special exports between the end of 1905 and the end of 1906 to the tune of £40,000,000 sterling.

Great Britain is like a man who only regards those of his associates as level-headed whose thoughts and aspirations are on the same plane as his own. Our views in respect of a constructive Imperial policy are so immensely different from the ideas of all other nations that we look down upon their perversity with a superior sort of Campbell-Bannermanian or Jovian pity. From the constant practice of this attitude we have developed a wind-bag self-sufficiency which leads us continually to air a stupid boastfulness about our unique and splendid position. This evil quality has led to grave mistakes on the part of the members of the present Radical Cabinet. Under the impression that Great Britain is wealthy and strong enough to do what no other nation would dream of doing, they have indulged in acts of political generosity, which, to dispassionate observers, appear to have had their origin in the brains of dancing dervishes, and not in the minds of men of experience and approved wisdom.

We are indeed a very great nation—we are wealthy, and we are powerful—but we are far from secure behind our ramparts of blue waters. The bigger the brawny person the more contemptuous he is of his smaller fellows. Remember this, however: when your brains do not expand with your body, you run a risk of the pigmies rising and maiming you. If you grow obese and too peaceful and too markedly slothful, you lose your endurance and your character at the same time.

All great nations and all great men are energetic, all stupid and weak ones are sluggish.

It is just the old legend of Ulysses and Polyphemus over again. After devouring a few of his visitors, John Bull, overcome with the power of wealth, winks his one Free-Trade eye—usually so very bright and cocksure—and the German Ulysses, with his ready helpers, strikes the ruddy pine-tree shaft of Protection straight into the pupil.

XXIII

THE ASCENDANCY OF ILLITERATE LABOUR

SUPPOSE we look at the case from another point of view. Let us say that the doctrine of Free Imports *is* a sound doctrine—if we can imagine such a thing, in face of the economic intelligence that is arrayed against us. Why do not the Free Traders look for international evidences of its soundness, and demonstrate them by pointing out the bad effects of tariffs upon manufacturing Protectionist countries, whose raw material is largely obtained from extraneous sources? If Free Trade were really a sound political doctrine, if its advantages were what its champions claim them to be, *its cumulative results to-day would be so glaringly apparent, and our world-position would be so conspicuously good, as to be incontestable.* But this, alas! is not the case, because we find that a certain nation, which has built one of the highest walls of tariffs against us—to the supposed detriment of its people—is actually able to undersell us in our own markets, to provide work for all its sons, to challenge our present commercial supremacy in the world, and also to threaten us with the construction of a competitive, if not a greater, navy.

In face of this extraordinary anomaly, would it not be wiser to admit that there is something wrong—that there is a little cloud gathering on the horizon of our self-contentment, which may develop into a black and raging tempest of ruin. The wise sailor is he who heeds

the warnings of the threatening shreds of vapour, trims his sails, and makes all secure against the advent of the black storm. The Pan-German League, headed by determined men of the stamp of Dr. Hasse and Herr Olass, would like our prestige and power safely out of the way, so that the ideas that Professor Schumann and others of his way of thinking have so long proclaimed in the press may take tangible shape, and minor Powers, such as Holland and Denmark, may be forcibly drawn into the German Confederation. We must be careful, or the Pan-Germans may get their desires. If we allow the cyclone to find us unprepared; if we suffer it to overturn our craft, we are fools. Drowning is usually less unpleasant than restoration to life after a nasty dip. Remember what Prince von Bülow said in his triumphant speech after the 1907 elections: "The whole world will see that the German nation can ride over anything that stands in the way of its prosperity and its greatness."

To prepare for awkward eventualities is precisely what real Imperialism asks us to do. It bids us think of that future, of which nobody now thinks. It advises us to trim our sails and to make everything secure, once we are satisfied that the little cloud *may* develop into danger.

We know books by reading them, horses by handling them, houses by living in them, and men by trusting them. We know politics by the lessons of experience. This being so, we must refuse to allow that fatuous thinker Richard Cobden any longer to rule our minds. "The Atlantic States of America," said he, "are increasing and consuming more and more of the corn of their interior, and we offer them no inducement to spread themselves out from the cities, to abandon their premature manufactures, in order to delve, dig, and plough for us."

We have offered them every inducement, but their

manufactures have spread out more and more, and they can produce almost every article of commerce more cheaply than we.

If only the advance in British intellect—as applied to questions of political economy—could keep pace with the advance in range and power of foreign torpedoes, it might be well with us. But, although at the last British election Free Traders were never tired of telling us that Cobdenism was fatal to Socialism—which they averred could only flourish in a Protectionist State—we now find Germany practically emancipated from the Socialist thralldom, whilst we are more and more oppressed by it. This is not surprising, however, in a country where most men do their thinking vicariously. Imperialism enjoins us to think originally—to reflect for ourselves with the deepest self-reliance, always remembering that, at certain periods of national history, there is more patriotism in helping to send good men to Parliament than in facing the guns of our enemies in war. As Mr. Keir Hardie wisely said: “The earnestness of the religious devotee and the learning of the Universities are needed to leaven the Labour movement.” When these desiderata are gained, we shall see the ranks of our party considerably swelled. History and logic are already on the side of Tariff Reformers; very soon Labour will be also on their side.

For the incalculable moral and physical benefit of the coming nation every British boy should be drilled in the principles of marksmanship and discipline, no less than in the elements of geography. Britons need a thorough grounding in the use and spirit of arms. The manhood of our country requires a strong military tonic, and the House of Commons must be reinforced with a greater sprinkling of staunch Imperial patriots. Mr. Haldane recently alluded to the consideration of a great national war, and he recommended us to have an army sufficiently powerful to strike back—to deal the counter-

stroke—which is an essential part of the military theories of the day. Therefore, when we behold the phenomenon of a member of a Cabinet of vain, destructive politicians advocating the formation of a strong national army, the outlook must be grave indeed. Mr. Haldane knows Germany, and he is aware that even the Radical parties of that country are now Anglophobe. When men like Herr Mueller advocate in the *Vossische Zeitung* an increase in the striking power of an army of 5,000,000 men, it is surely time that an English Radical should ask for serious consideration to be given to the question of military defence.

Before an effective army becomes possible, however, we must do away with the ascendancy of illiterate Labour. Working-men are too easily deluded by tricky sciolists, who push themselves into public notice by means of what the Welsh would call chapel *sassiwn*, and into municipal affairs by sheer force of vituperation. Destiny delights in giving the mentally afflicted frequent chances of making away with themselves, but no opportunity the equal of that presented by the retention at Westminster of the group of muddle-headed Labour Members has ever been offered to the British in the whole of their history. But, as Abraham Lincoln said, you may fool some people all the time, you may fool all people sometimes, but you cannot fool all people all the time. Therefore we may assume that there is still hope for Britain.

In the past, democracy has always meant national ruin when its ideals were cowardly and base. Liberty, like everything else, has a knack of getting threadbare, and degenerating into licence. There is all the difference in the world between the virile democracy of Oliver Cromwell and the decadent and ostrich-headed policy of our present Labour, Radical, and Irish Members. To please some of these malcontents and to catch a few Irish votes, the present Government has subsi-

dized a line of railway to the extent of £6,000 a year, in order, it is said, to enable an Irish pig-jobber to get his swine into the despised and hated country half an hour earlier every day. And thus the merry game goes on.

Labour has begun to decline its responsibilities, and such a course must lead to destruction. Ireland is reverting to prehistoric politics. The ship of State is encountering very heavy weather, and her captain is taking counsel with those who know nothing of the sea!

Not in Great Britain alone, but also in Australia, the defence of the country is looked upon by the Labour Party as a distasteful duty, and there it has not yet been made compulsory in regard to every able-bodied man. The working-men of Great Britain and Australia rebel against a sacrifice which every Swiss, Swede, German, Frenchman, and Japanese counts it an honour to make. The Australian schoolboy is taught to shoot and to realize the cogency of the argument that "in a country where there is universal citizenship there should be also universal liability for service." The New Zealander, too, is brought up in the spirit of "Bushido"—in the ethics of the old Samurai—and he is at all times ready to defend his land and home. We, nourished on mawkish hypocrisies, have no such spirit to sustain us. We on the mainland take as a hardship what every native of Jersey and Guernsey regards as a pleasurable duty. When the worker loses pride in his country and in his power to defend her, then indeed is the writing clear to be seen on the wall. Fortunately, however, there is hope that working-men will rally to the flag when they get proper leaders.

Another consideration must be borne in mind. Let me repeat that there is no such thing in life as remaining fixed at one point: we are always going forward or moving backward. Unless we progress—even ever so little—retrogression is a certainty, and perhaps an eventual lapse into national oblivion. The next time

we are at war with a European Power a panic will break out among the 80 per cent. of our population who are ignorant of the elementary facts and duties of life—because they are living under unnatural urban conditions—that will result in an irresistible cowardly outcry for a shameful peace, perhaps before our navy has had time to strike a telling blow. The very soul and substance of England—that which stands for “public opinion”—is town-bred, town-born, and unreliable, because it has never yet realized the true meaning of life, of duty, of hope, and of honour.

I am not sure that we are not already hopelessly committed to the downward path. Soldiers of the highest eminence and all the Service organs assert unhesitatingly that, owing to our lack of Radical statesmen of courage and foresight, all the good resolutions formed after the South African War have come to nothing, and that we are to-day in a relatively worse position than we were in 1899. Our army, like our patriotism, has become a diminishing quantity. The few patriotic songs that we have may soon disappear from the speech of the world, like the canticles of Phrynichus, which Aristophanes tells us were hummed by the veterans of Marathon as they went through the streets at night.

The history of nations teaches the inexorable rule of mutation; the history of individuals confirms it. Are we, therefore, marching towards the ideal or withdrawing from it? That is the question. Unfortunately, there can be only one answer.

An Empire generally gets the defences and the defenders it deserves. When a people treats its sailors like pigs and its soldiers like dogs, it must indeed be slipping down the nasty slope that leads to the abyss.

XXIV

WHAT A WORD FROM OUR KING-EMPEROR MIGHT DO

IN Berlin it was found that the Germans greeted the accession of a Liberal Ministry to power with unalloyed satisfaction—firstly, because they are convinced that Radicals are more inclined to friendly relations with their country than Unionists; *secondly, because the Conservative débâcle postponed Mr. Chamberlain's policy*, which the Kaiser's subjects have always considered essentially and primarily anti-German; and, thirdly, because British Liberals and Radicals alike are practically pledged to the reduction of our navy.

About the time of the election a warning was uttered in some quarters that the Fatherland would do well to remember that the "wearer of the Crown remained as before, the chief promoter of the anti-German movement in England."

Of course, this falsehood is beneath contempt. British Democracy recognizes that its finest flower is the wonderful prudence of one who is an autocrat only in matters of good taste and sound judgment. British Democracy laughs at this German stupidity. The King-Emperor has never truckled to the War Lord, and he never will. He has never stooped to curry favour with one whose ideals and aims are frankly antagonistic to British power. To do so would be to confess himself as invertebrate as Kwang-Hsü himself. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the King-Emperor

has never said or done anything likely to cause friction with Germany. The refusal of our Sovereign to fawn upon the Kaiser has caused much bitterness in Germany, but His Britannic Majesty has never failed to show every possible courtesy to the Kaiser and to the Wilhelmstrasse.

The Berlin *Reichsbote* recently went to some pains to accuse King Edward, in the bitterest terms, of being Germany's enemy. This journal has been described as "a paper written by pastors for pastors, in a spirit of rigidly official Christianity." In its anti-British effusions the *Reichsbote* always shows a spirit antagonistic to Christian principles. The bases of its attacks on Britain have been always lies.

The suppression by the bureaucrats of the real facts relating to the Kiel visit may have helped to swell the number of the members of the German Navy League, but at the same time it has increased the deep-seated British distrust of Teutonic diplomacy. The King-Emperor most certainly desired to visit Berlin in 1904, but it was suggested by the Kaiser that he should go to Kiel instead. The suppression of this fact and the silence of the Kaiser and his whole entourage during the vigorous anti-British campaign—which has been conducted by the German press during the last seven years—is a part of that subtle statecraft which dictated the original refusal to attend the international naval review held at Jamestown, Virginia, this year. The excuse given for the proposed absence of the German Navy from American waters in 1907 was a paucity of ships, but the real reason was a desire to rouse the Teutonic pride, and to stimulate the German people to build more battleships.

As Prince Hohenlohe's "Memoirs" clearly prove, the fleet is required for offensive, not defensive, purposes. Such is the haste with which it is being built that one would almost think the Emperor was moved to its

construction by feelings of deeply-wounded pride. It is, perhaps, well for the Kaiser that our monarchical traditions forbid the King-Emperor from interfering in the affairs of State. As the first soldier in his army and the first sailor in his fleet, our Sovereign's word could influence his people more than our rivals dream : if he were to appeal for a stronger navy he would get it, and, supported by such a constructor as Sir P. Watts—and an administrator of the late Lord Goschen's calibre, who rebuilt the British fleet between 1895 and 1900—we should soon be in a position to smile at all German naval competition.

King Edward has always been peaceably patriotic, and what the late Lord Lytton thought of Queen Victoria may be said also of our King : "I have received from the Queen," wrote the then Viceroy of India, "a most kind, patriotic, and manly letter. She is really a better Englishman than any one of her subjects, and never falls short in a national crisis when the interests or honour of her Empire are at stake." Yet to be thus truthfully described does not constitute His Majesty a firebrand, which is the sort of character recently bestowed upon him by the official *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Tageblatt*, and the *Tägliche Rundschau*, when the King-Emperor met King Alfonso and King Victor in the spring of this year. It is fortunate, perhaps, that this wilful misrepresentation has been made, because the stupid vituperation serves to stamp on our minds the hard, cruel realities of German suspicion and envy.

The anti-British movement originated in Germany many years ago. It dates from the moment when the Princess Royal of England showed that she had a will and a mind of her own. It was then that the hatred of Great Britain sprang up like the green April shoot from some winter-buried seed. Aided by men of the stamp of Professor Delbrück, Bismarck assiduously tended the

plant, and now we see the tree of hate at maturity, its blossom full-blown.

The eminent editor of the *Vossische Zeitung* was said to voice German advanced Liberal sentiment when he expressed the hope that the editorial invasion of England had cemented a friendship that might last for ever. We sincerely admire this worthy, because he is the man who insists that the late Cabinet left Great Britain in a more favourable international position than she occupied at the time of the collapse of Lord Rosebery's Government, and that the phrase "splendid isolation" has no longer any meaning. But his are not the sentiments of the controlling German bureaucracy. If we believe that they are, we are fools.

Of course, there is no limit to human credulity. The old Magi thought that the world was hatched from an egg, and the natural history books of our forefathers contain at least two interesting theories that excite our derision. We are not now taught that swallows hibernate at the bottom of ponds, or that barnacle-geese are produced from bivalve molluscs, but we certainly do retain the most extraordinary fetishes and superstitions. Yet, despite our stupidity, we are not so mentally hopeless as to be incapable of understanding the German menace.

Referring to the Radical outcry about the so-called Zulu massacres, the *Allahabad Pioneer* said, in its issue of July 21, 1906: "There are times when one feels that the shortest cut to effective Imperialism would be a massacre of the Radicals so complete that there would be none left to protest against the proceeding." This is very savage writing, but I think we may safely postulate the existence of a stern sentiment of justice in the heart of the British nation, which would not hesitate to prescribe the application of this punishment in the event of any further great national or Imperial betrayal. The savage is still alive in European hearts,

even as he was in the days of the French Revolution, and when a people finds itself cheated, fooled, and on the point of being irretrievably ruined, it is no respecter of persons.

We have now found, to our sorrow and disgust, that Teutonic confidence in Radical friendship has not been misplaced. Afflicted by a sort of mental or political glaucoma, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman invariably sees all peace-professing Germans—claiming to be leaders or spokesmen of their country—with haloes round their heads. On the strength of the fulsome assurances of a handful of editors, who were doubtless drilled into a correct attitude, a British Premier—the man whose unpatriotic parsimony, when in Opposition, helped to render our army impotent at a crucial moment—dared to tamper with the navy, and at a time when we had just suffered the loss of the *Montagu*—one of our most powerful craft—when the battleships *Dominion*, *Hindustan*, *Duncan*, *Ramillies*, *Irresistible*, and *Implacable*, were all disabled—the *Dominion* fatally so, having had her back broken. When the *Renown* was disarmed and unfit for war; when the *Africa* had developed serious defects in her trials; when the cruisers *Argyle* and *Good Hope* were damaged, and the battleships *Ocean*, *New Zealand*, *Canopus*, and *Goliath* had been proved to possess unreliable engines, the recidivist's decision was announced!

Of course, a number of our battleships are always under repair, but when the apostle of destruction began once more to make himself heard, a singularly large proportion were *hors de combat*. When the Mediterranean Fleet was recently ordered to the Levant, only five of its eight battleships could be sent, for this very reason. The Cabinet would seem to desire to place our Admirals in a position analogous to that occupied by Professor Matteucci, the brave keeper of Vesuvius, who did his best to deal with an eruption with

the poorest instruments. They are imitating the foolish policy once preached by Lord Randolph Churchill, who demanded impossible reductions in the army and navy.

Sir Andrew Noble has called attention to the supineness of the Government in not proposing to replace the *Montagu*. He employed carefully guarded words. I make bold to use stronger phrases: I say that their action is tantamount to something approaching high treason. They are deliberately throwing away all the advantages which we gained from Lord Goschen's noble work in adding twenty first-class battleships and twenty cruisers to the navy. The country that never yet refused the money necessary to build itself adequate defences has not given the Cabinet a mandate for this foolish economy.

In the course of a few months, Britain will have only eighteen *really modern* battleships, as against Germany's sixteen, America's sixteen, and France's twelve. Under present arrangements, we shall not have enough genuine battleships in line in 1908 to form a sufficient security for the Two-Power standard, because cruisers of the *Invincible* type are not battleships, when all is said and done. Moreover, reserve fleets are not equal to effective fleets in any sense. If persisted in, this juggling with ships will result in perfect unfitness for war ten years hence. To delete first-class fighting ships from the roster is bad enough, but to economize heavily in the allowance made for repairing and docking ships is still worse. The business-like nation of shopkeepers is becoming less and less business-like. In every fleet one hears the same story of vessels being kept away from docks and repairs to save money. These are not the methods of efficiency or true economy. Such blunders are comparable only to the freakish folly of the September List, in which the *Montagu* figures as an effective ship in three different places!

Admiral Cleveland recently stated that the navy

has never been more efficient than it is now. He is altogether too reassuring, and when he champions the *Lord Nelson* type of vessel as against the *Dreadnought* model we are made positively uneasy. The laying-up of eight ships of the *Royal Sovereign* class and four armoured cruisers causes a stop to be put to recruiting at a time when we have need of every sailor we can get hold of. The personnel of the navy is weakened and its numbers reduced, in order to effect a trumpery saving to please the demagogues; efficiency of personnel and ships is sacrificed, and the navy is permanently weakened in its most vital asset—men. Political chicanery of this description is not unknown in naval annals, for in 1889, when the Government was forced to pass the Naval Defence Act, they granted the ships demanded, but, as the *Standard* has reminded us, at the last moment Lord George Hamilton drew his pen through the clause providing the necessary men. The politicians who then stood for the principles that Mr. Bellairs now stands for were unable to get precise information on the subject of this juggling—information which was undoubtedly fully detailed in the portfolio of the German naval attaché of that period—the House of Commons was kept in its usual condition of ignorance, and the navy has been undermanned ever since. These last, and most fatal economies are designed so as to drain away more and yet more of the very life-blood of the fleet.

Suppression of all particulars of ships put out of commission by accidents, engine and gun defects, and the like, is now quite a common official sin. The gross incapacity which suggested the linking of the powerful and speedy *Dreadnought* with a number of old, slow and inferior ships is on the same plane as the mentality which assumes that public interest in the stricken vessels of the fleet is unhealthy. Our scattered home fleet, with its paralyzed leviathan, tries to be effective

in three places at once, but, with a large proportion of untrained men, is really effective in none.

The preamble to the German Navy Act of 1900 states that "economy in the commissioning of ships in time of peace (with full crews) means imperilling the efficiency of the fleet in time of war." Hence the German Navy is so well manned and its ironclads are in such good condition that it is almost safe to predict that a sudden international quarrel would find us utterly unprepared with a squadron capable of defeating that now commanded by Prince Henry of Prussia. The craze for economy has gone to such lengths that we may feel quite sure the next declaration of war against us will find everything naval in a fatal welter of confusion. Whilst we get farther away from efficiency the Germans get nearer to it. We reduce our fleets by 25 per cent., and the Kaiser increases his in the same ratio. Swiftly and secretly is the work being carried on. In the Weser Yard at Bremen the first German *Dreadnought* is building, and the slips at the Vulkan Works, Stettin, have been enlarged, so that no time will be lost with the second. All the German yards are working under such high pressure that they cannot obtain sufficient workmen. A 20,000-ton armoured cruiser has been laid down, which is to be the fastest and most powerful in existence, and she is to cost £1,800,000. General Keim, the moving spirit of the German Navy League, is keeping its million members well up to the mark. *Die Flotte*, the official journal of this powerful Verein, preaches the need of more and yet more battleships. Meanwhile, the main concern of our politicians seems to be to reduce still further an already weak navy. No one on either side of the House, outside the Cabinet, is really glad at heart to think of the reduction in our navy, save, perhaps, those three strange persons, Messrs. Byles, Lupton, and Lehmann, whose joy on hearing of these false economies is comparable to that mad merriment

indulged in by Nero when Rome was burning. Their patriotism is equalled only by those who fawned upon Mustafa Khamel Pasha, the Egyptian agitator, whom the French had sent about his business. Mr. Byles and Herr Blind, listening to an agitator who openly states that civil war is preferable to "the peace of slavery," present a spectacle of British abnormality similar to that which was manifested in the House of Commons when the first Boer victories of 1899 were announced. The vital fibres of a self-respecting people shrink from such conduct, as a rhododendron's roots from lime. Although the influence of these Little Englanders on the nation is small, still it is not altogether imponderable. Attendance at Pan-Islamic "at homes" and friendship with demagogues will not make the exploits of these Anglophobes of ours look more seemly to posterity. Surely Germans ought now to be content with the startlingly tangible evidences of national folly which are everywhere apparent, and joyful because of the constant professions of Radical friendship for an Empire that has never done us one single good turn since it was formed. In order to curry favour with them we have sacrificed high efficiency by putting five more effective battleships and fifteen cruisers in the reserve. This means breakdowns at crucial moments, and general confusion when undrilled vessels are suddenly added to a strange squadron.

Let me quote Mr. Wilson, the eminent naval expert, with regard to this point: "While the German Admiralty will be maintaining practically its entire force in commission, exercising it day after day, and training the German Captains to act together, and the German Admirals to handle the large fleets which will decide the future mastery of the seas, the British Admiralty is cutting down its fleets in permanent commission on the pretence of securing efficiency, dissipating its naval forces, giving the British Captains no proper opportunity of working their ships in conjunction with the

other units of the squadrons in which they will have to fight, granting the British Admirals no chance of learning how to use large masses of ships in the day of battle."

Only the most selfish, unimaginative, and illiterate politicians could view with pleasure the reduction of our navy to a point when a surprise on the part of Germany would be dangerous. Ordinary men would say that no Government would accept such a grave responsibility, but this Government is swayed, if not governed, by extraordinary men. Thirty-three per cent. has been added to the commissioned force of the German North Sea fleet, whilst the British fleet available for the North Sea has been reduced 23 per cent. In case of some tremendous accident to our Empire many of these Little Englanders would behave like the old lady whose carriage was smashed to atoms. Looking at her two smart bays lying in their death-throes, she ejaculated, "What a good job it is the whip isn't broken!"

Now, what are we to do to convince these professors of ruin and degradation that it is impossible to stop an aggressor by means of mild words and turnings of the other cheek? On July 30, 1906, the late Lord Goschen recorded a solemn protest against the weakening of the fleet; and coming, as it did, from a man of such supreme sagacity and prudence, one would have imagined that the warning would have been heeded, but apparently it fell upon deaf ears. A growing boy, conscious of his power, is merciless and without much conscience. He has no respect for sentimentalism. Germany, the growing boy among nations, has about as much mercy, pity, and conscience as a big lad with a taste for tying kettles to the tails of helpless cats. If we persist in our humble and apologetic attitude towards this unsentimental Empire and to the world in general, we shall very soon be tarred and feathered—and serve us right.

The Institute of International Law may tell us, as it did at Ghent, that the sowing of fixed or floating mines on the high seas is forbidden. In the event of war, Germany, on fire with her first successes, would ignore this humane provision with the same glee as she ignores the solemn protestations of her ambassadorial editors, or the entreaties of a Cabinet of British visionaries. Both the "military aquatics" of the Royal Engineers and the marine militarism of the navy will be hard pressed when the day comes to deal with the mines dropped in our territorial waters by German war-ships. Within twenty-four hours the Japanese lost a third of their battleship squadron by striking the enemy's mines. Had they possessed more than six powerful ironclads their losses would have been proportionately greater. By the agency of the deadly Russian mines the Japanese fleet was temporarily or permanently reduced by 50 per cent. Let us, then, have some margin of naval strength to provide against the day when we are suddenly attacked. The *Iphigenia*, second-class cruiser, and three other similar 22-knot vessels have been or are in process of being converted into mine-layers; but these craft—indeed, all the four units of our submarine mining flotilla of the fleet—will need to be kept up to the highest possible pitch of efficiency and alertness if they are to save us when the hurricane of war strikes us swiftly and suddenly. In any case, the repairing-ship *Cyclops*, built by Messrs. Laing at Sunderland, ought to be duplicated at once. There can be no two opinions on this point. Most likely Germany's descent upon us will come when 25 per cent. of our Armada is incapacitated. If the modern Sennacherib attacks us some night when the southern breakwater at Dover is again damaged by another timber-ship from Hallsta, when Portsmouth Dockyard is again on fire, and another big explosion has made Woolwich reel, we shall be queerly placed.

XXV

GERMANY'S CONTEMPT OF OUR PREMIER

KNOWING quite well that the Emperor William cares not the snap of a finger for the Hague Conference, let us hear Germany's foremost naval expert on this subject of disarmament. Count von Reventlow lately informed an interviewer that, as his country's naval power is still so very inadequate for the defence of her coasts and shipping interests, Germany can have no other thought than to bring her fleet up to the required military strength as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile, immediately after the *Lord Nelson* was launched, there were no battle-ships left on the stocks in our country, a condition of things that has not been paralleled for at least fifteen years.

Reductions in foreign naval budgets interest Germany, but they are wholly without effect on her policy. *A halt in her construction programme is not to be considered for an instant.* Spurred on by Berlin organs of the stamp of the *Bismarck-Bund*, she pretends to imagine that France and Great Britain are as one soul and one body in their hatred of her. But France, a notoriously pacific State, is simply terrorized by the policy of the sharp sword and dry powder of Central Europe, and she is ever on the defensive. She cannot limit her armament, neither can we.

Count von Reventlow said, too, that he considered our latest naval programme a victory for the British

Admiralty, instead of a triumph for the Radicals. "I believe," said he at the Dresden Pan-German Congress, "that only an aggressor could make such a proposal to disarm." Thus it comes about that this unprecedented act of Radical insanity is regarded as aggressive. Such nonsense deludes neither Germans nor Englishmen. Though our Premier is obviously sincere, he has succeeded in raising a perfect storm of suspicion and anxiety in Germany. A recent debate in the Reichstag afforded ample proof of this fact, and we have now had the opportunity of hearing the Kaiser's subjects give expression to the feelings that have filled their minds with rancour for many years. Their almost insupportable thoughts, so long unspoken, are at length uttered, and we know what we are to expect in the future. British patriots, though plunged in sorrow, cannot but smile at the way in which every move in British policy is made to serve the purposes of the German Navy League. The bureaucrats pretend that the pacific overtures of our Premier are expositions of Machiavellican duplicity. Prince von Bülow's organ, the *Süd-deutsche Korrespondenz*, more than hinted at the time of the January elections that Great Britain had a special reason for desiring the Kaiser's defeat at the poll. In fact, there is nothing in the way of crazy accusations that has not been levelled against Great Britain during the last five years.

From these utterances it is evident that the German Admiralty is hard-up for excuses for the prosecution of its building plans. Ernst Mayer's pamphlet, "Los von England," shows what difficulty there is in making out a clear case for a big fleet. Germany is equally lacking in stimulating naval legends to inspire her seamen. "The History of the German Navy," however, gives a list of officers and cadets who have lost their lives in the service, but the editor could only find one individual to figure as "killed in action." This was

Kapt-leutnant Niesemann, who fell at Tres Forcas in 1852.

Admiral Tirpitz finds it difficult to cover the zeal of his Imperial prompter with diplomatic explanations, or to produce excuses for Count von Reventlow's uncompromising heroics :

"In Germany," he said, "people cannot but laugh at the British disarmament schemes, for we are only building a fleet to get out of our defenceless position. The most we could propose to the British is that they should slacken their rate of building until our fleet reaches the strength of theirs. That done, we will undertake not to increase the number of our ships." This, then, is the answer to Britain's *eirenicon* ! This is the response to our Premier's article in the *Nation* !

To explain the real reasons for the projection of eighteen ships superior to the *Dreadnought*, at a cost of thirty-six millions sterling, without wounding British susceptibilities, would require a mind with all the combined mentalities of Talleyrand, Bismarck, Napoleon, and Richelieu. As things are, the justification of the German bureaucracy for their Chauvinist policy is about as well-founded as the proclamation of the Viceroy of Canton, who lately bade the people of his district protect the moon during her period of eclipse from being swallowed up by the dragon. The methods of the two bureaucracies are identical. Both play on the credulity of men as the wind plays upon ripe corn.

The agrarian *Deutsche Tageszeitung* is ironical : "How little the expenditure of over six millions sterling a year resembles disarmament may be gathered from the fact that no other country spends nearly so much. Thanks to the industry of previous years, England is so richly provided with naval equipment that she can easily afford to masquerade as a disarmer for a single twelve-month. The world's *Dreadnought* statistics now appear as follows : England, one building, three proposed ;

Japan, two building ; Germany, two proposed ; France and America, one each proposed. England and Japan, accordingly, in 1908 will have six of these incomparable ships for action, while the other States have none. In such circumstances anyone can smugly talk of disarmament and the love of peace."

Bravo, *Deutsche Tageszeitung* ! Your lessons have been well learnt. Your editor is wiser than the controller of the *Daily News*, for all astute Germans know that the golden age is not yet here. Nevertheless, our *Daily News* editor is shrewder than he appears. He is aware that the Premier has no mandate for the impoverishment of the navy, and that his claim to possess such authority is preposterous. He knows what the country would say were the Premier to ask what it thinks of this Radical attack on our first line of defence. He is aware that at present the reduction of armaments is a mere vision, and that one might as well decree that the feline tribe should possess no claws. Nations are as envious of one another's warships as women of one another's jewels.

" Du prangst stets im Ballkleid und
Ich nicht bei Dir ! " *

This has been Germany's bitter inward accusation of Great Britain ever since she became an Empire.

When Cobden first advocated Free Trade he had some such vague ideas as those now aired by the visionaries. " Our principles," said he, " if carried out . . . the Free Traders believe, would bring peace and harmony among the nations. . . . We planted the olive-tree, never expecting to gather the fruit in a day ; but we expected it to yield fruit in good season, and with Heaven's help and yours it shall do so yet."

Time has brought him his answer. Free Trade has neither broken down the barriers of nationalism nor

* Thou art ever brilliant in gala-dress, and I not beside thee !

made an end of war. The fallacies of Cobdenism have been as effectually disproved as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's disarmament fallacies will be confuted during the next five or ten years. Germany's contemptuous and natural reply to our Premier is practical and effective: it is the answer of the virile man of action to the flaccid dreamer. She tells him that very shortly she will have in readiness five dockyards capable of building battleships of more than 18,000 tons; she intimates that she is about to increase the depth of the Kiel Canal at an expense of many millions of marks; she also informs him with inimitable courtesy, that the Government dockyard at Kiel will soon be busy with the Kaiser's new 20,000-ton cruiser; further, that the Krupp slips at Kiel are to be built with a view to constructing warships of 25,000 tons.

Let us learn a lesson from the mouth of General von Liebert, of the German Navy League, who declared that if anybody asked him whether Germany should disarm, he would say, "For God's sake, keep your army and build ships." As the balance of power now stands, our whole fate and future lies in the North Sea, and if we do not soon begin to realize that security there is cheap at any cost, we are lost.

The *Ersatz Bayern* battleship is to render the *Dreadnought* obsolete, and now all the Powers are to start afresh. Germany does not propose to build eighteen useless ships like those of our "County" class, but only effective and seaworthy craft. When he formulated his proposal for the reduction of armaments, the Premier already knew that, since our original *Dreadnought* programme was drawn up in October, 1905, a new German Navy Bill had been passed which would increase the expenditure upon the Kaiser's fleet by at least 35 per cent. He also knew that the Kaiser's naval estimates are rising as ours are falling, and that it is the constantly expressed intention of the million members of the Ger-

man Navy League to have a fleet capable of meeting the British, and, moreover, that it is the avowed purpose of all German editors to have ships equal to those of other Powers in fighting force, backed up by the interesting potentialities of a special mining corps. And yet he went to Germany hat in hand. The real reason for his humility is one of finance. Although Sir William White has tried to show that we have still twice the building power of Germany, the Radical Cabinet are fully aware that we have nothing like twice the financial resources of our rivals, because, under our present unique fiscal policy, our margin is rapidly decreasing, and *economy*—and false economy at that—is all the cry.

Further, our Premier knows, or most decidedly ought to know, that we have no adequate reserve of heavy guns, either to take the place of worn-out weapons or to furnish the full complement of batteries to new battleships. The reserve per ship in the German Navy is twice as great as in our own; moreover, the shore-defence guns of the Germans are similar to their naval ones, this homogeneity constituting a great advantage. The Admiralty for the last ten years have been maintaining a quite inadequate reserve of heavy guns. The *Daily Graphic* recently proved that a number of 12-inch Mark VIII. guns, of improved steel, were being made for the fifteen ten-year-old battleships of the *Canopus* and *Majestic* classes as late as 1906! These vessels will soon be obsolete—say in another five years—and had they been wanted for active service in 1905 the gravest difficulties might have arisen. All these facts, and more besides, have been faithfully repeated to Germany by those spies who watch over our dockyards night and day, and report all the affairs of British ships to the German Admiralty.

The naval journal *Ueberall* responds gallantly to the efforts of the German Navy League, and assures its

readers that Germany can possibly excel British feats of shipbuilding, promising to have the best and most modern fleet on the seas in the shortest space of time. The German ships will be built as fast as the British. Moreover, they will have the powerful auxiliaries of full supplies of reserve guns and torpedoes. We must remember that when Fräulein Bertha Krupp became the Baroness Gustav von Bohlen-Halbach, her work-people could not be allowed even a half-holiday to celebrate the event. We have no reserve guns and no reserve torpedoes, and, in case of a sudden war—beginning, say, with the descent of thirty-six German destroyers upon our shores, unobserved by warships or by coastguard stations, as in September, 1906—I suppose Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Company would be put on double shift, and torpedoes would be requisitioned from Japan. The country would greatly like to see a return of our ammunition reserves, now that Woolwich is less busy.

According to a recent official statement, the *Dreadnought's* ten big guns were to cost £110,000. This left £4,000 for the remaining guns and torpedoes, and, as has been already most ably pointed out, "absolutely nothing for reserve."

The new German armoured cruisers will have ordnance as heavy as that which is to be put in the battleships. These lighter vessels will have a displacement of 15,000 tons, and carry eight 50-calibre 11-inch guns, and they will be battleships in all but name. Like General von Einem, the Chief Director of the German Admiralty hopes to carry out his shipbuilding programme "without hurry, before it comes to war." Whichever nation first gets a homogeneous squadron of these swift monsters and a brace of modern mining-ships, such as the one laid down this year in Germany, will secure the command of the sea until some other Power acquires the combined superiority of numbers, weight,

strength, and speed. Such a body of ships will be able to have the weather-gauge of any squadron of inferior ironclads, and if the Power in possession has followed the example of Japan in retaining and relying upon large numbers of 6-inch quick-firers to smother the enemy in a hail of metal and cut down his funnels after the first big blows have been exchanged, victory will be easy to attain. The *Satsuma*, a ship of 19,200 tons, constructed by Japanese labour alone, is the most powerful vessel in the world to-day, and she owes her power very largely to her minimum of woodwork, her splendid fire apparatus, her freedom from top hamper in the upper works, and, above all, to her relatively large armament of 6-inch quick-firers.

Germany has been very *rusé* in the matter of battle-ships since the affair of Mukden. This is always her way. Whenever a nation shows weakness she takes immediate advantage of it. Her destiny demands this policy. She realizes that victory will be with the Power that builds the largest number of battleships of the *Ersatz Bayern* type in the shortest possible time, for any one of these vessels could annihilate a squadron of less powerful ships, as each will have the three great superiorities of speed, armour, and armament. This type of ironclad, with its sixteen long 11-inch guns, will be an enormous way ahead of the *Dreadnought*, just as the new German armoured cruiser, with her twelve 11-inch guns, is a long way ahead of the British *Invincible* class—with eight 12-inch guns forming the main battery—and the modern armoured cruisers of other Powers.

The reason Germany gives for this latest and most daring naval challenge is fully expressed in La Fontaine's line, "La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure."* Her naval attaché is not in London for pleasure. Through him she knows only too well that

* The reason of the strongest is always the best.

the "window-dressing" tactics of the British Treasury and Admiralty, in making absolutely no provision for gun, torpedo, and other reserves, betokens a condition of muddle-headedness in our legislators that may be openly defied.

Ours is merely a semblance of defence. Now that the active German fleet, under Prince Henry of Prussia, is raised to a strength of eighteen battleships and six armoured cruisers, it has become the most powerful squadron in the world controlled by a single Admiral, so that if our Channel Fleet of sixteen battleships was attacked and destroyed suddenly, the rest of our naval forces would be taken in detail. With such a hostile fleet so near to us, surely the Government was ill-advised to withdraw seven battleships and four cruisers from commission. In 1906, the average number of points gained per ship in battle-firing practice was 181.7 as against 98.4 in 1905. Sir P. Scott's inspections of target practice have apparently been stimulating, but even such wonderful records as have been shown in individual ships will count as nothing in the future unless our ironclads are in the right place, in the right numbers, and at the right time.

Our two great foreign fleets, the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, being reduced to squadrons of six battleships each, will both require to be brought up to the minimum number of eight battleships if we are to have even proper practical training, let alone efficiency, in war. With a defiant Germany (buttressed by the two other members of the still unbroken Triplice) for ever shaking the mailed fist in our faces, this is surely no time to reduce the two strong units of the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets.

Lord Tweedmouth complacently assures us that we shall have "four vessels of the *Dreadnought* type, the *Lord Nelson* and the *Agamemnon*, and the three big cruisers of the *Invincible* type, all ready by the spring

of 1909 ;" but can we rely upon these ships being finished, equipped, and fully equal to the German vessels that will then be afloat ?

The more Germany defies us, the more completely we shall be at her mercy so long as moral cowardice rules in Westminster, and there exists at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport no proper system of dealing with Admiral von Koerper's subordinates, or those espionage agents who corrupt our dockyards' men in each naval centre, under the intelligent direction of their superiors at Kiel. There are at least six persons at Portsmouth who are in the German Secret Service, and no seaport is free from the spies of our rivals. Unless we realize this danger very soon we may lose our colossal power almost at one blow ; the Kaiser may make us yield to him as easily as Cyrus subjugated Babylonia under Nabonidus. Then, if Britain falls, plucky fishwives will march on the Downing Street cowards, to show them what they ought to have done. We must never forget that, at any moment, any two of our battleships may be rendered *hors de combat*, even in time of peace. The collision of H.M.S. *Commonwealth* and *Albemarle* in February, 1907, might have been much more serious, and it showed how perilous it is to tamper with our navy. The letter that Lord Wolseley wrote to Lord Wemyss last November is a remarkable document, from which I take the liberty of quoting a paragraph :

" It is the British people who are to blame, who prefer the politicians who pretend to scoff at the possibility of invasion, and refuse in their stuck-up folly to disregard the warnings which the great Duke left this nation as a legacy. Mr. Tobias Jones, M.P., and the Smiths and Robinsons, all busy to make money, profess to laugh at danger, and ignorant John Bull makes haste to admire their wisdom."

Further on : " The people prefer those who assure

them of peace, perfect peace." This is all absolutely true. The warning contained in the Duke of Wellington's letter to Sir John Burgoyne is not heeded nowadays. Yet we find one of our ablest Generals confessing how lifelong study has proved to him that England is most vulnerable, and that he prefers to err with such great soldiers as Napoleon and Wellington upon a question that the politicians of the Temple and the Labour leaders have settled differently, to their own satisfaction and the delight of their purblind constituents.

XXVI

OUR TRUEST ECONOMY

FOR the time being, then, our truest economy lies in a sound building programme and in the expulsion of obsolete vessels from the service. Of course, it seems wasteful to take a beautiful battleship, with her vitals still hot with strength, and to cast her on the scrap-heap; but such an act is an exhibition of the truest economy. What is the use of vessels that cannot withstand modern fire? But there is no economy in taking anti-torpedo guns from our big ships in order to increase the armament of our "river-class" destroyers, because there happens to be no reserve of 12-pounders to draw upon! Colonel Pollock has recently told us that six months' training of average material will produce thoroughly efficient soldiers, who will flee whining at the first whine of a bullet. Battleships, however, cannot be thus improvised. Three years is about the time usually taken to build a large warship; and if we deplete it of its guns after it is commissioned, that ship is ineffective; therefore we must not delude ourselves by considering our navy greater or stronger than it is.

A diminution, by nearly £12,000,000, of the excess of our annual naval expenditure over that of the United States and Germany combined is a fatal reduction in our sea strength. If we continue thus to reduce our navy, in a dozen years the destiny of our Empire will be decided, and decided against us. In 1906, we placed

no new battleships on our stocks, and we had only five building or projected. In other words, our relative position in battleships has lately altered to a very serious extent. A similar remark applies to cruisers, and also notably to destroyers. In battleships building and projected there has been a change from an excess of 27 per cent. for Great Britain over France and Germany in 1901, to a deficiency of 55 per cent. in 1906. Hard economic and geographic truths are the controlling factors of the international political situation, not the childish speeches of Ministers, whose efforts of genius depress instead of stimulating us. The most important issues of a great Empire are decided not by the fatuous reasoning of theorists, educated or illiterate, but by men who control the hard, stern facts of blood and steel.

Our present rate of construction will not long maintain the Two-Power standard in either battleships or cruisers, and the next blow at our national prestige will be harder than that of the Boer War, and may conceivably lead to irretrievable bankruptcy. That indefatigable Liberal, Mr. Carlyon Bellairs, recently quoted from a speech in the House of Commons on February 21, 1902, in which Mr. Asquith dwelt on the great growth in recent years of all foreign navies, and urged that it was impossible to ignore these facts when taking into account what preparations the Admiralty ought to make to meet the dangers to which we are exposed. Mr. Asquith added that he thought that what is called the Two-Power standard represented the minimum of safety. It was by far the best form of insurance, not only of our commerce, but of the safety of our shores and the very existence of our population in the face of dangers which we all hoped might be remote, but against which it was our business to guard. This, Mr. Bellairs claims, was the attitude of a business man. The only legitimate excuse for recent reductions, Mr. Bellairs contends, would be that they have proceeded

pari passu with reductions in the navies of our principal rivals—France, Germany, and United States. Comparing April 1, 1901, with 1906, we find the facts as regards ships building or projected were as follows :

				Battleships.	
				1901.	1906.
United States	12	13
France	5	12
Germany	10	8
France and Germany	15	20
Great Britain	19	9

The Two-Power standard being equality in numbers to the fleets of any two Powers, plus a margin of 10 per cent., neither the foregoing figures nor Lord Tweedmouth's utterances at the Eighty Club dinner at Oxford serve to allay our fears. We have nothing like the preponderance we had in 1900-1904, either in effective ships or in the power of these ships, the difference against us being now about 14 per cent.

We are still reeling from the shock of losing £280,000,000 or more in South Africa, and our feeling of vertigo is increased by the knowledge that this gigantic expenditure may have been made in vain. There is no knowing where these mad Radicals, with their mania for reckless retrenchment, may eventually lead us—into what Serbonian bogs, into what unparalleled dangers. The next war, which we shall have to wage with a depleted navy, may possibly cost us £500,000,000 or more. To give up our naval supremacy would be national suicide !

There was one period during the Boer struggle when, with our unstable and poor gold reserve, we experienced extreme difficulty in obtaining the amount we required for Treasury purposes. This was in Colenso week, and it is quite conceivable that the same trouble may occur again in a more acute form. Germany not only has her Spandau treasure-chest, but at the end of last year the Reichsbank's gold reserve was £29,000,000, against

the Bank of England's reserve of £28,000,000. Moreover, an immense amount of money is being spent in new harbours, barracks, and Government workshops. The new ship canal from Wilhelmshaven to Emden will soon be under way, and the Dollart Bay is to be developed. This does not look very much like a country impoverished by high tariffs, or injured by the stress of the conflicting interests of eighteen separate and distinct political parties. In any case, however, it is imperative that the reserve of gold in the Bank of England should be maintained at a sum certainly not less than £100,000,000, especially at this period of international doubt and uncertainty. Whilst all the other great nations constantly endeavour to increase their holding of gold, we seem to neglect this all-important point. When almost every one of seventy or more producing companies on the Rand is being worked at a profit—and the total yearly dividend distributions from that quarter are not less than £6,000,000 sterling, say approximately 25 per cent. of the value of the gold yield—surely we, who are undoubtedly the largest shareholders, should take steps to safeguard this vast colonial treasury, by amassing a gold reserve for its defence, and by putting our navy beyond German competition.]

If we fail to do so, and a war breaks out, the British taxpayer, who has experienced the unhappiness of seeing every form of security depreciate during the present Liberal régime, may then, perhaps, have the privilege of learning that fortunes, dependent upon the security of our commerce, the richness of our colonial lands, and upon the unassailable character of our insular position, may disappear altogether. If adopted, the recommendations contained in the article by Mr. J. A. Murray Macdonald, M.P., in the May number of the *Contemporary* will absolutely ensure a war, for weakness invariably invites aggression. The army has been made the shuttlecock of party, with the most dis-

astrous results. If the navy be made another plaything, it is all over with us.

Too great a confidence must not be placed upon the Japanese Alliance, and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for seeking to reduce our naval and military strength when our ally is increasing hers. Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, recently received from the Mikado the Order of the Rising Sun of the First Class; but he did not get this distinction in recognition of his services in teaching the Japanese Navy to take care of us, but by instructing it how to achieve its own national victories.

The *Temps* warns Frenchmen against listening to pacifists, who prescribe reductions in the French Navy on the strength of the British example. Germany refuses to follow the lead of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and, in consequence, both France and Britain should continue to arm *à outrance*. At any rate, we cannot allow any nation to obtain such a position on the Continent as to be capable of dominating her neighbours. The United States have set about the completion of a splendid navy, because shrewd transatlantic brains have the prescience to discern that many struggles for territory and Colonies may take place ere long in the New World. The keenest intellect in the Radical party would find it impossible to prove that a single really great Power is anxious to reduce its naval and military expenditure. Not one important Continental Chancellery pays the slightest heed to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who is rightly regarded as the mere tool of an ignorant Democracy—a Democracy that has utterly failed to keep its place against intelligent Continental industrial competition. Through unprincipled representatives eager for power, a vast horde of uneducated people, professing the most egoistic doctrines, has grasped the reins of our statecraft, and if the mob be allowed to control the destinies of the

country for long, Britain will assuredly fail to keep her place against Continental naval and military competition.

When we find reputable journals like the *Speaker* trouncing Mr. Haldane for advocating a greater spread of the Voluntary Service movement, deriding the aims and objects of the National Service League, and describing as "a hideous reaction" this late awakening on the part of British patriots to a consciousness of the national weakness—well, we are indeed at a loss for words!

When educated men of other nations read that, during a coming session, Mr. Keir Hardie hopes to get the millions saved on the naval estimates "as a nest-egg for old-age pensions," they know that our nation is really decadent and slowly sliding towards the abyss. Germany openly expresses her special derision and contempt, and she does not even take pains to conceal her intentions of hastening our descent into the Avernus of the future. Mr. Lloyd George once said: "A big country like the United States may make as many blunders as it likes, and not feel them much. Its inexhaustible natural resources enable it to pull up. Britain has to depend upon its commerce, and not upon its natural resources, and a blunder in such circumstances would be irretrievable."

It is of just such a blunder that we now complain—the attempt to lessen the safeguard on our commerce. When we gave up Heligoland to Germany we little dreamt how important she considered that island, but because we made that mistake we have no need to make another. If some attempt were made to economize in the Civil Department of the Admiralty, and to spend these savings in ships; such a sane policy would be welcome; but, as has been well said, the Government reminds us of the man in Hogarth's picture who, seated astride a signboard, is busily engaged in sawing away his

only support. We might even use another figure : The nation is actually in the position of a runaway train, rapidly approaching perdition. No one now thinks of springing to the vacuum-brake valve in the guard's van ; but when someone does eventually realize his duty, it may be found that the brake is already exhausted and the wheels are skidding, the driver possibly having awakened to his danger when it is too late to avert a catastrophe.

The history of Greece in the middle of the fourth century B.C. affords a parallel to the fatuous vanity of the present Cabinet. At that period the equally stupid Athenians, suffering acutely from swollen head, laughed at those who saw in the rising strength of Macedonia a menace to their country. History, however, has mocked the memories of these fools many times since then.

Germany marked time in beginning her new vessels, waiting, doubtless, to see how our big *Dreadnought* fulfilled the expectations of the Admiralty, and how the swift cruisers now building at Elswick were engined. She knows all about the turbine now, and the *Invincible*, *Indomitable*, and *Inflexible* will have no surprises for her. Their 12-inch guns are being excelled at Krupp's works this very day, and men are in training to challenge the supremacy of Petty-Officer Giles of H.M.S. *King Edward VII.*, who is supposed to be the best shot in our navy.

Early in 1908 Germany will have three huge cruisers, greater and more powerful than any ever built before, to face our three latest vessels of this class—the *Invincible*, *Indomitable*, and *Inflexible*. They will be of 19,200 tons or more, and fitted with Parsons' turbines of 50,000 horse-power, as against our cruisers' 41,000 horse - power. Moreover, Germany's secret agents have long ago given her news of Colonel Cuniberti's projections, which may conceivably revolutionize all

the great naval programmes of the world. Colonel Cuniberti is the Chief Instructor of the Italian Navy, and his article in Mr. Fred T. Jane's "Fighting Ships, 1906-7," is of the greatest interest, showing, as it does, that a speedier battleship, with a 50 per cent. superiority, is likely to be the ideal of the immediate future.

It may be, perhaps, that our extraordinary Government has actually *blundered into a fortunate waiting policy*, but the balance of probability is unhappily on the other side. Nevertheless, pacific Cabinet pledges as to what will be done in shipbuilding during the years to come are unjustifiable, unnecessary, and stupid. It seems natural to expect that a properly-governed Great Britain will build precisely those ironclads that she needs.

If the *Dreadnought* class is to be powerful, there must be numbers, homogeneity, and proper equipment. Such ships cannot be safely paired with battleships of an inferior turn of speed. The reductions foreshadowed in 1907-8 are said to depend upon the decisions of the Hague Conference, but these decisions can be accurately forecast. We have the experience of Lord Goschen to guide us, who found, when he offered to set a limit to our shipbuilding—being led to hope that other Powers would do the same—that he received not the slightest encouragement from any other nation whatever. So that the proper answer to the Berlin *Germania*—which announced to our Premier a new programme for an increase in the navy, to be placed before the Reichstag in the autumn—was the news that two brace of *Dreadnoughts* were to be put on the stocks forthwith.

Instead of this, however, matters are proceeding precisely as if no danger threatened. Is it ignorance or obstinacy that leads our statesmen thus to ignore the responsibilities of Empire? Of the three battleships of the British 1906 programme only two have as yet been laid down. One is the *Bellerophon*, at Ports-

mouth, the other the *Téméraire*, at Devonport. The *Superb* will be built at Elswick. To lay down a vessel, however, does not spell security. The work must be hastened at all costs. Shipbuilding programmes are usually settled in the month of October, but, as a rule, the projected ships are not laid down until at least ten months later, and big *Invincible* cruisers take thirty months to build. Therefore something may happen in the three intervening years that may be fatal to us.

We know that, since the last meeting at the Hague, two of the chief Powers represented have engaged in long and costly wars. We know the trend of Germany's thought by the expression of her publicists and the outpourings of her press, from which we clearly gather that, for political purposes, Britain is always to be held up as a fixedly hostile nation; therefore, these thrifty Ministers of ours have no sort of decent excuse for beginning to practise that fatal economy which already, and more than once in our history, has resulted in a centupled expenditure.

"The revenue is the State," said a celebrated political economist. When we are confronted by such a dangerous situation, created by the Kaiser's renewed efforts to force up the severity of naval competition, it appears to me that our sanest economy would lie in the direction of a tax upon those goods the profits on which are building the German Navy. Then the revenue would be the State indeed! Sooner or later tariff revenue will become the absolute and only alternative to Socialist taxation. Our income-tax is already at a higher figure than it ought to be in time of peace, and our municipal taxes increase year by year with unvarying and fatal regularity. Therefore our whole system of national finance must be reformed without delay if we are to maintain the defensive forces of the Empire at a proper standard, meet the constant and imperious demands of extravagant municipalities, and, at the same time,

be in a position to deal effectively with those foreign countries whose unchecked competition is injuring so many of our industries, and threatening the peace and security of the whole world. Those financial pundits who say that to take one penny off tea or twopence off sugar would make no difference in the price of either article to the consumer, and, in the same breath, urge that a similar preferential tax* upon foreign corn would so increase the price of bread that the consumer might starve, must be replaced by men who can work out ordinary sums in simple arithmetic without falling into conspicuous errors.

* Five years ago, when a duty of one shilling a quarter was imposed on imported corn, the price of wheat fell slightly, *while it rose when the duty was abolished*. Official reports show that the same results have followed the increase and reduction of corn duties in France, Germany, Italy, and Belgium during the last twenty-five years.

XXVII

THE TIME TO CRY "VERBOTEN"

THE Government have recently abandoned the construction of three out of the eight *Dreadnoughts* which, under the Admiralty's own memorandum of 1905, ought to have been laid down in 1906 and 1907. To restrict the number of our ships would look like wisdom, if our Navy could be always cruising round our shores. Unfortunately, however, such concentration is impracticable in time of peace, and our fleet is usually spread over the waters of those parts of the world wherein lie our vast interests. It is only too probable that the next war will come as a bolt from the blue and find our Armada scattered, and Prince Henry of Prussia in command of the greatest active fleet in the world's navies—a compact striking force of twenty battleships, and five huge armoured cruisers, six protected cruisers, and thirty-two destroyers, all ready for instant use in the North Sea, where we have absolutely no organized fleet. Several battleships with reduced crews and a few destroyers at Sheerness is all the force we have to repel a sudden German attack upon our unprotected East Coast. Moreover, the Channel Fleet is reduced from sixty-seven units to twenty-one, and its Admiral has neither destroyer nor torpedo craft under his command. Thus we are at the mercy of a bold enemy resolved on an eagle-swoop. The German ships are fully manned and ready for instant work, ours are in a

state of suspended animation. Were Germany to strike at us to-night she could inflict a mortal wound ! Well may the latest sensational Berlin book be entitled "*Albion, quo vadis ?*" The Institute of International Law—which adopted the humane resolution that hostilities shall not begin without previous and unequivocal warning—may preach from now till doomsday, but Germany will not bind herself to such a policy.

The British nation has a habit of turning and rending those who have betrayed it in naval matters, but to worry peccant Ministers, or even to hang, draw, and quarter them, would be no consolation to Imperialists made desperate by the fulfilment of their most ominous predictions. We cannot but feel uneasy when we read such General Orders as those issued by Admiral Koester, in September, 1906, on handing over the command of the German active battle-fleet to its new Commander-in-Chief, Prince Henry of Prussia : "I leave the fleet with the joyful knowledge that in the future, under the control of my successor, it will become an even sharper and stronger weapon in the hands of the Emperor." No wonder the German press prints this effusion in italics ! Meanwhile, the British public is being deceived with the idea of a naval strength which does not exist, and our most thoughtful Admirals are in despair at the interference of men who have insisted upon a condition of naval passivity and unreadiness to save a few thousand pounds.

"Do not be bamboozled with the idea of strength which does not exist. . . . Unless you are ready, your ships painted the right colour, the Admiral ready for work, and not looking forward to reinforcements flung at his head, on which he has to spend time to organize them, it is certain you will have . . . naval disasters which will be irreparable." Thus wrote Mr. Arnold White in 1901, and his words have greater weight to-day.

To leave our important Eastern Telegraph Cable absolutely unprotected in St. Helena, and our guns on that island to rust—to abandon the islanders to want and ruin—staggeres us, as it has staggered every Admiral in the fleet. If it is possible for a sunken German tramp steamer to close the Suez Canal, St. Helena, lying on the old route to India, ought to be guarded at all costs. It is a strategical position of the highest importance to South Africa; but Radical Ministers would seem to appreciate the importance of naval bases as little as they appreciate the value of consistency in their treatment of South African internal questions. But the crowning piece of Government maladroitness, the reduction of the arm of the service that saved South Africa by over two hundred guns, is a piece of folly so stupendous that we can hardly believe it. Why, even my dog has more sense than the British Cabinet. A pot of boiling soup was dropped upon him in puppyhood, nearly scalding him to death. He knows now when a pan or a kettle boils, and avoids the kitchen range accordingly. Moreover, he barks whenever the kettle steams on the tea-table spirit-stove. Altogether a very wise and practical dog.

The strategical value of the Scilly Isles and their searchlights and guns, on which some quarter of a million has been recently spent, may be a matter for debate; there can be no two opinions, however, on the value of two hundred guns in the regular artillery. To place thirty-six batteries of field gunners in the Second Line may seem desirable from the point of view of an economical lawyer; to arrange that only a portion of the regular artillery shall be armed with the absolutely necessary new pattern quick-firing guns, and that no fewer than thirty-six batteries of field artillery are to retain the old obsolete fifteen-pounders in a tinkered condition may seem very pleasant gains from the Premier's narrow outlook, but from the standpoint of

those who have campaigned these are acts of egregious stupidity, showing only too clearly that the lessons of the Boer conflict have never been learned by the Secretary for War. Even as the Admiralty have failed to profit by the teachings of that struggle, so also has the War Office. To keep the great bulk of the personnel of the British Navy in barracks ashore, and to attempt to justify such a policy after the lessons of the Russian disasters, would seem to indicate a desire on the part of the Naval Lords to emulate the exploits of the military authorities. There can be but one proper policy to recommend itself, after a study of the Eastern conflict, and that is this: our men must be exercised on the ships they are to fight in, and our newest and best vessels must be always at sea in commission with full crews, under the Admiral who will be in chief command during war. All the principles of strategy insist upon the concentration of the maximum of force at the point of danger, this being determined by the position of the fleet of the probable enemy.

We often needlessly punish our corporeal bodies by trying them to the utmost. In these so-called Radical reforms we are inflicting equal punishment on the body politic without the slightest reason! We are sowing the seeds of a crop of trouble that may in the end make an end of us. A tinkered gun, with the same or less range that it had before it went into the hands of the tinker, is to be our weapon against any and every nation. There is not a field gun in use in any army of the Great Powers that could not easily outrange ours, even as the Boer Creusots outranged our obsolete weapons.

Meantime, our system of Free Imports is presenting our protected competitors with *Dreadnoughts* free of charge. Our antiquated Cobdenism—a senile doctrine, rightly repudiated by all vigorous nations, both young and old—is financing the development of at least one

fleet that begins already to be threatening. The trade of which we are deprived by hostile tariffs means lack of employment here, and lack of profit. It means a certain loss to us and a positive gain to our opponents in human power, and in the tremendous potency of gold and silver. The pressure of Treasury control upon the policy of our Sea Lords would be much less acute, and our national position incomparably less perilous, if we adopted the scientific Japanese system of taxing imports.

Short of this vital reform, we must do what we can, but one thing we must not fail to do, and that is to keep the predominant naval position which we have had for so many years. We must be always in a position to go to war on behalf of our national honour, whenever and wherever this has been compromised. As Lord Lytton truly said: "It is to the material interest of England to keep her honour as stainless and above suspicion as that of Caesar's wife." The disease of Cobdenism is deeply-rooted, and if we cannot be cured of it, we should be at least insured against the risks it creates. Of course, the cost is appalling, but, so long as we are threatened by Germany, we must not count the cost. We cannot complain because she builds a big navy, but we have the right to protest when she tells us that it is meant to destroy us. It is not prudent for us to run any risks. Remember always that when your rifle suddenly becomes useless at a critical moment your courage vanishes. So with the nation and its navy. The moment a people loses its nerve that people is lost! The French Army was once supposed to be ready for victorious war—even down to the last button on the last gaiter. But Sedan told a different tale. The fall of a nation comes thus suddenly, with some momentous capitulation such as that of Sedan. Even on a windless day a tree has been known to fall, having broken the one rotten root that

held it to the ground. When the man who imagines that the downfall of British power is necessary to ensure the continued advance of German prosperity occupies himself, even at his hunting lodges of Hubertusstock and Rominten, with plans for the development of his navy, and strenuously evolves schemes to ensure the continued efficiency of his army when walking through the turnips and beetroot of his favourite farm,* it behoves us to have our eyes open. Moltke, in stating the motives of Prussia in commencing her struggle with Austria, said that the war was waged to obtain prestige. The war with which Germany now threatens us will be fought in order to get both reputation and extended wealth and power. Sudden downfalls of States and Empires bring death and destruction with them, even as falling trees kill people on the high roads. Therefore, let us have these possibilities in mind now that the homogeneous, active, German battle-fleet is the strongest in the world to-day, despite our too carefully-tended *Dreadnought*.

Naval expenditure is a terrible—a damnable—load upon a nation, and, for the matter of that, so is the cost of military power ; but both are called for by the necessities of the time. If the British nation will not reverse that fiscal policy which has supplied Germany with money for her fleet, then the inevitable must be faced, and we must make up our minds to count no expense too great to maintain our position of naval superiority. We must spend a little less on public buildings and municipal luxuries of that kind, a little less on electric trams that do not pay, and on all the senseless extravagances of the age ; then, having sensibly economized, we must bestow a trifle more on the army and navy.

Let Ministers cease to be cowed by Labour Members ! Every man in high places ought to adopt the attitude of the late Mr. W. H. Smith, who threatened to resign

* Cadinen.

rather than ask for less than the absolute minimum necessary for the safety of the country. Incredibly stupid as the British public is, it will never allow a Minister to resign who is thus patriotic. Mob law must be resisted to the uttermost, and its present dangerous growth checked forthwith. Let us remember the downfall of Almanzor and Cordova. It is necessary to steer clear of mob law at all costs. We ought at once to begin to reconstruct instead of commencing to destroy.

If Germany's imperious naval challenge continues to be made, and the strident voices grow louder, we must build two ships for every one. This is the only sensible thing to do, short of seizing the threatening Power by the scruff of the neck, neutralizing the danger and making the tormentor incapable of working evil for some centuries to come. As guardians of the world's peace, we should be fully justified in doing this, for our great navy has never been used as a scourge and a terror, but merely as a monitor of international security. In the old days Elizabethan statesmen would have saluted the mailed fist and the pointed sword with a thunder-clap of guns! Elizabethan seamen—like our own of to-day—would have regarded the naval war entailed by such defensive action as the precious fruit of long abstinence; they would have fought and won, and thus have rendered peace secure for coming generations. Great Britain has received many provocations during the last twenty years that would have driven a Pitt to frenzy, and led him to employ obsolescent British battleships for the purpose for which they were made.

As the Paris *Dépêche* points out, "If Germany persists in this aggressive building, Great Britain has a right to treat her as she formerly treated Holland, France, and Spain." So long as German nature remains what it is, and so long as German opinion remains so openly hostile to us, there cannot be two such navies as ours without international disasters.

From her own point of view, Germany is right in trying to win the race, but from our position we see that her aspirations are too bellicose. If Great Britain had been in Germany's place to-day and Germany in Britain's; if, in such a case, Britain had dared to rival her sister-nation's naval predominance and ventured constantly to speak of her in terms of gross disparagement, her ships would now have been at the bottom of the sea, and millions upon millions would have been saved to the Power with such resolution.

When we see the Kaiser's subjects declining to strike off a single destroyer from their programmes, and proposing to spend twice as much as we do upon the war fleet, in proportion to the tonnage of their merchant marine, can we read anything but danger in their determination? "There's really no knowing what lengths they will go to," as the tailor's assistant said when he measured three Guards officers for a foreign outfit.

I fancy I hear the unimaginative murmuring :

"Quoi ! vous allez combattre un roi dont la puissance
Semble forcer le ciel à prendre sa défense. . . ."

But I may assure them that I am perfectly serious. Whether or not my thoughts constitute *Majestäts-beleidigung*, I shall utter them, and thereby speak the thoughts of many of my countrymen. We have been living too long with our heads in the clouds—it is time we had our eyes fixed on grim realities.

There is a very practical word which the Germans are exceedingly fond of using : you may find it on the thousand and one prohibitions that confront the visitor in their country ; it expresses science and common-sense, and its object is to remind people that they cannot become a nuisance to others without suffering for their sins. That word is *Verboten* ! Therefore, I say again that, if we would be wise, we must give Germany one

more chance, even as the Kaiser gave Bismarck his ultimate opportunity when he asked him to repeal the Cabinet Order forbidding Ministers to have audience of the Emperor except in the presence of the Chancellor. Let us urge her to curb the energies of her press, and, insisting upon our right to the retention of our world-position, demand the withdrawal of the obvious challenge. Let us make it clear to her that we will not suffer it—that it is *VERBOTEN*. No British Conservative Government ever desired war with Germany, or we should have had war long ago. Our Radical Ministers have never dreamt of hatching a Machiavellian plot to force war on Germany, although the author of "Armageddon" considers them capable of such folly. No one in Britain wants war, and the only chance of preventing it is to be firm, and to cry *Verboten*. The pacific character we have borne for half a century will justify our request in the eyes of the world. If Germany refuses to withdraw her threats, then let us proceed at once to compel her adhesion to humanity's request, by so taxing her manufactures in Great Britain and the Colonies as automatically to stop her shipbuilding.

To lay down two vessels to every one of hers is not the best way to deal with such a nation as Germany if Free Trade continues to be our greatest political vice. This course would indeed spell bankruptcy for both countries. No ; the true way is to compel her to cease uttering threats and to check her aggressive building, and it is precisely for use in such a grave contingency that the British nation has consented to maintain for so long such a formidable force as we at present are said to possess. If our battleships be not designed for the defence of the national honour and the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire, then why were they created ? Unless this huge navy can be utilized in order to avert national bankruptcy, we had better build

nothing stronger than sand-castles or such toy yachts as sail on the Serpentine.

Teutophobia does not inspire these suggestions, but the outcry of men and women who are slaving day by day to feed the monstrous vanity of the Great. We cannot go on paying war taxes in time of peace if we are not to be allowed to protest forcefully against the insensate pretensions of Germany. When the *Berlin Boersen Zeitung* charged Mr. Botha with base ingratitude to his German sympathizers in "entering the service of the conquerors," and attending the Colonial Conference, those who can read between the lines saw only too clearly what Mr. Botha meant when he affirmed that "the position in the Transvaal would be hazardous if the Imperial troops were withdrawn," and in which quarter the German fleet is expected to wound us first. But we ought to set about cancelling its power to wound and to destroy.

One thing, and one thing only, can deter our Premier from this desirable action, and that is the utter absence of any system of voluntary service such as alone entitles a nation to call itself civilized and strong. With a million men behind such a definite request, it would be at once granted.

By all that is equitable, a Power whose ambitions have become dangerous to the peace of the world should be disarmed by its sister nations. Why should peaceable peoples suffer from inordinate naval and military expenses? Europe owes this disarmament as a duty to herself.

In regard to European peace, let not Count Goblet d'Alviella's words be forgotten: "*The whole question depends upon Germany!*" Great Britain, the world's most pacific Power, must forget these words least of all. Her Premier, the mouthpiece of the nation, has made overtures, and put forward proposals which have been rejected with scorn and contumely by the German

Empire. When Prince Bülow asked in the Reichstag what sensible person had ever described the German Navy as directed against England, Herr von Vollmar, the Social Democrat, answered him most pertinently : "If all who have so described the German Navy are not sensible persons," he said, "then there must be few sensible persons in many of the parties of this House ! Do you suppose the English are deaf ?"

It needed not this outburst to teach us the true meaning of the German answer to our Premier. Are we, then, to pursue the policy of Quintus Fabius Maximus in face of a menace that may be dealt with now at a thousandfold less cost than in another ten years ? As a writer in *Vanity Fair* has truly remarked, we should have been justified in declaring war at the period of the despatch of the Krüger telegram, which Hohenlohe and others bowdlerized so cleverly. Prince Bülow's venomous remarks on the subject of a harmless comparison between the conduct of the British and German armies constituted almost a *casus belli*. If we wait until the development of events in Austria makes interference obligatory, we may wait too long ! When the German Chancellor tells us that "it is impossible to turn the flow of the stream backwards," we must put our nation in arms and deal with this Power as Cromwell would have dealt with it. Let us answer the reports of her three million rifles by the volleys of three million more ! As John Stuart Mill says, "The sole end for which society is warranted in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection and to prevent harm to others." In self-protection, then, let us interfere with the intolerable aggressiveness of Germany ! Firmness linked with courtesy would probably end the strife without the firing of a single cannon.

Our own safety is the first consideration, as Elizabeth probably said when she signed Mary the Plotter's death-

warrant. France and Great Britain, guarantors of the independence of Holland and Belgium, have a right—indeed, they have almost an obligation—to ask for an explanation of these deadly and threatening armaments of Germany. The responsibility for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe rests on France and England ; and America, too, may now be classed among the nations desiring nothing but peace. If we remain silent for another decade we may be lost. During the next war that occurs after the attainment of its ideal strength the German fleet does not propose to hide itself at Wilhelmshaven behind a triple row of torpedoes, as in 1870-1871. It will not allow any other fleet to cruise idly outside the islet of Wangeroog. It will be out and about, imposing the Kaiser's will here and there and everywhere. Nothing peaceable can stop its growth save Imperial unity. If drastic action be impossible, then disarmament at this moment of our history would appear to be madness. But is drastic action impossible ? Has the British lion lost his teeth ? Is he no longer capable of dealing with those who threaten him ? In 1801 Great Britain faced the world in the throes of armed conflict with clenched teeth and sinews braced. In less than twenty years Napoleon's power was swept from the sea, and his armies were decimated. Is Britain too lethargic, too obese, to show an equal strength and daring to-day, in face of a peril which grows momentarily greater ? If we are never to have compulsory service the time for an understanding is *now* : in another five years we shall have but little chance against Germany, either on land or sea, unless we come to our senses in the meanwhile.

XXVIII

BRITAIN'S CHOICE—GERMANY OR FRANCE

OUR Radicals profess to be able to apply "peaceful persuasion" to the enemies of this country, but if they attempt to wage our national struggles by means of trades-unions, they will not win one. Our Premier, when he is trying to lessen the hostility of a nation by preaching disarmament, puts me in mind of a man whom I once saw endeavouring to open his front-door with a cigarette. Only warships, adequate military force, and retaliatory tariffs will regain for us international respect. The Battle of Trafalgar was not won by peaceful persuasion. Great Britain is the most generous nation in the world, therefore she is the most hated and abused. The cringing attitude adopted by Radicals to foreign Chancelleries has made her an object of derision everywhere. There is but one really staunch and fearless Briton in the present Cabinet and that is our Foreign Secretary.

Cobden said, in his rashness, that within a decade of its establishment other nations would copy our policy of Free Imports, but the world has laughed us to scorn. It is only by the help of our Colonies that the nation has been able to get along so well under such a grievous burden. *The gold won from the virgin lands of our Colonies has given us a great part of our vast riches.* Take away our power safely to invest money in oversea possessions, and our trade and wealth will begin rapidly

to diminish. The youngest Colony of all—Western Australia—has yielded us more than £68,000,000 of gold in about ten years, and even Mauritius and Weihai-Wei have entered the lists as gold-producers. It would take a volume to describe the immense riches which we have extracted from our other Colonies—treasure that puts the wealth of the Spanish Empire of the Conquistadores to shame. In South Africa, West Africa, every quarter of Australia, New Zealand, India, Canada—in almost every land the British flag has fluttered over have been found vast gold deposits which have so enriched us that disarmament on the score of expense seems ridiculous, especially in view of the enormous sums we spend municipally.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman predicts that other nations will follow our example in regard to disarmament, but his prophecy may be placed in the same category as Cobden's soothsaying. He is riding a hobby whose performances are like those of Mr. Louis de Rougemont's turtle. Sooner or later the steed will fail the intrepid adventurer, and he will get a good ducking. No man can bestride either hobby-horses or turtles for long, if he does so in defiance of the laws of gravitation.

Japan has shown us how to secure a profitable peace, and how to become respected, simply and solely by putting her army and navy into a perfect state of efficiency. Japan set the world an example of courage that will be an eternal light in history. She proved to us how necessary it is to maintain the pluck and valour of a nation by means of a racial ideal; she showed a wondering world that all that swaggers is not bold.

To ensure peace, the only way is to maintain our armaments on a war footing in time of peace. Therefore, as we have no ambition to acquire land at the expense of others—having all the territory we need—and as we are now strictly ~~only~~ ^{on} the defensive, let us see that our bulwarks are as sound as the dykes of Holland.

It must be remembered that our naval supremacy has been largely achieved by military prowess, and that it is now more than ever important that we should have a good army to back up our navy. We have never yet fought in European territories without allies ; but in the future it may be our lot to have to do so, because in the present temper of the world we cannot count upon the stability of alliances. Therefore, if ever it becomes necessary for us to make a great noise, we must see that our drums are screwed up to the right key. Better play the game of Brer Fox than bark furiously with uncertain teeth.

In battle practice our Channel Fleet must move up from the seventh position to the high place of merit now occupied by the Second Cruiser Squadron. The average points obtained by the entire British Fleet in 1906 were 181·7, compared with 98·4 in 1905. This is satisfactory, but we should like to see the Channel and North Sea Fleets excelling all the others in accuracy of fire. And, above all, we must have more fighting men for these fleets.

Naturally, to peaceable Britons the growth of armaments appears terrible, but apparently it is inevitable. Those militant Powers who are most aggressive ought to take the lead in disarmament, and at present no emulation of our example may be expected from them. Let Germany follow our Premier's lead, and we will cap her reductions with further ones. Alas ! in Berlin the notion of national duty is vastly different from our Premier's. Unwavering, energetic, and unyielding to sentiment, German patriotism shrinks from no self-sacrifice with great prizes in view, and the growth of armaments is not terrifying to the Teuton.

In the new Council for Imperial Defence let the voice of India be heard, and the voices of all our Crown as well as self-governing Colonies. Then, perhaps, we may find that the spirit of self-sacrifice is still alive in our

race, and that the four letters DUTY spell duty, not dishonour. Let our kith and kin also have a word in this question of expenditure; perhaps we may find them willing to help us to bear the burden. Meanwhile we must cease to strike off odd ships from our naval programmes that count in armament as two of the biggest battleships already afloat, remembering that a strong British fleet is the best safeguard against European embroilments. Power and might cannot be procured at the *Bon Marché*.

The country should remember that Lord Randolph Churchill once pressingly advised reductions in the money spent on our army and navy, and directly after he had given expression to his ideas, the Continent more than once was on the point of war. Moreover, the Boer campaign showed us the essential unsoundness of military 'economies.' It is not a state of preparedness, but a condition of unpreparedness, that invites ultimatums. A British reserve of a million men would probably stop much of Germany's aggressive ship-building, and give us peace for a century. Once we fix on a national reserve of large dimensions, and become determined to have it, we are safe.

As Lord Roberts has wisely said, "The Empire that cannot defend its own territories must perish." Therefore, when we see the Kaiser's fleet increased by sudden leaps—whenever, for purposes of statecraft, the relations between Great Britain and Germany are made to appear strained—it behoves us to be watchful; and when we know, from the mouths of responsible men of all classes in Germany, that these increases are intended to counter-balance and destroy our naval power, we cannot include the challenger within the circle of our national friendships.

All are not fools who flatter. The path recently trodden by Mr. Haldane and by Mr. Winston Churchill in all the bravery of the uniform of the Oxfordshire

Hussars, was and is a most slippery and dangerous one ; it leads right down to a cliff, similar to that over which the Gadarene swine precipitated themselves. Mr. McKenna is also approaching the steep slope, and he ought to be warned by means of those immortal words from the French version of "Hamlet"—"Monsieur Macbeth, prenez garde de Monsieur Macduff !" Go and look at Briton Rivière's picture in the Tate Gallery, and you will see how these three men and the people of Great Britain appeared to their unbiassed friends in the Colonies last year.

There can be no real amity between Britain and Germany so long as the Kaiser demands more and more money for his navy. The Yorkshire Choir may sing a thousand peaceful ditties to Wilhelm II., but on the one point where his yielding would mean genuine friendship his heart will remain even as flint. The Yorkshire Choir will never do to the Emperor what David did to Saul. Confronted by a pro-German Pope, a distracted Russia, a menacing condition of affairs in the East, and these constant manifestations of the restless ambitions of the Kaiser, surely British statesmen should ever take political steps which are not likely to hurt the feelings of France.

There is a certain pretty flower of the primrose tribe called the *Primula obconica*. Not long ago a somewhat weak old lady, stricken with influenza, stooped to sniff one of these scentless though otherwise attractive plants, and, in doing so, accidentally scratched the inflamed mucous membrane of her nose. Acute inflammation of the skin and subcutaneous tissue set in, and she died of blood-poisoning. The friendship offered to Britannia by the German editors, by Germania to our press, and by the Kaiser to our Ministers, is an equally pretty flower, but Britannia must be very careful not to scratch her nose in endeavouring to discover its scent and value.

Let us ask ourselves three very important questions : If some sudden calamity befell this nation—for instance, suppose that the more implacable Boers raised the Vierkleur again—could we count upon Germany's sympathy ?

If several important Indian States broke into open rebellion, and China simultaneously asked us to vacate Hong Kong, could we rely upon the German editors to support our cause ?

If Great Britain and the United States came into collision over some Canadian question, should we be safe in counting upon the Kaiser's support ?

In answering these questions, we have only our past experience to guide us. In this great world of make-believe there is but one true test of sincerity and of friendship, and this test is called misfortune. When misfortune befell us in 1899, Germany's voice was loud in favour of our enemies, and her heart was with them. We may be forgiven, therefore, if we doubt the sincerity of her present professions of amity, and of the loyalty of her friendship ; and we may also be forgiven when we trust no one whom we doubt. Let us read once more a little luminous extract from the *Neue Politisch Korrespondenz*, a Berlin newspaper which is frequently "officially inspired." This was published on March 8, 1907 :

"England is a Colossus, with feet of clay. She will do well not to provoke too heatedly the world-historic decision as to whom supremacy in Europe belongs. She has brusquely repelled the friendship offered by Germany with more enthusiasm than statesmanlike wisdom, and has spun around us a diplomatic net which already unpleasantly hampers the freedom of our movements.

"If she continues in this course the inclination will some day possess us to tear this artificial net ruthlessly to pieces, before we are hemmed in so tightly that we

cannot move. Even the *Entente Cordiale* need have no terrors for us.

"If France wishes to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for England, we shall undertake to make the fire plentifully hot.

"Germany has at present 5,500,000 soldiers, who are available, not on paper, but actually. The French Army, through monarchical-clerical agitation on the one hand and Republican-Socialistic machinations on the other, has become perceptibly disorganized. A country in which an André at the War Ministry and a Pelletan at the Admiralty are tolerated is not exactly terrible as a war Power. The field army which Germany will place in service on the first day of mobilization will be sufficient to crush France, even if a part of it is detached for operations against England.

"We wish sincerely to live in peace with France and England, but that can only be if England henceforth refrains from a diplomatic policy which sooner or later must lead to war—a war which, as we are firmly convinced, will be the beginning of the end for the British Empire."

Who could now hesitate between Germany and France? In international affairs, discrimination is a fine quality to display. Even the slug discriminates between the delphinium and the aconite.

We have already made our choice. We have decided that the independence of Holland and Belgium are essential to European civilization, and that their independence can be secured only by a close understanding with France. We have been as slow as slugs in arriving at a true appreciation of the value of France's friendship, but we have at last become conscious of her worth. The French may effuse more than the Germans, but their sentiments are *sincere*. It makes no difference to their courage if they do spell hero with an extra *s*. They are the bravest people in the world. A little demonstrative-

ness in friendship is particularly agreeable to a nation like ours, that has been so often disillusionized.

If we choose to form a Military Convention with France, we shall not ask the *Berlin Post* for permission. The leading Conservative organ of Germany may address its advice where it will be welcomed. If Germans choose to regard an Anglo-French Military Convention as an offensive, unfriendly act towards their country, we really cannot do more than shrug our shoulders and murmur, "What about your proposed alliance with Turkey, your already existing Triplice, or your Bismarckian system of insurances and reinsurances? And what about Herr Bassermann's speech in the Reichstag, recalling the idyllic days of German policy, when Prince Bismarck helped to keep England and France at daggers drawn in the Mediterranean, England and Russia at the point of war in Asia, and Austria and Russia in antagonism in the Balkans?"

The Anglo-French Convention is already concluded. It is signed and sealed in the hearts of Frenchmen and Britons, who are sick to death of clamorous German ambition, and the eternal cry of "sharp swords" and "mailed fists." There is no need for political consecration and Parliamentary approbation. As the *Éclair* truly says, "The work is accomplished."

If the legions of the Kaiser should throw themselves against France, the shock of the encounter would cause such vibrations in Great Britain that our sympathies would leap into instant activity. With a navy in first-class condition, buttressed by a proper system of military service, our territory would not be affected, even to the extent of a millimètre. Only treachery could injure us. The political earthquake would not move one particle of the solid rock of our insular stability. Even as a sharp hammer blow on a floor usually causes any small round object to leap into the air, so would our sympathy spring into generous and virile being through

the velocity of the vibrations in the corporate body of Civilization.

Even now, in comparatively quiet times, those who have our Imperial interests most at heart cannot view the shearing of a single crank-head, or the wrecking of an occasional cylinder in the smallest French destroyer, without misgiving and sorrow. The extraordinary catastrophe on the *Iéna*—occurring not so long after our own Woolwich explosion and our Portsmouth fire—filled us with genuine regret, and made us eager to discover the cause of all these disasters ; but the firing of Toulon Arsenal by incendiaries, for the fifth time within a few months, has made British hearts throb with a suffocating sense of sympathy. A strong French Navy is as necessary as a powerful British fleet, in order to ensure respect for our *entente*, which is indispensable to the cause of international peace.

Prince von Radolin may give Paris the most elegant diplomatic assurances that the clouds which darkened the horizon of 1906 have for ever disappeared, but British observers will attach more importance to these ambassadorial utterances when the German newspapers write of probable land and naval wars less luminously, and cease from publishing cowardly taunts such as that of the *Berliner Zeitung* when it stated that "the French do not desire another taste of the *furor Teutonicus*."

XXIX

THE INCREDULITY OF THE WISE

HAVE you ever reflected upon the anomaly presented by our greater Colonies? All of them have tariffs of their own. India can scarcely be called a Colony, but she, too, would have a tariff to-morrow did we not put a brake upon her progress by a veto which is positively baneful to the British Raj. The natives of that country invariably seize the opportunity presented by a weak Liberal Government to indulge in orgies of sedition, but behind their imaginary grievances there are undoubtedly many real evils, of which the tariff question is a fair example.

Free imports in this country and in India mean fiscal separation from the rest of the British Empire, and, if continued long enough, will mean political separation. They preclude the possibility of federation. We may liken Great Britain to an apple-tree which has got its tap-root right down into the clay subsoil of this valueless policy. As the top of the tree shows signs of withering, it is necessary that we should do some root-pruning. There is every imaginable reason for the abandonment of this outworn policy of Cobden's; but if there was none other, one might be found in the pressing need for the replacement of the annual six millions which we derive from the opium revenue in India by six millions obtained in a cleaner manner.

How is it that our Colonies adopt protective tariffs,

ruled as they are by men trained in British habits of thought? When we ask Free-Traders this question, their stock reply is: "Oh, in such countries protective duties *may* be levied; they are no doubt good for a young Colony." My contention is that when the majority of successful trading nations maintain tariffs against us, it is absolutely essential that we should retaliate, simply because the success of our rivals is built upon our own failure. If tariffs are *especially* good for a young Colony, they must also be good for the parent country. If the doctrines of Free Trade be sound, the young Colonies ought to find it most advantageous to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market; but evidently in their mouths the Cobdenite policy tastes like sour gooseberries.

"The essential feature of the modern industrial battle, from our point of view, is that Britain, which for so long held an unquestioned supremacy in nearly all departments of industry, has of late years been run close, if not indeed outstripped, by her younger rivals, Germany and the United States. It behoves us to find out how this has happened, as a precedent condition towards holding our own, if not resuming our old pride of place."

This pathetic admission on the part of the Free Trade *Spectator* indicates that considerable uneasiness is felt in Cobdenite circles as to the position of Free Trade in the altered conditions of this century. I can promise Mr. Strachey that he will find, at the end of his researches, that one thing, and one thing only, is responsible for our loss of place and power—namely, our unique and illogical Free Trade.

Germany, however, is not a young Colony; she continues to uphold her tariff against the world, and to thrive exceedingly. When she abolished the system of free imports—to which our political Sangrados still cling with all the obstinacy of the old-time bleeders—and instituted a sane and sound policy of Imperial

finance, the newly-founded Empire began at once to grow strong. As Prince Hohenlohe remarks in his "Memoirs," "When the Empire adopted a tariff the Empire got money and the Empire could live." Germany now shows about as much disposition to adopt Free Trade as to follow our lead in disarmament. I know University Professors of Political Economy who are incredulous about this indisputable Teutonic prosperity, but it is a tremendous and telling fact. The incredulity of learned men has been always noteworthy. Galileo was deemed an impostor and a criminal by the highest intellects of his age; the superb Phidias, one of the world's demigods, was thrust into a prison to die by so-called statesmen, because of a supposed impiety; whilst, less than sixty years ago, when Rebmann, the missionary, brought the first news of a glacier world under the equatorial sun of Africa, the erudite declared that his statements were preposterous, and that he was drawing entirely upon his imagination. Coming down to our own day, we may remind ourselves that the learned among mechanicians long asserted that turbines were far behind reciprocating engines in manœuvring power; and even such a practical man as the late Sir Charles Tennant laughed at the idea of a telephone long after the instrument was in almost every house in Stockholm. So that we see how great truths are received incredulously, whilst individuals of the stamp of George Psalmanazar—one of the greatest purveyors of falsehood—can delude men of the high intelligence of Samuel Johnson and the whole of English society. We would wager a great deal on the truth of the "*Statistisches Jahrbuch für das Deutsche Reich*," whose 1906 issue not only gives the important German figures for 1905, but also such corresponding international compilations as show Germany's world-position at a glance. This publication has been rightly said to be superior to our own "Statistical Abstract."

These latest figures only seem to confirm what Fair-Traders have long pointed out. Although only a generation back France had the largest population of the civilized European States, Germany is now by far the most populous State in Europe, excluding Russia. In the last twenty-five years her imports have increased 125 per cent., and her exports 78 per cent.; this shows a rapid advance towards the first position in the world of commerce. She is most certainly waxing stronger year by year; whereas if her Zollverein was really bad policy, she would be annually losing ground, because there has been more than time to prove the utility of this Teutonic wall of tariffs since it was first erected against the rest of the world.

The Kaiser's splendid *culte du moi* is based upon a glorious prosperity which has rendered impotent almost all the forces of German Socialism. Even the most illiterate workmen have at last come to see that high wages are guaranteed by their tariff, and that their country, free from the fear of unemployment, is advancing with swift steps towards a condition of wealth, comfort, and prosperity, that will make Germany the first nation in the world. It is scarcely likely that the clever German—so admittedly our superior in almost every kind of technical training—has blundered in the question of import duties. His steady and ordered progression, based on organic unity, has gone forward on such lines of obvious development that we cannot think lightly of his fiscal policy. He knows that taxation of the foreigner means to him money in the savings bank and constant work, whilst in Britain he sees that under Free Trade "wealth has been dammed within the containing walls of a few great fortunes"—if one may be allowed to quote from the *Radical Nation*.

After the war of 1870-71—which was paid for by France, leaving Germany with a clean slate—Bismarck, one of the greatest political geniuses, abandoned with

open eyes the free importing system which had been Germany's up to that time. When he broke away from the thralldom of Free Trade, pessimists prophesied that German shipping and the Hanse towns would be ruined ; but they have prospered at a breathless pace, and we now find that Germany affords the most striking example of the profitable policy of importing raw material instead of finished goods. The growth in her shipping proves her prosperity, and, enjoying the double advantage of the tariff in her own sphere and the open market in ours, she is infinitely greater now than she was under Free Trade.

Whether or not she has flourished since Sedan is a question which may be left to the impartial. Anyone who has travelled in Europe during the last thirty years knows that German tourists were very rare before Bismarck founded the Zollverein ; now, enriched and made bold by every possible kind of success, the German tourist is ubiquitous—especially in Italy, a country which is becoming a sort of second home to Teutons. The German *Hausfrau* is now *emancipirt*, like her English cousin, and, having money to spend, she leaves the *gâteau* and potato-salad behind her, and fares forth to browse on the hills of Rome.

This indication of prosperity is only one of many, and Germany's ablest economic thinkers—indeed, all the ablest economic thinkers in the world—thoroughly approve her action in abolishing a ruinous system of Free Imports, as they thoroughly endorse the policy of Mr. Chamberlain.

Ask any unbiassed Austrian, Dutchman, Swiss—or even Hungarian—what he thinks of the Zollverein, and he will tell you that to-day the German Empire stands higher in every respect—and especially in regard to commerce—than Great Britain and France. Ask any German what he thinks of Free Trade, and he will answer “Kwatsch !” If commerce makes a nation great,

then Germany will soon be unapproachable. During the last fifteen years, Germany's commerce has increased out of all proportion to the growth of British trade, and her developments are really most imposing.

The British workman refuses to stand the risk of sacrificing even a farthing a week to promote closer trade relations with the great States that form our Empire; yet he cheerfully submits to be taxed a great deal more on tea, coffee, sugar, dried fruit, and cocoa—five things which are necessities coming from different parts of our own Empire—even when he is told that the need for taxing these articles of food would disappear under a proper system of preference. The £6,814,908 which we now raise on tea, the £6,177,953 on sugar, and the £400,000 which we levy on dried fruit, might be got from the foreigners, to our immediate profit and advantage. But the German workman has proved himself capable of making infinitely greater sacrifices for what is apparently an infinitely smaller object. But the object is greater than it appears, and the German workman knows very well what the big national army and navy may eventually bring him to supplement the riches and comfort which have been vouchsafed to him by Protection.

Do not let us wilfully misread fact and history. Let us remember Seeley's dictum, "Politics without history has no root." The British artisan is invited to read for himself the stories of Empires shattered by internal follies. The habit of mind that these melancholy accounts will engender may perhaps lead him seriously to ask himself how it really comes about that there are three unhappy workless men in England to one in Germany. If he cannot supply himself with an answer, there are those who can.

The development of patriotism in Germany has brought about her wonderful trade development. The German patriotism, that provides in its Navy Estimates

considerable sums of prize-money for gun and torpedo practice, rifle-shooting, and range-firing, is truly national, not local, as is ours. It is the product of a system of education which makes history so interesting as to engender many virtues : it is one of the inevitable consequences of the use of a symbol in youth—this symbol being the rifle, which stands for the Fatherland. The minds of infants and adolescents alike are retentive enough when they are filled with luminous facts : these facts beget another light, which pierces far into the future! Patriotism, therefore, being what it is in Germany, the total number of unemployed in the Fatherland amounts to not more than a third of the out-of-works in this country, and despite the growing frequency of strikes, this number is rapidly lessening. Judging from some official returns published in a quite recent issue of the *Reichsarbeitsblatt*, the percentage of the Unemployed of most of the German trade-unions amounts, on an average, to scarcely over 1·4 per cent. With us pauperism is ever increasing ; *in Germany it is declining*. If this saving of immense sums, which a country like ours spends on paupers, be a necessary result of agrarian majorities outvoting industrial democracy, we would welcome even dearer bread—if it be possible justly to forecast such a thing as a result of Fair Trade—for the sake of an immeasurably greater gain. But, even with the dearer bread, the workman would have constant and higher wages to pay for it withal, and thus he would be greatly the gainer by a changed fiscal policy.

The British workman would also do well to enquire from his Liberal and Radical friends—when they are speaking on political platforms—if they can explain why there should be such a disproportion of unemployment in this country as contrasted with Germany, and why great shipments of manufactured goods should be allowed to enter Britain, to the tune of £140,000,000

a year, without paying any form of taxes whatever ; furthermore, why £50,000,000 of these imports should be allowed to enter duty free, when they are produced by an avowed enemy, whose successful progress our stupid fiscal policy has done its best to promote. As Professor Rouse says, "Poetry is the only thing the Germans do not dump in this country. If there were any money in it, they would have opened a manufactory long ago, and imitated Shakespearean trade-marks !"

Prejudice exists against the triumph of German industry only because its effects here are fatal to our own trade, and because the profits thereon are ostensibly being used to bring about our national ruin. *German exports to the British Empire are twice as large as our own exports to any single market in the world !* It is by allowing their free entrance into the United Kingdom and elsewhere that the British nation has become a whetstone which sharpens the knife and stands still itself, or the grindstone that is putting a keener edge on the proverbial sharp Imperial sword.

Mr. Chamberlain has pointed out that the addition of £100,000,000 to our foreign trade would do wonders in regard to solving the question of unemployment. At any rate, the Kidderminster carpet-weaver, the Birmingham gun-maker, the Staffordshire potter, the Coventry throwster, the steel-rail maker of South Shields, and the Halifax weaver would see their ruined industries revive, and the men discharged from Woolwich Arsenal in order to save money for old-age pensions of 1s. 3d. per week might not be under the necessity of migrating to Ems. When one sees that in Germany the proportion of unemployed is about one-third or one-fourth what it is here, we wonder how long it will take the British workman to understand the reason !

Verily the traditions of obstinacy require much un-learning ! A Radical poet once said to the German Chancellor, "My dear Bülow, your want of prejudice

is appalling. This is your misfortune and will be your bane, since in Germany it is indispensable to have prejudices." That poet was entirely wrong, because Prince von Bülow shares his countrymen's deep-seated prejudices to the full ; but these German failings are pliant and ductile, ours are rigid and unyielding.

Those windbags who represent the personification of all Labour ideals profess a spirit of what they are pleased to call anti-militarism, and they claim that the efficiency of national armaments tends to create war and to promote a warlike spirit in humanity. This is indeed "the worm's-eye" view of things ! But the perversity of this unsound doctrine could not be more strikingly illustrated than by the spectacle presented by military Germany, where the fostering of effective patriotism has resulted in a strenuous disciplinary habit of mind, which is responsible for some of the greatest commercial triumphs of the age ; for in the Fatherland "the burden of bloated armaments" is found to be very far from unendurable !

If only we could get men like Mr. D. C. Cummings, the energetic secretary of the Boilermakers' and Steel Shipbuilders' Union, to realize such cardinal facts as this ; if only we could get the sheer strength of brain which assembles occasionally at Lord Glenesk's to beat upon the intelligences of working people in a sort of brilliant focus, Labour, which has the situation more or less in its own hands, might fall into line with Imperialism, and vote for taxing the foreigner even as he taxes us. Labour cries, "Let us get back to the land," forgetting that the desired freeholds are taxed by Cobdenites to the tune of 12s. an acre, and that the produce of these ideal farms would compete with that of land taxed at about 6d. per acre. There is no logic in the Labour party, and I fear the magnificent plate looking-glass that panels the walls of that fine white house in Piccadilly will not for a long time reflect the

smiling faces of those who have won over a stiff-necked class to the recognition of Imperial necessities !

Such progressive money-wasters as those who are demanding, in the municipality of St. Pancras, a grant of free swimming instructors, free soap, free towels, free costumes, and free electric hair-curlers, have little concern with either the past or the future. They live in the present only ; they wish to be comfortable themselves, and they care nothing about their children's patrimony. That, too, in their opinion, will probably evolve from the rates ! Patriotism means nothing to them—nay, even less than nothing ! Inevitably as the coming of to-morrow's sun, the miserable egoism and party dissensions which now agitate their minds will result in national disasters. Ah ! if we could but get them to recognize how petty differences and puerile jealousies have injured the position and prospects of German Socialism during the last few years, we might possibly hope for the eventual establishment of a Patriotic Party entirely independent of all political and social trammels !

Our markets are flooded with the peaceful products of warlike nations. Foreign manufactured articles are alien labour in concrete form, and, for the most part, they might very well be made in Great Britain. Yet no preference is given to the British workman, although he may be at the point of starvation. Is it surprising, then, that the thinkers of our nation are beginning to discover what it is that oppresses Britain ? She is weighed down by a load that is greater than she can bear. A tree does not generally thrive very long when a pumpkin vine is trained to embrace it year after year, to bring forth a crop of twenty-pound pumpkins, all dependent upon it.

XXX

M. YVES GUYOT AND HIS MISCONCEPTIONS

A SHORT time ago M. Yves Guyot traced the incidence of Protection in France during the last century, and declared that Napoleon's object in carrying out the treaty of 1860 was to make it "a fortress against the Protectionists." After dealing with some of the more recent French tariffs, he pointed to the curious fact that 95 per cent. of the French people can be induced to support Protectionist measures in the interest of the other 5 per cent., who are for the most part their adversaries. "Protection," he said, "was mainly deception, and comparable only to old wives' medicines."

Anything more ludicrous than this cannot well be conceived, because no one can imagine a country richer or more prosperous than France. Let me give you an extract from *Truth* on this very point: "*A people who, in spite of the Panama losses and the engulfing of ten milliards in Russian industries, have at this moment the incredibly great sum of four milliards three hundred and seventy-eight millions of francs in the savings banks of Paris and the provinces.*" And remember, please, that a milliard is a thousand million francs!

But what about Germany? *In the fifteen years covered by the latest available statistics the deposits in the Prussian savings banks have risen from £164,000,000 to £388,000,000, thus throwing into the shade the advance in England, which has only been from £111,000,000 to*

£200,000,000. Ah ! if only we had an orator of Mr. Gladstone's energy and fire to go into the country and preach on this text alone, the day of the Retaliationists would come before next Christmas ! *This sum of £388,000,000 standing in Prussian savings banks provides us with a weapon that is the sharpest ever placed in the hands of any political fighters.*

France is practically the greatest financial Power to-day. Owing to her confidence in the ultimate regeneration of Russia, a colossal monetary catastrophe was averted at the time of the fall of Mukdèn. Should anything happen to shake this feeling of confidence, Paris would be swept by a panic, which would have far-reaching effects. If the fears of the French people ran away with them, London financiers would require a Parsons'-turbine turn of speed to catch up to them and allay their apprehensions.

If Paris started to sell heavily, our market would be instantly affected ; every speculative section in the House would respond to the adverse influence, with a greater or less severity in proportion as the bull position happened to be more or less extended. In its sensitiveness the London Stock Exchange reminds one of the bolometer, invented by the late Professor Langley, an instrument which is said to be sensible to the heat of a candle one and a half miles away. The least whisper of Bourse panic puts Capel Court in a deadly flutter. While stocks in which there is an international market would doubtless bear the brunt of any real Russian panic, no speculative market could escape the influence of the general contraction in credit which would follow.

So that—this year, at least—by reason of her vast riches, we find France a more important arbitress than Great Britain. Not only is she the richest country in the world proportionately to the number of her citizens, but she is also the most influential to-day. At the end of last year the Bank of France held a gold reserve of

£116,000,000, whilst the Bank of England could show only £28,000,000. This is a truth more eloquent than pages of argument. Owing to her gold reserve, France is in a position to lend money to the enterprising German to enable him to foster businesses which are ruining certain trades in Great Britain. German borrowers offer good terms on first-class security, and they get what they want in France. In this way French gold is employed to the detriment of both French and British interests, for anything which strengthens German power is inimical to France, and at the same time prejudicial to us, in view of the pronounced German hostility to all things British. It is said that the French financiers do not cultivate business relations with England because our commercial and economic system is unintelligible to them, and, moreover, its complexity constitutes an insuperable barrier to more intimate relations.

Mr. Chamberlain's detractors have made capital out of the fact that the French mercantile marine has declined, despite the grant of bounties that have been gradually raised from 1881 until 1904. They say that it is Protection that has sapped the French carrying trade, since the heavy modern French Protective tariff was first imposed in 1881, to be considerably raised again in 1892. Nevertheless, with equally high Protective tariffs, Germany and America are increasing their mercantile marine, and France remains practically the richest country in the world. What is lost in one way is obviously gained in another.

Is it necessary to say more? Let M. Yves Guyot continue to write amusing books like "*La Comédie Protectioniste*"; they add immensely to the gaiety of nations. A subject so romantic is never less interesting when approached by a new enthusiasm. Free-Traders have a great deal of leeway to make up, especially now that Socialism is scaring away British capital into the New World, where greater security and a better

rate of interest may be obtained under the Protective system.

Meanwhile French exports in motor-cars are progressing comfortably. In 1903 they totalled £2,033,080 ; in 1904, £2,852,080 ; for 1905 about £3,700,000 ; and for 1906 a still larger sum. Great Britain is said to take about half of these exports, instead of producing all her cars herself. With a dangerous Democracy frightening investors, her own motor industry has to be largely financed by Germans, who also find the money for opening up new Welsh coalfields. The London County Council tramway trucks are made in the U.S., five-sixths of the motor-omnibuses in our capital are made on the Continent ; 4,000 red cabs are being built in France for London alone ; the carriages of the Underground are made in Hungary ; and the motors for the new electric trains on the L.B. and S.C.R. will be German. If this sort of thing goes on, Dr. Cunningham will soon require to issue another edition of his "Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times," and his new matter will not be altogether agreeable reading.

The Protectionist *comédie* is played in France with éclat and to the profit of the players. In Great Britain we act a farce that will soon lapse into tragedy. Anyone who visited the recent Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles and saw a "Greater France" much larger in extent than Europe, symbolized in buildings copied from originals in Madagascar, Cochin-China, Tonquin, the Congo, Algeria, Tunis, and many other Colonies, must have been struck by the extent and range of our neighbour's oversea power. The fifty palaces full of colonial products, each representing an enormous territory, symbolized a consolidation of foreign possessions, the creation of the last thirty-seven years ; they stood for an annual export and import trade of almost eighty millions sterling, the greater part of which is done

directly with the French Republic. France, the most practical modern colonial Power, has chosen to give her merchants and manufacturers, her professional men, artisans, and agriculturists, the benefit of the trade to be done with her great dependencies, for whose security all her children cheerfully perform military and naval service and willingly tax themselves. Thus she becomes the richest country in the world.

The fierce competition of Germany and America would be less felt by us in all the markets of the globe if we could but consolidate our Empire in some such way as that proposed by Mr. Chamberlain; for the profits that are being made by our rivals in our Colonies and in our home market are a cumulative stimulus to their activities: how otherwise could we account for the fact that the total Prussian income has doubled between 1890 and 1905, while in England it has increased only 50 per cent.? Both Germany and the United States have enjoyed greater material prosperity than Britain, even during the boom year of 1906, for the present business activity is merely temporary, and it appears to have affected all countries. The increase of 10 per cent. in the import and export trade of the United Kingdom in 1906 over 1905, as set out in the Board of Trade Returns, compares with the following estimated percentage increase in the case of other countries: Germany, 12½ per cent.; the United States, 11 per cent.; and France, 7 per cent.; so that it is evident we are not keeping pace with our competitors even in times of boom. If the doctrine of Free Trade were sound, these rival commercial countries ought to be the more impoverished the more we are prosperous.

It is a pitiful commentary on the state of British trade and the energy of British commercial agents that there should be any necessity for such a society as the British Exporters' Association, which seems to have succeeded in galvanizing our traders into some recog-

dition of the perils by which they are surrounded. The Duke of Abercorn, who is president of this patriotic association, is to be congratulated. But the most terrible commentary on the failure of our Free Trade system is not the growing prosperity of all our Protectionist rivals, but the appalling growth of our pauperism, and the enormous and cumulatively increasing cost of pauper administration. We have spent in twenty-five years more than £342,000,000 in the relief of paupers. Every idle man means loss to the nation, inasmuch as his energy is wasted and his maintenance falls on others.

The burden of poor rates is becoming absolutely intolerable, and is sapping our national vitality. It has been truthfully described as "the plague-spot of England." It is a cancer that will inevitably kill all the prosperity of the country unless it soon be extirpated by the surgery of Protectionists. If we assisted our poor to emigrate we should be pursuing the wisest policy short of protecting our industries. If anyone will take the trouble to compare the cost of the maintenance of the poor in 1905 with the annual expenditure in any year prior to the abolition of the Corn Laws, he will find that, after making every allowance for the proportionate growth of population, a tremendous and almost terrifying balance will be written against the Free Trade year. Perhaps Mr. Haldane had these facts in mind when he expressed certain doubts as to the universal truth of the Free Trade theory in his recent address to the International Economic Congress. As one of our greatest journalists has pithily said: "If the Free Trade theory is not universally true, it loses all its scientific value."

Cobden was sure that the pressure of British competition, fed by the free entrance of commodities which Great Britain does not herself produce, would gradually force Free Trade upon all the other manufacturing

nations. He aimed at equalization of taxation through his policy. But British taxes have not been equalized by the Free Trade system, nor does our continued hold upon it lessen the dangerous competition of other countries. If Cobden were alive to-day and could see the trade returns of Germany and America, and the growing magnitude of the sums annually spent upon pauperism, he would be the first to clamour for a Protective tariff in Great Britain.

XXXI

IMPERIAL UNITY ON TRADES-UNION LINE

NOWADAYS very few people read serious books. Every class in Great Britain mainly contents itself with ephemeral literature. I believe that if Mr. Carnegie were to give an "Encyclopædia Britannica" to every British working man, one-third of the recipients would never open the volumes, one-third might casually look at the pictures, and the other third might conceivably be induced occasionally to consult the numerous tomes. William Jackson, the Hull shipowner and Member of Parliament, when a boy, and working fifteen hours a day in a shipyard, manifested such a desire for learning as thoroughly to read the vast work from A to Z. How many artisans could now be induced to perform this feat?

If those who vote could be coaxed to use our free libraries a little more, they might possibly learn what constitutes the real wealth of the British Empire, and to give credit where credit is due.

There is a certain matter that is always disregarded—or shall we say wilfully ignored?—by Radical statesmen, and that is the source of British riches. The wealth and the luxury, which are so paraded in our capital, have enormously increased in recent years. This luxury is due not altogether to the gains of our manufacturers and landlords; not entirely to the profits of our tradesmen in the second greatest pleasure city of

the world ; not in any way to the thrift and savings of working men within the bounds of the United Kingdom ; but to our coal-seams and to the oversea enterprises of our capitalists. Relatively the working classes have had but little to do with the accumulation of national capital. Coal is capital and iron is capital, and once we reach the end of our by no means inexhaustible supplies of coal and hematite iron, we can never replace them. In order to preserve its benefits to the British community as long as possible, an export tax should be levied upon coal, and in this way cheap supplies would be at the call of our manufacturers. At the present time, however, owing to the insensate folly of the Liberal repeal of the coal-tax, the foreigner is laying up great stores of Cardiff coal at relatively cheap rates, and the price of this material is rising to British consumers.

Our national wealth, swollen enormously by large sums in the form of dowries and legacies coming into the country from America and elsewhere, is largely sunk in foreign Government securities, foreign railways, mines, and manufacturing enterprises. Companies registered at Somerset House are formed for the exploitation of enormously rich virgin lands, and their workings are carried on abroad ; therefore, the industrial classes of Great Britain neither help to produce the wealth thus gained, nor do they directly benefit by these adventures, although theorists and unsound thinkers delude them into the belief that they are the sole creators of all national riches.

Our workers are also sadly misled in political economy by the dazzling results of British dash and enterprise in foreign countries, evidenced by the income-tax returns. They are terribly led astray by these statistics, because much of the trading which figures in the monthly returns is done in foreign goods. At least 138 millions' worth of finished articles enter this country, which are

absolutely untaxed for any purpose whatever. With Customs legislation that *enforced* the production of declarations of origin, it would be possible to learn the terms and conditions under which these non-barter goods arrive in this country. Then, possibly, the income-tax assessors might have some still more agreeable work to perform.

The death duties also mislead those who labour with their hands, for workers invariably believe that the many huge fortunes recently taxed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer have been amassed at their expense, and demagogues play upon this credulity of the artisans, and they become discontented and irritable. They are confused and excited by the extravagance of London, the Metropolis of the world, to which the possessors of the world's wealth inevitably move, and they now begin to clamour for an impossible redistribution of riches.

It is perfectly true that the total amounts assessed to income-tax and the interest derived from British investments in foreign securities have doubled, but this wealth has but little to do with our working classes.

The Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway, with a capital of £28,000,000; the Buenos Ayres and Great Southern Railway, with a capital of £24,000,000, and many other Argentine, Brazilian, Chinese, Indian, and colonial railways, have been constructed with British cash; but their earnings, that go to swell the wealth of Britain, do not directly affect or concern the British workman. The free admission of Argentine meat really affects him more, because it injures our greatest British industry—viz., that of agriculture; for we tax our land at the rate of about ten shillings an acre, and allow the free entrance of South American produce, grown on land taxed at, perhaps, less than sixpence an acre.

British capital laid the foundations of the great mines of Australia, South Africa, India, and North America,

the petroleum industry of Baku, and thousands of foreign industries. Article upon article might be written upon this subject alone, but these few words will suffice. Wherever the British flag flies gold seems to be found—from Klondike to Tasmania, from Madras to New Guinea, even in Wei-hai-Wei and Mauritius. After their plant has been paid for, how do foreign mining enterprises find employment for the British working man, and how can he fairly claim to have anything to do with the dividends accruing from these adventures of our financiers? Since 1886 the production of gold has been advancing at an enormous rate; consequently, State after State has demonetized silver and created a gold standard. The demand for the precious metal has increased year by year, and thus trade has been universally stimulated. So long as the gold output increases prices will advance.

After a long period of unprofitable years, and at a time when home dividends are gradually falling, the welcome era has arrived when British capitalists are beginning to reap the rewards of their exploitation of foreign countries. For the past fifteen years the dividends on the ordinary stock of British railways have been steadily declining—say, from 4·8 per cent. in 1890 to 3·9 per cent. in 1904—whilst in Germany, a country which is supposed to be suffering from all the disabilities inseparable from Protection and militarism, the profits earned by railways have risen from 2·2 per cent. in 1890 to 6·0 in 1904, and in the same period almost all foreign and colonial railways in which British investors are interested have increased their dividends.

When such serious statesmen as Mr. Asquith quote the increase of the earnings of foreign undertakings as an earnest of the blessings to be derived by this country from Free Trade, one recognizes the pauper condition of Cobdenite argument. To import these utterly false considerations into the fiscal controversy—as it bears

upon the bread-and-butter of working men and women—is as foolish as it is sinful.

Such puerile attempts at disproving Mr. Chamberlain's arguments may impress the illogical for a time—and it is astonishing how effective are the reiterated statements of certain orators on the minds of those who do their thinking vicariously—especially when insistent assertions are accompanied by a host of high-sounding statistics ; but, inevitably, in a few more years, the stupidity of these Cobdenites will be displayed in such a glaring manner that even the most ignorant workman Free-Trader will eventually confess their obvious falsity. In twenty years from now there will not be a single Liberal paper that will give space for a single column of Cobdenite doctrine.

When completer accounts of the balance of trade are compiled, showing proper analyses of the annual figures, it will be no longer possible to delude the electors of Great Britain by stupendous grand totals that are never contrasted with the results of similar calculations appearing in foreign statistical abstracts. In a complete account of the balance of trade, allowance has to be made for the movement of (1) merchandise ; (2) bullion ; (3) shipping freights ; (4) foreign debt and investments ; (5) income from foreign investments ; (6) investments in the United Kingdom of persons residing abroad ; (7) incomes drawn from these investments ; (8) spendings in the United Kingdom of persons deriving their income from abroad ; (9) spendings abroad of persons drawing their incomes from the United Kingdom ; (10) commissions earned by British bankers in negotiating foreign bills ; and other factors. Most of these movements may and do take the form of the transmission of commodities, and without full information it is impossible to say what proportion of the goods entering into the import and export returns represents the liquidation of loans and interest on investment.

The present is the hour of defeat, when the ideas of our opponents gain a false brilliance from temporary success. We Imperialists must be greatest in the hour of failure, like the unconquerable Japanese soldiers; victory is soon to be ours, and I urge that we should strengthen, fortify, and consolidate the Imperial party in the spirit of the Japanese financiers, who made arrangements to pay off the whole of the war debt in thirty years. If we do not unite our forces before the next election comes round, the old sinners will be elevated once more to high places. National expenses will grow greater and greater, the more so now that false economies are practised, and municipal demands will take from us still larger and larger sums every year—those colossal municipal imposts which are only national taxation in a slightly different form.

It has been truly said, "We win our battles, but we leave the burden of the cost to prevent our posterity from winning theirs. . . . This process in the coming years leads to ruin as inevitably as rivers to the sea. Japan, on the contrary, works for eternity, and her posterity will fight without the debt of past ages upon their backs." We have saddled ourselves with an Atlas load, but we seem to desire the burden. The demands of the municipalities grow greater year by year. The Finchley Council, not content that their cemetery should remain in the hands of a competent and economical Burial Board, applied the principles of municipal trading to the disposal of their dead, and thus saddled the rate-payers with so much more in the pound; and this is only one of innumerable illustrations of our neglect of the claims of posterity. Seeing such evidences of ghastly ineptitude everywhere, one wonders whether the nation's back will not one day break.

If we would be worthy allies of Japan, we must strengthen, consolidate, and unify ourselves, we must display high finance for posterity by standing shoulder

to shoulder with our Colonies to resist that most destructive foe of all Empires—the rust of dissolution in the very engine-room of the racial workshop.

In conclusion, I ask would-be Radicals to be indeed Radical in their endeavour to reform the existing state of things, to follow out the principles of their own trade-unions—in a word, to combine against those exterior and interior influences which threaten ultimately to bring about the Empire's downfall. I ask them to apply to all imports the rule of the Joiners' Federation—a society which forbids its members to fix foreign-made doors and windows in British buildings. This is an example of the kind of Fair Trade which Imperialists desire to establish. Let me quote four of the reasons why all workers are urged by their fellows to join a trade-union. I take them from a Weavers' Association circular :

Reason 1.—Because the benefits of combinations are so self-evident that employers, managers, professional, medical, and commercial men all have their trade-union, though they may call it by some other name.

Reason 6.—Because what you receive through your trade-union is worth a hundred times more than you pay for it.

Reason 10.—Because the risks of accidents, strikes, lock-outs, and stoppages are all provided for by the trade-union. And—

Reason 11.—Because it is only by being united that you can obtain what every worker ought to have—viz., a fair day's wage for a fair day's work.

Finally, let me repeat their secretary's quatrain, a verse which is full of admirable common-sense :

“It isn't much you're asked to pay ;
Like Britons, then, be true ;
But don't get over eight weeks in arrears,
And the Union will stand by you !”

Now apply Reasons 1, 6, 10, and 11 to the consideration of unifying the different parts of the Empire into a

compact body capable of defying those who seek to oppress us by unjust tariff enactments, and you will satisfy Imperialists and all those who believe in patriotism ; because, if you will apply these principles fairly—not forgetting the injunctions contained in the concluding stanza—you will be on the highroad to patriotism yourselves, and you will most probably ask the House of Commons to reverse in Grand Committee decisions such as that which made foreign vessels in British ports exempt from the load-line regulation. When the scales fall from the eyes of the British artisan, he will be the first to demand the resignation of members who, by an inexplicable majority, deliberately reimposed a serious handicap upon home shipping in home waters. In his heart of hearts the working man of England equally objects to the entrance of foreign-made window-frames and to the disproportionate increase of foreign tonnage in British ports. The light will come into his brain when Labour fully realizes that highly-trained intellectualism is necessary in all its champions, in order to withstand the pushfulness of those foreign nations who now produce the greatest captains of commerce and the most intelligent craftsmen of industry. Such educational equipment is the greatest world-force : logic, not mere rhetoric, makes for national predominance.

XXXII

THE SPLENDID POSITION OF THE GERMAN ARTISAN

WHY does unemployment prevail? Why does pauperism increase in this so fortunately placed country of ours, with a fiscal policy which ought to place it in a position to outstrip all its trade rivals? To hear its advocates hold forth, one might think that an appropriate motto for Free Trade would be the Virgilian one—*Decus et tutamen*. But does this policy constitute a glory and a defence?

Hard upon the publication of our bloated Trade Returns for 1906 we had Mr. Will Thorne, the Labour Member, moving an amendment to the Address expressing regret that while 5 per cent. of the most highly skilled artisans were out of employment, and the Unemployed Workmen Act had proved inadequate to deal with distress due to lack of employment, no mention was made in the King's Speech of any proposals for dealing with this serious and menacing evil. In a word, the Liberals are everywhere singing pæans about the country's prosperity, and the Labour Members are crying out that never before has the case of the unemployed been so desperate.

On the other hand, in Germany we find that the demand for labour has never been so intense in the memory of man. Lord Ridley and the Tariff Reform League can supply the fullest proof of this, and the fact is unanswerable. We had an illustration of the scarcity

of labour in the Kaiser's protected Empire when our British "coolies" offered themselves to the Hamburg dock officials in hungry thousands!

A stable Government with a definite policy based on a great racial ideal is the best protection against national poverty. Mob law, or the rule of many, is inimical to the highest interests of any country, and it was the unthinking mob and the cowardly Free-Trade Unionists who gave the Radicals their mandate to perpetuate existing political evils. As late as thirty years ago, we had a working population about equal to that of the next two industrial Powers—the United States and Germany. Together, these two Powers have now more than double our industrial strength. No wonder the German artisan is happy and content, with a nice balance in his savings bank. A pocket with a silver lining drives many a cloud away.

Our prosperity and power have been founded on coal, iron, and "cosmopolitan trade." Cobden and his immediate successors imagined that we had no need to fear any foreign competition, and that, being so fortunately placed, the possession of Colonies was unnecessary to us. The cynical Little Englanders of Lancashire are still more or less of the same opinion, but they would sell their bedsteads and beddings to prevent the secession of India from the British Raj, because they have bound down India, like a milch cow, to provide them with a profitable market. This anomaly seems to be inexplicable.

As Mr. Will Thorne has repudiated the Radical theory that lack of employment is due to the Anglo-Boer War, I need not attempt to deny this false assertion. Hostile tariffs breed unemployment when they supersede our goods with others. When their power is augmented by great corporations, such as the Standard Oil Trust, and favoured by railways with special freight rates, they constitute a most serious peril to our country. Free imports bring foreign manufactured goods into the country

at the rate of £140,000,000 or more a year. Meanwhile the alien is pouring into the country practically unchecked, and we find the Central Committee on the Unemployed spending, in the winter of prosperous 1906-1907, £30,000 in emigrating 5,000 workless beings to Canada, at the cost of the ratepayers of London. The 1905 iron and steel statistics show that the United States is even beginning to export tin plates—a privilege which we used to fancy we reserved exclusively to ourselves. The exports of these plates have grown from 439 tons in 1901 to 7,941 tons in 1905. If this rate of British retrogression increases, modern geographies in search of a short description of our manufactures will probably fall back on Sallust. “The wretched Britons!” wrote the historian of Catiline about 50 B.C.—“there is some good in them after all: they produce the oyster!”

Is it the life-giving air of America that is the cause of this quick growth in the tin-plate export trade, or is it the advantage given to the transatlantic manufacturers by Protection? The exploits of Martin Sheridan, who beat the record in throwing the discus at the Olympic games, 1906, and of young Sherring, the Canadian, who ran 25½ miles in two hours fifty-one minutes, and thus won the classic Marathon race, would seem to be ominous of other victories. The success of so many athletes from “the other side” seems to prefigure an eventual superiority, not only of wind and limb, but also of brain. The development of the national resources of the United States has already given American manufacturers many of the advantages which we enjoyed in the last century, but Protection has placed them in a position to outdistance us in almost all competitive trading.

To revert, however, to the question of our free imports, Germany sends us a large portion of the wares represented by these £140,000,000, and her foreign exported goods are helping to keep down her own pauperism and to keep up Great Britain's.

£140,000,000 at 5 per cent. is £7,000,000 sterling; £7,000,000 sterling represent four or five foreign cruisers, and more than seven American 16,000-ton battleships of the *Michigan* type, if the tender of Messrs. William Cramp and Co., of £737,800 per vessel—including turbines—was correct.

I have seen it stated by a Liberal Member of Parliament that in Germany it would cost £10,000,000 more to build 60,000 tons of warships than in Great Britain, and £10,500,000 more in the United States than here. On such preposterous statements was the last election won.

To prate about "cheap bread," when we behold our national existence endangered, is on the intellectual level of that attitude of mind which sees the deepest and kindest wisdom in the most *rusé* political acts of our potential enemies. Such oratorical meanness may be placed in the same category of vices as that almost Oriental political lethargy which deploras resentment or retaliation, whilst deprecating the so-called economic fallacies on which the power of our avowed enemies is apparently securely based.

"Germany must export either men or goods," said Count Caprivi. She chooses to retain her manhood and to export goods. Great Britain takes German goods and exports British men, and herein lies one explanation of our rivals' great and growing power.

A large industrial population is maintained in Germany simply because of the open ports in our Empire, and this compact body politic makes stronger and still stronger the home market, which is their exclusive preserve. Their savings swell the accumulation of German capital; the revenue becomes greater and greater; forts are built, the army strengthened, and a huge Armada advances from the stage of ideas to the constructive period.

Just as nitro-glycerine has dealt a severe blow at the

self-confidence of the safemaker, so has the continued prosperity of Germany and the United States dealt rudely with the assurance of the Cobdenites. Their arguments are now useless, because the basis of their theories has been knocked away. In the fifteen years ending in 1905 Germany gained 11,200,000 increase of population, against Britain's gain of 5,800,000. But Germany is able to find work for this vast additional number of people; and, whilst the mass of our unemployed becomes greater, the ranks of her workless inhabitants are being rapidly reduced. In 1905 there were fewer unemployed than ever in the records of German history.

Even as our Free Trade policy has enriched the agricultural regions, and indirectly the manufacturing districts of the United States, so our effete fiscal policy has provided Germany with the funds that her ambition finds necessary to emphasize her aspirations. It cannot well be otherwise when she sends at least £58,000,000 worth of goods annually to Great Britain.

In regard to her treatment of the British Empire, Germany has acted precisely as the scorpion-fly behaves to the dragon-fly. The smaller insect attacks the greater, and sucks the nourishing blood whilst its prey is still on the wing.

If you render an Aliens Act inoperative, and give the foreign manufacturer the right of free, untaxed trading in British towns, where the rates pressing on millowners sometimes reach ten shillings in the pound, then you must be prepared to see emigration increase. On the other hand, under the now absolutely united Bürger parties, the German *Arbeitsleute* remain in their factories and their farmers on the land, the hands of the "Reds" and the "Blacks" being tied behind their backs for a long time to come. Prince Bülow's dream of a Liberal *bloc* has come true, and there is work for everybody. Herr Dernburg's voice has

shouted down that of Herr Bebel ; German idealism is rapidly transforming itself into materialism, and a contented people has lost its faith in the visionary aims of the Social Democrats. Herren Singer, von Wollmar, Auer, Ledeboer, Stradthagen, and Bebel have now to fight for a hopeless cause ! The British population does not increase proportionately to the growth of the German people, chiefly because there is not sufficient work for it in the United Kingdom, and because so many of our most virile units leave the country every year. Precisely in proportion to its detrimental effect upon our trade with Germany, the Zollverein increases the number of our unemployed. On the other hand, we not only provide Germans with trade facilities, which keep the artisans busy in every German town, but, as a matter of course, we throw our country open to those malefactors whose careers are closed in the Fatherland, and in other European countries. In that large Alsatia which begins in Piccadilly Circus may be found thousands of women whom German doctors have condemned to incarceration as deadly pests of society. There they are allowed to walk free and unfettered, openly plying their horrible trade, and poisoning the youth of our nation. Many of the most malevolent members of the "inner ring" of international anarchy are free to scheme plans of wholesale ruin in Soho, being admitted to this enlightened country without let or hindrance, and the redoubtable "No. 1," the prime mover in all Spanish political outrages, is one of the ornaments of Greek Street.

Hostile tariffs abroad have most important effects upon our financial power and the ability of the country to sustain a large and increasing population. It is precisely because the outlook in British life is not hopeful that we find the declining birth-rate in our middle classes, which means a diminished racial resistance to our competitors' attacks. The middle classes

have to bear the burden which should rightfully fall on the foreign manufacturer, especially now that a war tax is continued in time of peace.

Wherever our trade is touched to a disadvantage, our ability to sustain the navy suffers correspondingly. Every bale of goods that we do not send to ports wherein we have always traded heretofore means so much less money available in this country for our navy and for our army ; and, as I have already shown, we can now clearly see the results of the benefits which Germany has derived from the business which she has done with our Empire, having acquired wealth and power and influence, which make her at once the most energetic, clever, aggressive, and intolerant nation in the world.

As commerce stands for revenue, we must see to the consolidation of the Empire whilst yet there is time. Under our present political and fiscal conditions how can we afford to spend such increasingly high sums on the navy ? We simply cannot ! We are burning the candle at both ends, and hastening towards a condition which will be best described in two words—*Pouvoir fini* !

The way to economize is simple. Put a special tax upon German imports in all parts of the British Empire, and then you will automatically stop the building of her threatening fleet. Canada has been penalized by the German Bundesrath for according a preference to British wares, and it is time to show our rivals that a blow dealt at Canada is a blow dealt at Britain. Canada answered for herself by a special surtax upon German imports ; our answer has still to be given.

Canada is not by any means dependent upon preference. The preferential policy is of infinitely greater importance to us. Canada has an enormous market upon her southern frontier, whilst, ultimately, we have no markets save those in which we must meet keen commercial adversaries who have produced wares under

more favourable conditions than those which affect us. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance that we should form and establish this policy of unification, which will secure to us effective entrance into the only markets to which we can look for the continued expansion of British trade in the future.

Remember that no less than a fourth part of all Germany's exports are placed in British markets ; remember, also, that to the ordinary foreign markets of the world she already exports more than we do, and, in trade that is done outside the British Empire, she has long ago destroyed our commercial supremacy.

If, then, we continue to hold up our heads and insist that the Cobdenites of Great Britain—and their numbers, thank God, are rapidly lessening—have the monopoly of the world's intelligence ; if we continue to state by implication that the Americans, the French, the Germans, and the Japanese do not know where their best interests lie, Germany will grow in power more and more, for it is upon our follies that her successes are built. Her eighty warships, so often engaged in secret naval manœuvres and the embarking and disembarking of forces in the North Sea, will increase and multiply threefold, unless we at once take steps to put a check on the hostile fecundity of her shipyards.

The curling tendrils of tropical vines eventually bring down the greatest trees. Even without war, Germany, the great epiphyte, in this way will exhaust and lay Great Britain low if we persist in our folly. No amount of polysyllabic platitudes will alter this cardinal fact. Already she rivals us in financial influence, and in ships she will soon be our equal. Only those whose economic ideas were formed in the Victorian era can fail to recognize her power. The future, then, absolutely depends upon the consolidation of our Empire by a well-planned and carefully digested scheme of Imperial preference.

Do not trust those who still gaze at the horizon with Cobdenite field-glasses. The peculiar astigmatism of their vision is well known. These are the men who saw in the Zulu, murdering the wives and children of settlers, a harmless child of nature, and described as fiends revelling in bloodshed those black brethren of his, who, objecting to his ingratitude, attacked the recreant in alliance with white troops.

We are told that if we succeed in persuading Canada to concede a genuine preference, we shall be brought into direct conflict with the United States—a diplomatic struggle in which the sympathies of the Canadian manufacturers and of the banks, and other dependent interests, will be largely against us. But this is mere Radical claptrap. Canada is strong enough to do as she pleases, without fear or favour. She is stronger now, in her forty-first year, than ever she was. Her industries will not be ruined by our competition, and she will be immeasurably enriched by the expansion of her agriculture, if this great unification scheme can be brought into practical being. Moreover, our own countrymen will find work in Canada, and Canadians will find work here. One of the consequences cannot fail to be a healthier, more prosperous, and altogether happier race. The white population of the British Empire is not now maintaining its old rate of increase: unification, however, will mean an increased capacity of the State to provide an environment suitable to the development of the nation; and it is precisely in the number of its prosperous and contented citizens, and not in the extent of its territory; that a nation's power and security chiefly lie. The Japanese say that for an individual to experience something entirely new tends to prolong life. If our Empire bestows upon itself the blessing of the novel experience of Preference, it will most certainly prolong its existence.

XXXIII

THE CATCHWORD OF THE FUTURE—IMPERIAL UNITY

ONE final word. What I have already said does not constitute any sort of indictment against a progressive people. I do not complain because Germany pursues a certain definite policy. Having a whole-souled admiration for her energy, pluck, and perseverance, I cannot but admit that, were I a German, I should most decidedly work for the same end and aims that collective Germany works for. It is not her patriotism that I inveigh against, but the obvious concentration of the whole of her forceful energy upon the construction of an immense navy, which is admittedly to be used for aggressive purposes. Her aims are not always veiled even by the thinnest tissue of courtesy, and any Briton with ordinary vision can see through the iridescent gauze of her most specious offers of friendship the grim and menacing mouths of the guns of her warships. The National Liberal leader, Herr Bassermann, has again and again declared that Germany will settle her differences with England when her fleet is ready. Herr Maximilian Harden has answered him in *Die Zukunft* by stigmatizing such frankness as the greatest error of modern times, enjoining silence whilst destructive navies are being built. But now *Die Post*, the leading Conservative paper in Berlin, has thrown discretion to the winds.

"Nobody in Germany doubts England's abhorrence of war," it says, "but abhorrence of war has nothing to

do with Anglo-German relations. Wars nowadays are fought over political or trade differences, when they cannot be settled without sacrificing vital interests. The question of what constitutes vital interests, when an amicable settlement is doubtful, is affected by the heat of national ambitions. States without points of contact are not much in danger of having to decide between a forcible and a peaceable settlement of life interests. It is different, however, if the points of irritation are so numerous and extended as those between England and Germany. With the best will on the part of two great Powers for the maintenance of peace, an unintentional act or an unforeseen event can at any moment occur, calculated to bring the existing strain to the breaking-point.

“No more bitter antagonism is conceivable than a struggle between the commerce of Great Britain and Germany for the mastery of the world’s markets, which each not only covets, but requires in consequence of its economic development. The day is easily imaginable—abstractly considered—when this rivalry alone, which naturally involves a perpetual strain in the relations between the two countries, will—by a process of psychological development, devoid of ill-feeling on either side—become unbearable for one or other of the competitors. The horror of war will perhaps postpone a settlement by force, but it will not prevent it.”

All this indirectly results from our Premier’s sincere though ill-judged disarmament proposals, which Germany regards almost as menaces, her newspapers constantly drawing parallels between the suggestions of our Government and similar proposals submitted to Prussia by France in February, 1870.

If Germans in authority had not already told us times without number that their growing navy is intended to overthrow our power, any man at all acquainted with the international political events of the

last twenty years could not have failed to see that either Great Britain or the United States of America must be the object against which Germany is preparing her great Armada. But the *Berlin Post* clears away all doubt, and we now know exactly where we are. It behoves us, therefore, to be on guard against surprises. We must take to heart the Bismarckian phrase and remain *toujours en vedette*! The once furtive and secret policy of the Fatherland has now been abandoned, and we know only too well what we have to fear in the future.

"*Wilhelm ist jut—aber a bissel plötzlich*," to use the Platt-Deutsch expression. Therefore, if we do not wish eventually to be rushed and trapped by the Kaiser's war-dogs, as their predecessors were overwhelmed and crushed by Napoleon, we must at once effect that Imperial unity which will make our international path free from all obstructions for many a century to come. This consolidation once brought about, the British race would have before it a broad highway, on which the car of Progress might go forward to that high destiny which our forefathers desired for us.

We must recollect that our greatest rivals and avowed foes are already consolidated, and they have the clearest and sanest conception of individual duty. The Bundesrat, consisting of the fifty-eight representatives of the sovereign States which are united in the German Empire, might be taken as the model for some future Imperial British Parliament, over which an Imperial Chancellor might preside. Germans have no "craven fears of being great." The sincere and altogether admirable speech which the Emperor made at the Krupp wedding was not really needed to enforce the conception of duty on the brains of those who heard him. To Germans "duty" and "patriotism" are two favourite words, and their meanings are clear to all who own allegiance to Wilhelm II. It is Great Britain

who needs to take the Kaiser's words to heart—fine, soul-stirring words that they were !

“ May your life be filled and dominated by that which our greatest and clearest thinker, Kant, called the categorical imperative of duty ! Serious-minded people belong to, and consequently serve, the State. Without duties it is impossible to imagine rights. Rights without duties lead to dissoluteness and licentiousness.”

There is a force and a whole-hearted sincerity in this utterance of one who is in almost every way the mouth-piece of his people that compels our respect. It reminds us of Burke, who—as Mr. John Morley tells us—realized the profound lesson that in politics we are concerned not with barren rights, but with duties ; not with abstract truth, but with practical morality. This German nation has its ideals, its duties, and its practical morality ; we have no national ideals, no proper conception of our duty, and no practical morality.

If the menacing growth of German armaments is not enough to convince even the most sceptical of the danger Germany constitutes to our most important interests, surely a material appeal will not be made in vain. Remember that the gross receipts of the German railways, which up to the twentieth century were always far below those of the British, have now risen above them, and the difference is enormous. These are the figures :

		1890	1904
United Kingdom	...	£79,000,000	£112,000,000
Germany	...	£83,000,000	£113,000,000

Statistics of coal consumption also show a remarkable progress in German industry ; whilst in the manufacture of iron, which once was our peculiar pride—at a time when we feared no rival in most branches of trade—

Germany has already left us far behind. The particulars are these :

		1890	1905
England	8,031,000 tons	9,746,000 tons
Germany	4,658,000 ,,	10,875,000 ,,

The figures speak for themselves more eloquently than anything I can say, and they ought to convince the most superficial reasoner that there is something radically wrong with our Free Trade system.

If we had space here to go into the question of steel, we should find the statistics proving that German manufacturers are infinitely more ahead of us in this article than in pig-iron, and the same story can be repeated in regard to many other branches of trade and commerce. So that, in effect, we see a nation which, by all the specious proofs of Cobdenite reasoning, should be now in the throes of bankruptcy, getting richer and richer every year, not only in material wealth and power, but in the number of her happy citizens—so wealthy and so prosperous, indeed, that not only our existence as an industrial nation is menaced, but we are threatened with an eventual conflict, through which it is hoped to deprive us of those privileges for which our fathers fought and died.

Even as a slug is fond of foxgloves, so Germany is fond of Free Trade—not Free Trade practised by herself, but Free Trade upheld by others. Whenever there has been the slightest agitation in these islands for the reconsideration of our fiscal policy, we have found Germany and her agents aggressively active in every direction, endeavouring to prevent the spread of what to her must be an inevitably fatal conviction. Germany knows only too well that her power and prosperity are to a large extent based upon her trade in British markets, so that, if we were suddenly to change our policy, her commercial position might be most serious.

To say that it is to enforce her will and to keep our

markets open to her that she hastens forward the construction of her navy is to put the case in terms of milk-and-water. Her aims go far beyond this. They are selfish aims, as all purely national aims inevitably must be. Any other equally strong, virile nation would pursue precisely the same policy that she pursues. Britain, however, in her place, might not be so alive to the advantages to be gained by a strong consistent policy; but, then, Britain has long ceased to rank as a centre of patriotic activity, and what one might have postulated as her probable action thirty years ago would appear absurd in the twentieth century. Wealth and luxury have done their perfect work, and British politicians are by no means what the German Navy League claims them to be. Our statesmen are neither brilliantly audacious evil-doers nor Machiavellian strategists. The country is too opulent and too lethargic for displays of either strong or subtle policy.

Rich and prosperous Phœnicia, self-contained and proud, possessing within her boundaries all that she could desire for the construction of her ships, and a maritime population from which she could draw an unlimited number of adventurous seafarers, commanded the trade of the entire Mediterranean, of the Propontis, and the Euxine. She had magnificent Colonies—Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, Lemnos, Samothrace, Sicily, Hippo Zaritis, Thapsus, the Balearic Isles, Southern Spain, Carthage, and many others, owned her sway. She had the carrying trade of the near East and of Western Europe. She imported her raw materials and exported manufactured articles. The Greeks, with their high civilization, acknowledged Phœnicia as the chief commercial Power in the world. But, growing conceited and intolerant, she neglected to consolidate her vast interests. Her Colonies were not made in any sense component parts of her, so that when Asshur-nazir-pal of Assyria conceived the idea of subjugating Tyre and

Sidon, he did not find the task supremely difficult. His successor, Tiglath-pileser II., did his utmost to strengthen and unify the Empire, and in this he would appear to have been successful; but Phœnicia, as the old Phœnicia, had long ceased to exist. Let us learn another lesson from this parable, and try to make the question of Imperial unification the most important question in the hearts of our statesmen, adjuring them always to be firm, courageous, and just, through the consciousness of our race's high destiny.

During the last thirty years—in fact, one might almost say during the whole Cobdenite period—some subtle and destructive agency has wormed itself into every fibre of the moral nature of our race, until we now find ourselves weak and hesitating in the presence of danger, and political cowards of the worst type. We see everything with the eyes of sparrows, not of eagles. When, after long periods of irresolution and pusillanimity, we have brought ourselves to the point of defending our interests, the whole nation collapses in a welter of the most tragic confusion through the ineptitude of its responsible servants.

The power of this destructive agency is greater than that of the *Teredo navalis*, the tiny enemy of Dutch dyke-gates and the foe of Plymouth oak-piles. This insignificant creature, with its power to bore through a thick log of deal in forty days, has an immaterial counterpart in the maleficent, moral canker which is rapidly making British prestige a worm-eaten, unstable, and useless thing! The foundations of our greatness have been attacked by this insidious enemy, and, unless we are disposed to renew and restrengthen the bases and bulwarks of our power, they will succumb before the first determined warlike attack that may be made upon us.

Knowing this, we must at once set our faces to the future without further regrets, and with the most

adamantine resolve, if we are to retain our name among nations. Germany's greatness, her riches and power, are now indisputable facts that must inevitably press upon our comprehension more and more year by year. We have allowed her to get in front of us by pursuing an obstinate and stupid policy which has been the amusement of the civilized world for the last twenty years, and we have only ourselves to blame. The fiscal privileges which we have granted her for more than half a century she now looks upon as inalienable rights. Her rivalry is partly an organic, inevitable national development, and partly the result of a fierce gratuitous hatred. She is bent upon mastering us, and she has had a splendid start.

Even the Deity's omnipotence must confess that the past is irretrievable; therefore, looking back upon the ruins of our opportunities, we have to face a situation which can be altered only by a display of our old-time strength and resolution.

We have to remember, as we behold the egoistic march of German progress across the world, that we, too, have *our* ancestors—*our* glorious grandfathers and great-grandfathers—and that we do not intend to allow any of our rivals to reconsecrate the memory of *their* forebears at the expense of the deeds wrought by our illustrious dead. We must, at any rate, display as much "Hohenzollernism" ourselves as will ensure our national safety. Surely there is enough manhood left in Britain to stand up against any too palpable aggression in the near future. If the Two-Power standard at sea is beyond our strength to maintain now, how much more onerous shall we feel the burden of taxation when first-class German ships outbid our own in number, speed and armament!

The Swiss Militia system has been constantly revised and rejuvenated so as to bring it into line with both the exigencies of latter-day warfare and the civil con-

ditions of a modern State. When we are driven to the formation of a similar fighting force, with prominent citizens as brigade, divisional, and even army corps commanders, we may have to put our hands more deeply into our pockets, but, eventually, we shall bless the cause of this army reform. When—as Major R. A. Johnson once amusingly prophesied—we take the field against the foe under General John Burns, with Colonel Rufus Isaacs as his chief Intelligence Officer, and the manager of Harrod's Stores in charge of the transport, we shall doubtless get efficiency, but it will have to be paid for on municipal government lines.

Seriously, however, our real safety would seem to lie in that bond of union between every part of Great Britain which we Imperialists so ardently desire to form. Flourishing Colonies will make our food-supply secure, and help us to foster our navy. The idea of insular impregnability was long ago exploded by some of the finest military minds of the age. Therefore, unless we draw nearer to those of our kith and kin who have gone oversea, and draw them nearer to us, we must inevitably lose our place among the nations, because the countries that now make us strong must fall away from us farther and farther if we do not endeavour to bring them nearer; and it is only too clear that, if the Germans remain in Germany and the British leave Britain, there can be but one end to any racial competition.

Mr. Haldane, in one of his most eloquent speeches, showed us how a group of highly-intelligent men took Germany in hand at the beginning of the last century, and, on a foundation of penetrating faith, laid the cornerstone of her greatness. An inspiring moral and intellectual belief, imbuing an energetic group of determined patriots, gave Germany the impetus which started her on her successful career. The Zollverein evolved from the legacy of patriotism left by the first German re-

formers, and modern Teutonic statesmen find it one of the most potent forces of progress.

Germany and America adopted their modern tariffs frankly to kill British competition. Let the British Empire adopt a tariff that will kill theirs. The splendid ideal we have in view must certainly be reached after a lapse of years, if Britain is to remain a Great Power—that end being one Imperial Tariff, one Imperial Zollverein, for every country over which waves the Union Jack. In the meantime, therefore, any working preferential arrangement with our Colonies will be welcomed that tends to keep within the borders of our Empire the advantages to be gained by Imperial trade.

If the Colonies and the Mother Country stand shoulder to shoulder in this vital matter, Germany will have either to acquiesce or to declare herself against us at once. Better to know the worst forthwith than to go on any longer with our heads in the sand. Bismarck's words—so eloquently quoted by the Kaiser when he overthrew the power of Socialism early in 1907—recur to me here: "If Germany is once set in the saddle she will know how to ride." Precisely! If we give her continued access to our colonial markets on the same terms as ourselves, we are making every buckle secure in the garniture of her war charger, so that she may eventually ride roughshod over us.

Let us turn to the Book of Ezekiel, and read once more the unheeded warnings addressed to the proud cities of Tyre and Sidon, and the terrible prophecies that came true. London and our other great cities ought to weigh these words and ponder:

"Then all the princes of the sea shall come down from their thrones, and lay away their robes, and put off their broidered garments: they shall clothe themselves with trembling; they shall sit upon the ground, and shall tremble at every moment, and be astonished at thee.

"And they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and say to thee, How art thou destroyed, that wast inhabited of seafaring men, the renowned city, which was strong in the sea, she and her inhabitants, which cause their terror to be on all that haunt it :

"Now shall the isles tremble in the day of thy fall ; yea, the isles that are in the sea shall be troubled at thy departure.

* * * * *

"When thy wares went forth out of the seas, thou filledst many people ; thou didst enrich the kings of the earth with the multitude of thy riches and of thy merchandise.

"In the time when thou shalt be broken by the seas, in the depths of the waters thy merchandise and all thy company in the midst of thee shall fall.

"All the inhabitants of the isles shall be astonished at thee, and their kings shall be sore afraid ; they shall be troubled in their countenance.

"The merchants among the people shall hiss at thee ; thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt be any more."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has a great opportunity before him at this large moment of European history—one of those unique chances which so rarely come to men during the course of their lives. He has the chance presented to him of following the illustrious example of Mr. Gladstone—of acknowledging his errors and changing his policy. Although most of his actions in the past seem to have been lacking in political foresight, we do not despair of him one day rising to the heights of patriotism and of doing some noble deed. This is his psychological moment for achieving something really heroic.

There is a vacant pedestal in the Hall of Fame waiting

for the statesman who has manliness enough to whip Britain into a sense of shame. Our nation is waiting for some great man, independent of all parties, who will take it by the hand and lead it back to the truth; who will teach it to revere the white ensign of the British fleet and the honourable standards of the British Army. Such a statesman, rising from the inchoate Liberal Party—with the supreme power to project himself forward into the future—would do more to stem the rising flow of Socialism than all the Radical thumb-twirlers of Westminster. The country wants a new catchword which will bring forth all its latent strength of patriotism, and it matters not the toss of a halfpenny whether a Conservative or a Radical politician issue the formula. The Empire is still young, still vigorous—federation is all that it requires to give it renewed strength. That powerful organization, *Het Volk*, has a magnificent motto—*Endragt maakt Maakt* (Unity makes might). If we are to retain our national wealth, prestige, power, and position, the catchword that will be most effective in the future is **IMPERIAL UNITY**. A message composed of these few pregnant syllables could be wafted in a wind of friendship even to South Africa, and Boer and Briton might find in it that which would make them clasp hands fervently over the graves of brave men—a consummation which General Botha has said he wishes to see. I recommend it, then, to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It is not yet too late for him to take back the foolish words with which he and the other members of his Cabinet dismissed the patriotic proposals of the Colonial Premiers, with excuses based upon erroneous statistics—to the delight of our commercial rivals and national enemies all over the world.

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